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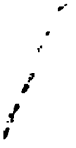
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Brydson

N.C.









CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.

VOLUME III.

Singula lætus
Æquissime auditque virum monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOIT-COURT, FLEET STREET,
FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1807.



ROY WEN
OLSEN
2002

PREFATORY SONNET.

Here ye, who love to tear Oblivion's veil
From the chill tomb, and strew fresh flowers around,
Where ancient sages slumber in the ground,
Come, join with me, and listen to the tale,
Which bids neglected Worth no more bewail
Her fate obscure; and calls the lyre to sound
Notes long forgot, while, with new laurels crown'd,
Old bards their renovated lustre hail!
Hark! the grave opens; the departed seer
Weaves the gay fancies of his mind again:
Breathe the soft tones once more, that drew the tear
From melting virgins in Eliza's reign!
O listen to the lore, and fan the flame,
That consecrates long-buried Worth to fame!

22 Dec. 1806.



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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER IX.

[Being the First Number of Vol. III.]

ART. I. *A Mirrour for Magistrates. Wherein maye
be seen by example of other, with howe grevous
plages vices are punished: and howe frayle and
unstable worldly prosperity is founde, even of
those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour.*

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

*Anno 1563. Imprinted at London in Fleetestre
nere to Saynct Dunstons Church by Thomas
Marshe. 4to. folios 182.*

ART. II. *The last part of the Mirour for Magis-
trates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in
this Realme, with how grevous plagues, vyces are
punished in great Princes and Magistrats, and how
frayle and unstable worldly prosperity is founde,
where Fortune seemeth most highly to favour.
Newly corrected and enlarged.*

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

*Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete, nere unto
VOL. III. B Saint*

Saint Dunstanes Church, by Thomas Marsh, 1578. Cum privilegio. 4to. folios 184.

OF these two volumes, which I suspect to be very scarce, particularly the last, the former belongs to the Editor, and the other to Mr. Gilchrist.

They are different editions of the same work; but the words "Last part" in the title of the second require explanation.* Warton's account is not only imperfect, but erroneous; and even Ritson's is not clearly expressed.

The work, which was edited by William Baldwin, was first printed by Thomas Marsh, 1559, 4to. folios 160. The above edition of 1563, was the second; and has exactly the same contents, as Warton enumerates in the first; so that I do not understand Ritson, when he says that "to this edition was added a Second Part."† Mr. Steevens had an edition of 1571; Herbert says there was an edition in 1574, and Farmer had an edition in 1575.

In this same year 1575 (or 1574, for the edition may probably be the same) John Higgins, following Baldwin's example, began a new series of Legends commencing with an earlier period, from Albanact, the youngest son of Brutus, to the Emperor Caracalla. These he published under the following title.

"The first Parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, contayning the falles of the first infortunate Princes of this lande: from the coming of Brute to the incarnation of our Saviour and Redemer Jesu Christe. Ad Romanos, 13. 2. Quisquis se opponit potestati,

* Mr. Park thinks it was called the *last* part, from containing legends posterior in point of time, to those set forth by Higgins and Blenerhasset.

† But see hereafter. Warton's enumeration was probably wrong.

Dei ordinationi resistit. Imprinted by Thomas Marshe. 1575. Cum privilegio. It begins with a table, reciting the several histories, 17 in number, ending with "The Tragedy of Irenglas." Next is I. Higgins's Epistle "To the nobilitie and all other in office," superscribed "Love and Live." Then another "To the Reader." Contains besides fol. 162. 4to. *

It was upon this occasion that Baldwin's original publication began to be entitled "The Last Part." Nearly at the same time, Thomas Blener-Hasset compiled and published another intermediate part, which he entitled,

"The Seconde part of The Mirrour of Magistrates, conteining the falles of the infortunate Princes of this Lande: from the Conquest of Cesar unto the commyng of Duke William the Conquerour. Imprinted by Richard Webster, 1578." 4to. In a neat architectevic compartment, and on the sell, "Goe straight, and feare not." It is introduced with an epistle from the Printer to the friendly Reader. Then "The Authour's epistle unto his friende," which concludes with "Keepe these trifles from the view of all men, and as you promysed, let them not not raunge out of your private study. 15 May, 1577. Tho. Blener-Hasset," 66 pages. †

Warton, therefore, in his History of Poetry, III. 270, makes a great mistake in supposing these last to have been first printed in Niccols's edition, 1610.

In 1578 Baldwin seems still to have kept his own work apart, as appears by Mr. Gilchrist's copy above cited.

In 1587, Higgins published his own work and

* Herbert, 364.

† Ibid 1138.

Baldwin's together, with several additions to each part.
*"London, Imprinted by Henry Marshe, being the
 assigne of Thomas Marsh, neare to Saint Dunstanes
 Church in Fleete-streete, 1587, 4to.*

At length the whole was digested anew by Richard Niccols, with many additions, and alterations, and printed by Felix Kyngston, in 1610. I take the following to be only a new title-page to this edition, though it has the date 1619; for other title pages occur to subsequent parts of the work, which retain the date 1610.

*"The Falles of Unfortunate Princes. Being a true Chronicle Historie of the untimely death of such unfortunate Princes and men of Note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this island, untill this our latter age. Whereunto is added the famous Life and Death of Queene Elizabeth, with a declaration of all the warres, battels, and sea fights, during her raigne: wherein at large is described the Battel of 88, with the particular service of all such ships, and men of note in thut action. Contre fortune nul ne peut. At London Imprinted by F.K. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Parrot, 1619."** 4to. pp. 875.

The second edition of 1563 begins as follows.

"Love and Live. To the Nobilitee and all other in office, God graunt wisdom and all thinges nedefull for the preservacion of theyr estates, Amen.

"Plato among manie other of his notable sen-

* Warton says there was a second edition by Niccols, printed by W. Aspley; but it rather appears that the edit. of 1610 had two subsequent titles, in 1619 and 1621.

tences concernyng the government of a common weale hath this: Wel is that realme governed, in whiche the ambitious desyre not to beare offyce. Wherby you may perceiue, right honorable, what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gaynful spoyles for the greedy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the heedie to be charged with. You may perceiue also by this sentence, that there is nothing more necessarye in a common weale, then that officers^a be diligent and trusty in theyr charges. And sure in whatsoeuer realme such provision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to shift of, and putby^b those, that with flattery, bribes, and other shiftes, sue and preace for offices. For the ambitious, that is to say prollers for power or gayne, seeke not for offices to helpe other, for which cause offices^c are ordayned, but with the undoing of other to pranke up^d themselves. And therefore bar them once of this bayte, and force them to do their duties, and^e they will geue more to be rid fro their charges, than they did at the first to bye^f them: for they seke only their commodity and ease.^g And therefore where the ambitious seeke no office, there, no doubt, offices are duly ministered: and where offices are duly ministerd, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must nedes folow a good commonweale. For if the officers^h be good, the people cannot be yll. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any realme lieth in the

Variations of Edition 1578.

- ^a Magistrates. ^b Repulse, and shift of. ^c Officers.
^d Enrich ^e Then. ^f Come by. ^g Private profits.
^h Magistrates.

goodnes or badnes of the rulers. And therefore not without great cause do the holy Apostles so earnestly charge us to pray for the Magistrates: for in dede the welth and quiet of every common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same cum specially through them. I nede not go eyther to the Romans or Greekes for the prooffe hereof, neyther yet to the Jewes, or other nacyons: whose common weales have alway florished while their officersⁱ wer good, and decayed and ranne to ruynes, when noughtyei men had the regiment.^k Our owne^l countrey stories, if we reade and marke them, wil shewe us examples ynow, would God we had not sene mo than ynowe. I purpose not to stand here upon the particulers, because they be in part set furth in the tragedies.^m Yet, by the waye, this I note, wishinge all other to do the like, namely, that as good governors have never lacked their deserved renowne,ⁿ so have not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagess as are horrible to heare of. For God, the ordeyner of offices, although he suffer them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoylers and Judasses, than toylers or Justices, whom the Scripture therfore calleth^o hypocrites, yet suffreth he them not to scape unpunished, because they dishonour him: for it is God's own office, yea his chiefe office, whyche they bear and abuse. For as Justice is the chiefe vertue, so is the ministracion therof the chiefest office: and therefore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honoring and calling Kinges, and al officers under them by his owne name;—Gods.

ⁱ Magistrates.

^j Vicious.

^k Government.

^l "Owe" omitted.

^m Add "following."

ⁿ Praises.

^o Scriptures cal.

Ye be all Gods, as many as have in your charge any ministracion of Justice. What a fowle shame were it for any now to take upon them the name and office of God, and in theyr doynge to shew themselves devils? God cannot, of justice, but plague suche shameles presumption and hipocrisie, and that wyth shameful death, diseases, or infamy. Howe he hath plagued evell rulers from time to time, in other nacions, you may see gathered in Boccas booke intituled the Fall of Princes, translated into Englyshe by Lydgate.^p

How he hath delte wyth sum of our countrey men your auncestors, for sundry vyces not yet left, thys booke named, A Mirroure for Magistrates, can shewe;^q which therfore^r I humbly offer unto your honors, beseeching you to accept it favorably.

For here, as in a^s looking glas, you shal se, (if any vice be in you^t) how the like hath bene punished in other heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it wyl be a good occasion to move^u to the sooner amendment. This is the chiefest^v ende, whye it is set furth, whych God graunt it may attayne^w

The wurke was begun and parte of it prynted in Queen Marie's tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde Chauncellour that then was;^x nevertheles, through the meanes of my^y Lord Stafford, the fyrst parte was licenced, and imprinted the fyrst yeare of the raygne

^p Add "a Monke of the Abbey of Bury in Suff."

^q Shall in parte plalinye set forth before your eyes.

^r Boke.

^s Add "mirror, or."

^t Found.

^u Add "men."

^v Chief.

^w Talke according to the maner of the makers.

^x Staid by such as then were chief in office.

^y The right honourable Henry.

of this our most noble and vertuous Queene, and dedicate^y then^z to your honours wyth this Preface.

Since whych time, although I^b have bene called to an other trade of lyfe,* yet my^c good Lorde Stafforde hath not ceased to call upon me to publyshe so much^d as I had gotten at other mens hands, so that, through his Lordshyppes earnest meanes I have nowe also set furth an other parte, † conteynyng as^f little of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth of other mens.^f Which, in the name of al the authors, I humbly dedicate to your honours, instantly wishyng, that it may so like and delite your myndes, that your cheareful receyving thereof, maye encourage wurthy wittes to enterpryse and perfourme the rest. Which as soone as I may procure, I entende through God's leave, and your favourable allowaunce, to publyshe with al expedicion. In the meane whyle my Lords and Gods, (for so I may call you) I moste humbly beseeche your honours favourablye to accepte this rude Myrrour,^g and diligentlie to read and consider it. And although you shall fynde in it, that sum have for theyr vertue bene envyed and murdered,^h yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your officesⁱ to the uttermoste;^k sup-

^y Dedicated. ^z Omit "then." ^b Wanted such help as before.

^c The said. ^d Add "thereof."

^f As much as I could obtaine at the hands of my frends.

^g Worke. ^h Brought unto misery. ⁱ Office.

^k Add "embrace Vertue, and."

* He was an ecclesiastic, and schoolmaster. This new trade probably relates to the latter.

† I have never seen the first edition of 1559—but by this it seems clear, notwithstanding Warton's insinuation, that the Contents of the Second Part, which include Sackville's Induction and Legend, were not inserted in that first edition.

pres

pres sinne¹ boldly,¹ bothe in your selves and other, soo
shal God (whose officers you are) either so maintayne
you, that no malice shall prevayle; or if it do, it shall
be for your good, and to your eternall glory both here
and in heaven, whych I beseche God you maye both
covet^m and attayn. Amen.

Yours most humble,

WILLIAM BALDWIN:ⁿ

A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF SUNDRIE UNFOR-
TUNATE ENGLISHMEN.

Willyam Baldwin to the Reader.

Whan the Printer had purposed with himselfe to
printe Lidgate's booke^o of the Fall of Princes, and
had made^p pryvye thereto, many both honourable and
worshipfull, he was counsailed by dyvers of them to
procure to have the storye contynewed^q from where as
Bochas left, unto this present time, chiefly of such as
Fortune had dalyed with^r here in this ylande: which
might be as a myrrour for al men^s as well nobles as
others, to shewe^t the slyppery deceytes of the wavering
lady, and the due rewarde of al kind of vices. Which
advyse lyked him so well, that he requyred me to take
paines therin: but because it was a matter passyng
my wit and skyll, and more thankles than gaineful to

¹ The contrary.

^m Seeke.

ⁿ W. B.

^o Translation of Bochas.

^p Having made.

^q A continuance of the story.

^r Abused.

^s Insert "Of all estates and degrees."

^t Behold.

meddle

meddle in, I refused utterly^a to undertake it, except I might have the helpe^r of such, as in wit were apte, in learnyng allowed, and in judgemente and estymacyon able to wield and furnysh so weighty an enterpryse,^v thinkyng even^x so to shift my handes. But he earnest and diligent in his affayres, procured^r Athlas to set under his shoulder:^z for shortly after divers learned men, whose manye giftes nede fewe prayses, consented to take upon them part of the travayle. And when certaine of them to the number of seven, were through a general assent at an appoynted time and place gathered together to devise thereupon, I resorted unto them,^a bearing with me the booke of Bochas, translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better observation of his order: which although we liked wel,^b yet would it not cumly^c serve, seeing that both Bochas and Lidgate were dead, neither were there any alive that meddled with like argument, to whom the unfortunate might make their mone.

To make therfore a state mete for the matter, they all agreed that I should usurpe Bochas rowme, and the wretched princes complayne unto me: and toke upon themselves, every man for his part, to be sundry personages, and in their behalves to bewail unto me their grevous^d chaunces, heavye destinies, and wofull misfortunes.

^a Add "along."

^v Without the help.

^w Discharge the weight of sutch a burden.

^x Omit "even."

^y Add "me an."

^z Laye the burden upon my shoulders, which I would not have undertaken but that.

^a Bringing.

^b Did not mylike.

^c Conveniently.

^d Sundry,

This

This done, we opened such bookes of Cronicles as we had there present, and Maister Ferrers, after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the ende of King Edward the Thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayd thus :

I marvayle^a what Bochas meaneth to forget, among his miserable princes, such as wer of our nacyon, whos numbre is as great, as their adventures wonderfull : for to let passe all, both Britons, Danes, and Saxons, and to cum to the last conquest, what a sorte are they, and sum even in his owne time ?^f As for example, King Rychard the fyrst, slayne with a quarle, in his chyefe prosperitie ; also King John his brother, as sum saye poysoned : are not their histories rufull and of rare example ? But as it should appeare, he being an Italien, minded most the Roman and Italicke story, or els perhaps he^g wanted our countrey chronicles.^h It wer therefore a goodly and a notable matter to search and

^a Add " quoth he."

^f Add " also in the time of Bochas himselfe, or not much before. As for example William Rufus the seconde Kinge of Englande after the Conquest, eyther by malice or misadventure, slayne hunting in the New Forest, by Walter Tirrell with the shot of an arrow. Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest sonne to William Conquerour deprived of his inheritance of England, by Henry his youngest brother, having both his eyes put out, and after myserably imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, whereas hee died. The most lamentable case of William, Rychard and Mary, children of the sayde Henry the first called Beauclerke, drowned upon the sea by the negligence of drunken mariners, and Kinge Rychard the fyrst slaine with a quarle in his chief prosperitie. The most unnaturall murder of Artur Duke of Britayne, right heyre of Englande, by King Jhon his uncle, with the death of Isabell his sister by famyne. The myserable ende of the sayd King Jhon their uncle by surfet, or, as some write, poysoned by a Monke of the Abbey of Swinsted in Lyncolnshire."

^g Bochas.

^h The knowlege of ours.

discourse

discourse our whole story from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the yle. But seeing the printers minde is to have us foloweⁱ where Lydgate left, we will leave that great labour to other that may intend it, and (as blinde bayard is alway boldest)^k I will begyn at the time^l of Richard the second, a time as unfortunate as the ruler therein.^m And forasmuch, frend Baldwyn, as it shall be your charge to noteⁿ and pen orderlye the whole proces, I wil so far as my memorye and judgements serveth, sumwhat furthur you in the truth of the storye. And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his^o meyney, and^p the murder of manye notable men which thereby happened, for Jacke (as ye knowe) was but a poor prynce, I will begin with a notable example which within a while after ensued. And although he be no great prynce,^q yet sythens he had a princely office, I will take upon me the miserable person of Syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justyce of England, and of other which suffered wyth him :^r therby to warne all of his authority^s and profession, to take hede^t of wrong judgements, misconstruyng of lawes, or wresting the same to serve the prince's turnes, which rightfully brought theym to a miserable ende, which they may justly lament in maner ensuing.*

ⁱ Supply. ^k (As one being bold fyrst to break the Ice.) ^l reign.

^m As troublesome to the people as unlucky to the prince.

ⁿ Omit "Note and." ^o Add "Lewd." ^p With.

^q The person at whome I beginne, was no kinge nor prince.

^r His fellowes learned in the Law, that were plagued with him.

^s Their calling.

^t Beware.

* This is printed at length by Warton, Hist. Po. III. 217, because he says it is not easily to be found; but I find it also in the edition of 1578.

[*Here follows Sir Robert Tresilian's Legend, but before I enter upon that, I will copy the Table of Contents of this edition.*]

The Contentes and Table of the first parte of this Booke.

A prose to the Reader, continued betwene the tragedies from the beginning of th booke to the ende.

Tragedies beginning

Tresilian and his felowes hanged	-	Fol. I.
Mortimer slayne	-	IIII.
Thomas of Wodstocke murdered	-	VIII.
Mowbray Lord Marshall banyshed		XII.
King Richard the second murdered	-	XVI.
Owen Glendour starved	-	XIX.
Percy Earle of Northumberland beheaded		XXV.
Richard Earle of Cambridge beheaded		XXVIII.
Thomas Montague Earle of Salisbury slayne	-	XXX.
King James the Fyrst, murdered		XXXVI.
William De La Poole. Duke of Suffolke banyshed and beheaded	-	XL.
Jacke Cade, calling himselfe Mortimer, slayne and beheaded	-	XLIV.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, slayne	-	LIX.
		Lorde

Lorde Clifford slayne	-	LXII.
John Tiptoft Earle of Wurcester slayne		LXIII.
Rychard Nevel Earle of Warwyke slayne	- -	LXIX.
Kyng Henry the Sixt murdered	-	LXXII.
George Duke of Clarence drowned		LXXV.
Kyng Edward the Fowerth surfeted		LXXXIII.

The Contentes of the Seconde Parte.

A prose to the Reader continued through the
booke.

Complayntes beginning.

Syr Anthony Wudvill Lorde Rivers cruellye murdered		Fol. LXXXVIII.
The Lorde Hastynges trayterousle be- headed in the Tower	-	C.
Henry Duke of Buckingham beheaded		CXXV.
Collingbourne executed for makying a foolyshe ryme	-	CXXXVIII.
Rychard the thyrd slayne at Bosworth fyeld	- -	CXLVII.
Shore's Wyfe	- -	CLV.
Edmund Duke of Sommerset slayne at Saynct Albones	-	CLVI.
The Blacke Smyth, and Lord Audleye, executed for traytrous rebellion	-	CLXIX.

▼ See it inserted at length in Vol. II. of *CENSUR. LIT.* p. 99, with additional stanzas from a copy printed in Churchyard's Challenge, p. 312.

The

The Fall^a of Robert Tresilian, ^v chief Justice of England, and other his fellows, for misconstruing the laws, and expounding them to serve the Prince's affections.^x

1.

In the rueful register of mischief and mishap,

Baldwin, we beseech thee, with our names to begin,

Whom unfriendly Fortune did train unto a trap,

^v Having in the preceding extracts copied the old spelling, I shall now adopt the modern orthography, as the specimens given seem sufficient; and to continue them might only deter and disgust the modern reader.

^w Rapin says King Richard attempted to deprive the people of their right of freely electing their Representatives in Parliament. The Sheriffs would not execute his orders. But the Judges, Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice; Sir Robert Belknap, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Sir John Holt, Sir Roger Fulthorp, Sir William Burgh; together with Sir William Lockton, the King's Serjeant at Law, were not so scrupulous in what related to them. The King asked them whether he had not power to turn out the fourteen Commissioners appointed by Parliament, and to annul such acts as were prejudicial to him. They replied, the King was above the Laws. Nevertheless when they were required to subscribe their opinions, some endeavoured to be excused, but were compelled to it by the menaces of the Favourites. It is affirmed, one of the Judges said aloud after signing, "That never did action better deserve hanging than that he had just done." Sir Robert Belknap said upon signing "Now want I nothing but a ship or nimble horse, or an halter to bring me to that death I deserve; if I had not done this, I should have been killed by your hands," (for it seems the Duke of Ireland and Earl of Suffolk threatened to kill him if he refused to sign) "and now I have gratified the King's pleasure and yours in doing it, I have well deserved to die for treason against the nobles of the land."

When the Parliament met in February 1389, several persons were accused of High Treason, and sentenced to diverse punishments. Tresilian and some other knights and gentlemen were hanged at Tyburn: Brembar was beheaded. The rest of the Judges, with the Bishop of Chichester, received the same sentence; but had their lives granted them, and were banished to Ireland, having allowances made them out of the Exchequer, for their maintenance, as follows: Fulthorp, forty pounds per ann.; Burgh, forty marks; Belknap, forty pounds; Holt, forty marks; and Cary and Lockton, twenty pounds per ann. a piece. (See Rym. Fæd. 7. p. 591.) *Tindal's Rapin*, I. 465.

^x "Anno 1388" adds edit. 1578.

When

When we thought our state⁷ most stable to have been,
 So lightly leese they all, which all do ween to win !
 Learn by us, ye lawyers and judges of the land,
 Uncorrupt and upright⁸ in doom alway to stand !

2.

And print it for a^a precedent to remain for ever ;
 Enroll and record it in tables made of brass ;
 Engrave it in marble that may be razed never ;
 Where judges and justicers^b may see, as in a glass,
 What fee^c is for falsehood,^d and what our wages was,
 Who, for our prince's pleasure,^e corrupt with meed and
 awe,
 Wittingly and wretchedly did wrest the sense of law !

3.

A change more new and strange seldom hath be seen,^f
 Than from the bench above^g to come down to the Bar ;
 Was never state so turned, in no time as I ween,^h
 As they to become clients that counsellors erst were^h
 But such is Fortune's play, which featly can preferⁱ
 The Judge that sat above, full low beneath to stand,
 At the bar as prisoner holding up his hand.ⁱ

4.

Which in others cause^k could stoutly speak and plead,
 Both in court and country, careless of the trial,
 Stand mute like mummers without advice or read,

⁷ Our state esteem'd.

⁸ Upright and uncorrupt.

^a Print ye this precedent.

^b Of the lawe.

^c Guerdon.

^d Guile.

^e Filthy lucre.

^f When was there ever seen ?

^g Judges from the bench.

^h And counsellors that were most nigh to King and Queen
 Exiled their country from court and council far.

ⁱ That can both make and mar.

Exalting to most high, that was before most low,
 And turning tail again, the lofty down to throw.

^k And such as late afore.

Unable

Unable to utter a true plea of denial :¹
 Which have seen the day, when, for half a^m ryal,
 We could by very artⁿ have made the black seem white;
 And matters of most^o wrong to have appear'd most^p
 right.

5. 4

Behold me unfortunate foreman of this flock,
 Tresilian, sometime chief justice of this land,
 By descent a gentleman ;^r no stain was in my stock ;
 Loketon, Holte, and Belkenap, with other of my band,
 Which the law and justice had wholly in our hand,
 Under the second Richard, a prince of great estate,
 To whom froward Fortune gave a foul check-mate.^s

¹ All to seek of shifting by traverse or denial. ^m For a golden.
ⁿ By finesse and cunning could. ^o Most extorted. ^p Omit " Most."

^q Insert two stanzas.

Whilst thus on bench above we had the highest place,
 Our reasons were too strong for any to confute,
 But when at bar beneath we came to plead our case,
 Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute ;
 Hard it is for prisoners with Judge: to dispute,
 When many against one, and none for one shall speak;
 Who weens himself most wise, shall haply be too weak.

To you therefore that sit; these few words will I say;
 That no man sits so sure but may be brought to stand ;
 Wherefore whilst you have place and bear the swing and sway,
 By favour without rigour let points of law be scan'd :
 Pity the poor prisoner, that holdeth up his hand ;
 Ne lade him not with law, who least of law hath known ;
 Remember ere ye die, the case may be your own.

^r A gentleman by birth.

^s To whom and us also blind Fortune gave the mate.

6.

In the common laws our skill was so profound,
 Our credit and authority such and so esteem'd,
 That whatso we concluded was taken for a ground,
 Allowed was for law, whatso to us best seem'd ;
 Life, death, lands, goods, and all by us was deem'd,
 Whereby, with easy pain, so^t great gain we did get,^a
 That^v every thing was fish, that came unto our net.

7.

At Sessions and at^v Sizes we bare the stroke and sway,
 In patents and commission of Quorum always chief;
 So that to whether side soever we did weigh,
 Were it^z right or wrong it pass'd without reproof;
 We let hang the true man^y somewhiles to save a thief;
 Of gold and of silver our hands were never empty,
 Offices, farms, and fees fell to us in great plenty.

8.

But what thing may suffice unto the greedy man ?
 The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire :
 Happy and twice happy is he, that wisely can
 Content himself with that, which reason doth require,
 And moileth for no more than for his needful hire :
 But greediness of mind doth never^z keep the size,
 Which though it have enough yet doth it not suffice.^a

9.

For, lyke, as dropsy patients drink and still be dry,
 Whose unstaunched thirst no liquor can allay,
 And drink they never so much, yet still for more they
 cry,^b

^t Omit "so."^u In &c.^v And.^w Omit "at."^x Add "by."^y The true man we let hang.^z Seldom.^a To whom enough and more at no time doth suffice.^b Thirst they by and by.

So covetous catchers^d toil both night and day,
 Greedy, and ever needy, ^e prowling for their prey !
 O endless thirst of gold, corrupter of all laws,
 What mischief is on mould whereof thou art not cause !

10.

Thou madest us forget the faith of our profession, ^f
 When Serjeants we were sworn to serve the common laws,
 Which was that in no point we should make digression ^g
 From approved principles in sentence nor in saw :
 But we unhappy wretches ^h without all dread and awe
 Of the Judge Eternal, for world's vain promotion ⁱ
 More to man than God did bear our whole devotion. ^k

11.

The laws we interpreted ^l and statutes of the land,
 Not truly by the text, but newly by a glose ;
 And words that were most plain, when they by us were
 scann'd,
 We turned by construction like a Welshman's hose ;
 Whereby many ^m one both lyfe and land did lose :
 Yet this we made a ⁿ mean to mount aloft on mules,
 To serve Kings in all points men must sometime break
 rules. ^o

12.

Thus climbing and contending alway to the top,
 From high unto higher, and then to be most high,
 The honey-dew of Fortune so fast on us did drop,

^d So catchers and snatchers.^e Not needy but greedy.^f We did profess. ^g Making a solemn oath in no point to digress.^h Wyghts.ⁱ More high to be promoted.^k To Mammon more than God, all wholly were devoted.^l Did interpret.^m Add "a."ⁿ Our.^o And serving times and turnes, perverted lawes and rules.

That of King Richard's Counsel we came to be full nigh,^p
 To creep into whose favour^q we were full fine and sly;
 Alway to his profit,^r where any word^s might sound,
 That way, all were it^t wrong, the sense^u we did
 expound.

13.

So working law like wax, the subject was not sure
 Of life, land, nor goods, but at the Prince's will,
 Which caused his kingdom the shorter time to dure;
 For claiming power absolute both to save and spill,
 The Prince thereby presumed his people for to pill;
 And set his lust for law, and will had reason's place;
 No more but hang and draw; there was no better
 grace.

14.

The King thus transcending^v the limits of his law;
 Not reigning but raging by youthful insolence,^w
 Wise and worthy persons did fro the Court withdraw;^x
 There was no grace ne place for ancient prudence.^y
 Presumption and pride, with excess of expence,^z
 Possessed the palace, and pillage the country;
 Thus all went to wreck unlike of remedy.^a

^p Most. ^q Whose favour to attayne. ^r Avayle.

^s Sense. ^t Were it all, ^u Lawes.

^v Overleaping. ^w As wyll did him entice.

^x From Court did daylye drawe.

^y Sage counsell set at naught, proud vaunters were in price.

^z And roysters bare the rule, which wasted al in vyce.

^a Of fryot and excesse grew scarcitie and lacke;

Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wracke.

15.

The Barony of England ^b not bearing this abuse,
 Conspiring with the Commons assembled by assent,
 And seeing neither reason, nor treaty could induce
 The King in any thing his rigour to relent,
 Maugre his might ^c they call'd a Parliament,
 Frank and free for all men, without check to debate,
 As well for weal public, as for the Prince's state.

16.

In which Parliament ^d much things was proponed
 Concerning the regally and rights of the crown,^e
 By reason King ^f Richard, which was ^g to be moned,
 Full little regarding his ^h honour and renown,
 By sinister ⁱ advice had turned all upsodown,^j
 For surety of whose estate them thought it did behove
 His corrupt counsellors ^k from him ^l to remove.

17.

Among whom, Robert Vere, called Duke of Ireland,
 With Michael Delapole, of Suffolk new-made Earl,
 Of York also the Archbishop, dispatch'd were out of
 hand, ^m
 With Brembre, of London Mayor, ⁿ a full uncourteous
 churl;
 Some learned in the law, in exile they did hurl:
 But I, poor ^o Tresilian, because I was the chief,
 Was damned to the gallows most vilely ^p as a thief.

^b The Barons of the land. ^c Princely mynde. ^d High assemblye.

^e Touching the Prince's state, his regally and crowne.

^f That. ^g Add "much." ^h Without regard at all of.

ⁱ Misled by ill. ^j Upside down. ^k Counsellors corrupt.

^l By order. ^m The Archbishop of Yorke was also of our band.

ⁿ Omit "Mayor." ^o Judge. ^p To dye there.

18.

Lo the fire of falsehood, the stipend of corruption,
 Fle on stinking lucre, of all unright the lure! ^q
 Ye Judges and ye Justicers,^r let my most^s just punishment
 Teach you to shake off bribes and keep your hands^t pure:
 Riches and promotion be vain things and unsure;
 The favour of a Prince is an untrusty stay;
 But Justice hath a fee that shall remain alway.

19.

What glory can be greater before^a God or Man,
 Than by the paths of equity^v in judgment to proceed?
 So duly and so^w truly the laws always to scan,
 That right may take his place^x without reward or meed,
 Set apart all flattery and vain worldly dread:
 Take God before your eyes the just^y judge supreme;
 Remember well your reckoning at the day extreme!

20.

Abandon all affray, be soothfast in your saws;
 Be constant and careless of mortal man's displeasure;
 With eyes shut and hands close^a you should pronounce
 the laws;
 Esteem not worldly hire;^s think there is a treasure,
 More worth than gold or stone, a thousand times in
 value,
 Reposed for all such as righteousness ensue,
 Whereof you cannot fail; the promise made is true.

^q The fickle fee of fraud, the fruites it doth procure.

^r Ye Judges now living. ^s Our just. ^t Add "All."

^u More greater in sight of. ^v By paths of justice.

^w Omit "so." ^x Justice may take place. ^y Righteous.

^a Clos'd.

^s Weigh not this worldly mucke.

21. If

21.

If some in latter^b days had called unto mind
 The fatal fall of us for wresting of the^c right,
^d The statutes of this land they should not have defin'd
 So wilfully and wittingly against the sentence quite: ^d
 • But though they scaped pain, the fault was nothing light,
 Let them that come hereafter both that and this compare,
 And weighing well the end, they will, I trust, • beware.*

When Master Ferrers had finished this tragedy,^f
 which seemed not unfit for the persons touched in the
 same, another which in the mean time had stayed
 upon Sir Roger Mortimer,^g whose miserable end, as
 it should appear, was somewhat before the others,
 said as followeth: Although it be not greatly to our
 purpose,^h yet in my judgment I think it would do well
 to observe the times of men,ⁱ and as they be more
 ancient^j so to place them.^k For I find that before
 these, of whom Master Ferrers here hath spoken,

^b Judges in our. ^c Law, and.

^d Such statutes as touch life should not be thus defin'd
 By senses constrained against true meaning quite.

^e As well they might assume the black for to be white,
 Wherefore we wish they would our act and end compare,
 And weighing well the case, they wyl, we trust, beware.

Finis G. F.

^f When finished was this Tragedy.

^g Add "Earl of March, and heir apparent of England."

^h Purposed matter. ⁱ These great infortunes. ^j Add "in time."

^k Their several plaintes.

* Niccola's edition follows principally the edition of 1578 in this Legend,
 but occasionally it copies the edition of 1569, and in a few trifling words
 differs from both.

there were two Mortimers,¹ the one hanged^m in^a Edward the third's time out of our date, another slain in Ireland in Richard the Second's time, a year before the fall of these Justices: whose history sith it is notable and the example fruitful, it were pity^o to overpass it. And therefore by your licence and agreement,^p I will take upon me the personage of the last,^q who full of^r wounds, miserably^s mangled, with a pale countenance and grisly look, may make his moan to Baldwin, as followeth.^t

[Here follows the Legend of the Mortimers.]

My readers who are unacquainted with The Mirror for Magistrates, will now be able to form an idea of its origin and progress; and will possess a tolerable specimen of its execution. The Legend here inserted however must be admitted to possess but little of the character of real poetry. The whole is very prosaic, and I have yet seen nothing of FERRERS, which entitles him to the praise of genius. But it is Warton's opinion, that "many stanzas both by him and Baldwin, have considerable merit, and often shew a command of language and versification. But their performances have not the pathos, which the subject so naturally suggests. They give us, yet often with no common degree of elegance and perspicuity, the Chronicles of Hall and Fabian in verse."²

¹ Earls of the name of Mortimer.

^m Omit "hanged."

^a Add "the time of."

^o Not good.

^p Favours.

^q Earl Mortimer called Roger.

^r Add "bloody."

^s Omit "miserably."

^t In this wise.

ART. III. *Original Letter of Robert Burns.*

In a collection of miscellaneous papers of the antiquary Grose, which I purchased a few years since, I found the following letter written to him by Burns, when the former was collecting the Antiquities of Scotland; when I premise it was on the second tradition that he afterwards formed the inimitable tale of "Tain O'Shanter," I cannot doubt of its being read with great interest. It were "burning day-light" to point out to a reader, (and who is not a reader of Burns?) the thoughts he afterwards transplanted into the rhythmical narrative.

O. G.

Letter of Robert Burns to Francis Grose, F.A.S. concerning Witch-Stories.

Among the many Witch Stories I have heard relating to Aloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in, a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Aloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from

from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As good luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was, in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story which I can prove to be equally authentic was as follows.

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carriek, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Aloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business 'till by the time he reached Aloway, it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified, with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard,

yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothic window which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bag-pipe. The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen* Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful, hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble crea-

* Luppen, the Scots participle passive of the verb to leap.

ture's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene: but as the best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that Nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Aloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it and called out, "Up horsie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest "Up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and by some means or other getting home,

home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

I am, &c. &c.

ROB. BURNS.

ART. IV. *Bel-vedere, or the Garden of the Muses.*

Quem referent Musæ vivet, dum robora tellus,

Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.¹

Imprinted at London, by F.K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at Saint Magnus Corner. 1600. Small 8vo. pp. 236, besides the Table of Contents, &c.

A second edition of this book, with the omission of "Belvedere," in the title-page, was

Printed at London by E. A. for John Tap, and sold at his shop at Saint Magnus Corner. 1610.

The laudable compiler of this poetical commonplace book, was John Bodenham, who prefixed his arms,² and of whom little seems to be known but that he

¹ Beneath this motto was an emblematical device of the sun, (Apollo) shining upon a laurel, planted between the bifurked summits of Parnassus; which was thus ridiculed, as well as the Editor, in an old play called *The Return from Parnassus*. "I wonder this owl dares look on the sun, and I marvel this goose flies not the laurel: his device might have been better—a fool going into the market-place to be seen with this motto, *Scribimus indectis*: or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, *Sua cu que gloria*."

Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes,

Shall live full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballad for an alehouse door

Shall live in future times for ever more:

Then (Bodenham) thy Muse shall live so long,

As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung."

² See Gwillim's *Display of Heraldry*, p. 321, edit. 1639. vis. *Ar. a fesse betw. 3 chess-rooks, or.*

was the editor also of *Politeuphia*, or *Wit's Commonwealth* in 1598, of *Wit's Theatre of the Little World* in 1599, and of *England's Helicon* in 1600; before which publication a Sonnet was addressed to him by A.B. and has been reprinted in *CENSURA LITERARIA*, Vol. I. p. 217.

From that sonnet and from a prose address which follows, it appears that A.B. was a fellow-labourer with Bodenham, to whom he inscribed a poetical compliment before the *Belvidere*. * This is followed by a sonnet to the *Muses' Garden*, signed W. Rankins, Gent.: a few lines in praise of the book, by R. Hathway, the kinsman possibly of Ann Hathaway, who married our great dramatic bard, (as Mr. Malone suggests in his *Shakspearian Inquiry*;) and two sonnets directed to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge: the latter signed *Sua cuique gloria*. The following encomium on the work is so gracefully constructed, that it may well authorize transcription.

“ Of this Garden of the Muses.

Thou, which delight'st to view this goodly plot,
Here take such flowers as best shall serve thy use;
Where thou may'st find in every curious knot,
Of special virtue and most precious juice,
Set by Apollo in their several places,
And nourished with his celestial beams,
And water'd, by the Muses and the Graces,
With the fresh dew of those Castalian streams.
What scent or colour canst thou but devise
That is not here, that may delight the sense?
Or what can Art or Industry comprise
That in abundance is not gather'd hence?

* Another Sonnet by A. M. may be ascribed to Anthony Munday.

No Garden yet was ever half so sweet,
As where Apollo and the Muses meet!

A. B.

But the most curious portion of this volume appears to be the editor's proemium, which becomes an object of attractive regard from having been omitted in the second impression.

"To the Reader.

"It shall be needlesse (gentle reader) to make any apologie for the defence of this labour; because collected from so many singular men's workes, and the worth of them all having been so especially approved, and past with no mean applause the censure of all in generall, doth both disburden me of that paines, and sets the better approbation on this excellent booke. It shall be sufficient for me then to tell thee, that here thou art brought into the Muses' Garden; a place that may beseeeme the presence of the greatest prince in the world. Imagine then, thy height of happinesse, in being admitted to so celestiall a paradise. Let thy behaviour then, while thou art here, answer thy great fortune, and make use of thy time as so rich a treasure requireth.

"The walkes, alleys, and passages in this Garden, are almost infinite; every where a turning; on all sides such windings in and out; yet all extending both to pleasure and profit, as very rare or seldome shalt thou see the like. Marke then, what varietie of flowres grow all along as thou goest, and trample on none rudely, for all are right precious. If thy conscience be wounded, here are store of hearbes to heale it: if thy doubts be fearefull, here are flowres of comfort: are thy hopes frustrated, here's immediate helpe for them.

them. In briefe; what infirmitie canst thou haue; but here it may be cured? What delight or pleasure wouldst thou haue, but here it is afforded?

“Concerning the nature and qualitie of these excellent flowres, thou seest that they are most learned, grave, and wittie sentences; each line being a severall sentence, and none exceeding two lines at the uttermost. All which, being subjected under apt and proper heads, as arguments, what is then dilated and spoken of; even so, each head hath first his definition in a couplet sentence; then the single and double sentences, by variation of letter do follow; and lastly, similies and examples in the same nature likewise, to conclude every head or argument handled. So let this serve to shew thee the whole intent of this worke.

“Now that every one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no one man doth assume to him-selfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deserving those things, which have been derived from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I have set down both how, whence, and where, these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the Muses Garden; that every ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be injured in the justice of his merit.

“First, out of many excellent speeches, spoken to her Majestie, at tiltings, triumphes, maskes, and shewes, and devises perfourmed in pro grace: as also out of divers choise ditties sung to her; and some especially, proceeding from her owne most sacred selfe! Here are great store of them digested into their meet places, according as the method of the worke plainly delivereth. Likewise out of private poems, sonnets,
ditties,

ditties, and other wittie conceits, given to her honorable Ladies and vertuous Maids of Honour; according as they could be obtained by sight, or favour of copying, a number of most wittie and singular sentences. Secondly, looke what workes of poetrie have been put to the worlds eye, by that learned and right royall king and poet, James King of Scotland; no one sentence of worth hath escaped, but are likewise here reduced into their right roome and place. Next, out of sundry things extant, and many in private, done by these right honourable persons following:

Thomas, [Henry] Earle of Surrey.

The Lorde Marquesse of Winchester.

Mary, Countess of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney.

From poems and workes of these noble personages, extant.

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.

Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Fulke Grevile, Esq.

Sir John Harrington.

From divers essayes of their poetrie; some extant among other honourable personages writings, some from private labours and translations.

Edmund Spencer.

Henry Constable, Esq.

Samuel Daniell.

Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.

Tho. Watson.

Michael Drayton.

John Davies.

Thomas Hudson.
 Henrie Locke, Esq.
 John Marstone.
 Chr. Marlow.
 Benjn. Johnson.
 William Shakspeare
 Thomas Churchyard, Esq.
 Tho. Nash.
 Tho. Kidde.
 Geo. Peele.
 Robt. Greene.
 Josuah Sylvester.
 Nicolas Breton.
 Gervase Markham.
 Thomas Storer.
 Robert Wilmot.
 Chr. Middleton.
 Richard Barnefield.

These being moderne and extant poets, that have lived together: from many of their extant workes, and some kept in private.

Tho. Norton, Esq.
 Geo. Gascoigne, Esq.
 Francis Kindlemarsh, Esq.
 Thomas Atchelw.
 George Whetstones.

These being deceased, have left divers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which for the most part have been perused, and their due right here given them in the Muses Garden.

Besides, what excellent sentences have been in any presented Tragedie, Historie, Pastorall, or Comedie, they

they have been likewise gathered, and are here inserted in their proper places."

It will be seen from the above statement, that this compilation must have been formed with elaborate attention, and that it must necessarily contain many choice and sententious flores poetarum Anglicanorum. Its pervading defects arise from the names of the authors not being annexed to the extracts from their works, as in England's Parnassus; and from the selections having been made with still greater brevity. In a future number the CENSURA LITERARIA, some general specimens may not perhaps be unacceptable.

T. P.

ART. V. *The Phoenix Nest.** *Built up with the most rare and refined workes of Noblemen, worthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave Schollers. Full of varietie, excellent invention, and singular delight. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R.S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. Imprinted at London, by John Jackson. 1593. 4to.*

R.S. was surmised by Warton† to be Richard Stapylton. The other apparent contributors to this collection were Edw. Vere, Earl of Oxford, Sir Wm. Herbert, Dr. Lodge, Watson the sonneteer, Mathew Roydon, George Peele, Nicholas Breton, and William Smith. The following short specimens, without signature, are creditable to the taste of the compiler, and to the

* See CENSURA, Vol. I. 267.

† Hist. of E. P. iii. 402.

poetical attainments of the age in which he lived.
The orthography having been divested of its anti-
quarianism, leaves the verse not far behind our modern
standard, to the eye and ear of a modern reader.

The time when first I fell in love,
Which now I must lament;
The year wherein I lost such time
To compass my content :

The day wherein I saw too late
The follies of a lover ;
The hour wherein I found such loss
As care cannot recover :

And last the minute of mishap,
Which makes me thus to plain
The doleful fruits of lovers' suits,
Which labour lose in vain :

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with pain do prove,
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,
Nor minute, good to love.

Though neither tears nor torments can be thought,
Nor death itself, too dear to be sustain'd,
To win those joys so worthy to be sought,
So rare to reach, so sweet to be obtain'd :

Yet earnest Love, with longing to aspire
To that which Hope holds in so high regard,
Makes time delay'd a torment to desire,
When Love with Hope forbears his just reward.

Then, blessed Hope! haste on thy happy days,
Save my desire by short'ning thy delays.

T. P.
ART.

ART. VI. *Love's Kingdom* by Richard Flecknoe.

SIR,

As the works of Flecknoe are not so well known as his name, which has been immortalized by Dryden's admirable satire, I presume the following account of one of his dramatic pieces, "*Love's Kingdom*," may be acceptable to your curious readers: at least, it will serve to shew my wishes for the success of a work so interesting as the CENSURA LITERARIA.

Gloucester Street, Dublin,

March 28, 1806.

WM. PRESTON.

"*Love's Kingdom*" is particularly noticed in Dryden's Satire. The Veteran Sovereign of Dulness, in addressing his Adopted Heir, tells him

Beyond *Love's Kingdom* shall you stretch your pen,
As much as if he had said, serviet Tibi ultima Thule.

The title page of this piece runs thus:

*Love's Kingdom, a Pastoral Trage-Comedy. Not as it was acted at the Theatres near Lincoln's Inn, but as it was written and since corrected by Richard Flecknoe. With a short Treatise of the English Stage, &c. by the same author. London, Printed by R. Wood for the author, 1664.**

It is dedicated to his Excellence, William, Lord Marquess of Newcastle.

Then follows an advertisement to the noble readers. The persons represented are—

* Biogr. Dram. gives the date 1674. MAC-FLECKNO was Shadwell, whom Dryden calls the *poetical* son of Flecknoe. *Editor.*

The Prologue spoken by Venus from the clouds.

Theotimus. Love's Arch-Flamin, and Governor of Cyprus.

Polydor. Love's Inquisitor.

Diophantes. One of the Advocates of Love's Court.

Palemon. A noble Cypriot, in love with *Bellinda*, and loved by *Philerea*.

Evander. A stranger come to Love's Kingdom on devotion.

Pamphilus. A vicious young fellow, stranger to Love's Kingdom, and imagining all as vicious as himself.

Philander. A noble Cretian and *Bellinda*'s betrothed.

Bellinda. A noble Cretian nymph, stranger in Love's Kingdom.

Filena. A noble Cyprian nymph.

Amaranthe. Governess of the Nymphs.

Cloria, Melissa, Lydia, with others. Nymphs of Cyprus.

Chorus of Musicians and Young Virgins.

Two Aruspices.

Love's Sacrificators.

The Papa, or sacred Executioner,

Guards, &c.

The scene Cyprus, with all the rules of time and place so exactly observed, as whilst for time it is all comprised in as few hours as there are acts; for place, it never goes out of the view or prospect of Love's Temple.

The author's account of this piece, in the Advertisement, is—"For the plot, it is neat and handsome, and the language soft and gentle, suitable to the persons, who speak, neither on the ground, nor in the clouds;

clouds; but just like the stage, somewhat elevated above the common. In neither no stiffness, and (I hope) no impertinence nor extravagance, into which your young writers are too apt to run, who whilst they know not well what to do, and are anxious to do enough, most commonly overdo."

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Venus from the clouds.

If ever you have heard of Venus' name,
 Goddess of Beauty, I that Venus am;
 Who have to day descended from my sphere,
 To welcome you unto Love's Kingdom here;
 Or rather to my sphere am come, since I
 Am present no where more, nor in the sky,
 Nor any island in the world than this,
 That wholly from the world divided is:
 For Cupid, you behold him here in me,
 (For there where Beauty is, Love needs must be)
 Or you may yet more easily descry
 Him 'mong the ladies in each am'rous eye;
 And 'mongst the gallants may as easily trace
 Him to their bosoms from each beauteous face.
 May then, fair ladies, you
 Find all your servants true;
 And gallants may you find
 The Ladies all as kind,
 As by your noble favours you declare
 How much you friends unto Love's Kingdom are;
 Of which yourselves compose so great a part,
 In your fair eyes, and in your loving heart.

The short Discourse of the English Stage is sub-joined. The whole work is contained in about eighty pages, in duodecimo.

ART. VII. ΨΥΧΩΔΙΑ *Platonica; or, a Platonical Song of the Soul. Consisting of four several Poems, viz. ΨΥΧΟΖΙΑ, ΨΥΧΟΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ, ANTI-ΨΥΧΟΠΑΝΤΧΙΑ, ANTIMONΟΨΥΧΙΑ. Hereunto is added a paraphristical Interpretation of the Answer of Apollo, consulted by Amelius about Plotinus Soul departed this Life. By H. M. Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christ's Colledge in Cambridge.*

Nullam majorem affere solet ignaris inscitia
Voluptatem quam expeditum fastidiosumque
Contemptum. SCAL.

Cambridge. Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the University. 1642. 12mo.

There is a separate title page to each of the four parts; and to each is prefixed a prose address to the reader. The paging also runs only to the end of each part, as if the parts had been printed separate; yet they all bear the same date, viz. 1642. Prefixed to all is a poetical address to the reader in eight-syllable verse, which is not without merit. I would transcribe it here entire, had I room. The poem itself is written in a stanza of nine and ten syllable lines. It is full of hard words, and in the highest strain of mystic Platonism, such as Mr. Taylor himself would read with delight; but, perhaps, neither he nor any one could understand.

To the Reader.

Reader sith it is the fashion,
To bestow some salutation,

I greet

I greet thee ; give free leave to look
And nearly view my opened book.
But see then that thine eyes be clear,
If aught thou wouldst discover there,
Expect from me no Teian strain,
No light wanton Lesbian vein :
Tho' well I wote the vulgar sprite
Such harmony doth more strongly smite.
Silent secesse, waste solitude
Deep-searching thought often renew'd,
Stiff contest 'gainst importunate vice,
That daily doth the soul entice.——

 &c. &c. W. PRESTON.

Additions by the Editor.

The second edition of this work bears the following title.

*Philosophical Poems by Henry More, Master of Arts,
and Fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge.*

**Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes.**

Lucia.

*Cambridge. Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer
to the University, 1647. 8vo. pp. 436.*

But this includes a second title page, in these words: *An Addition of some few smaller Poems. By Henry More, Master of Arts, &c.* as before, which commences at p. 299.

This second edition is dedicated to his "dear father, Alexander More, Esq." in which he says, "you have from my childhood turned mine ears to Spencer's rhymes, entertaining us, on winter nights, with

with that incomparable piece of his, *The Fairy Queen*, a poem as richly fraught with divine morality as fancy. Your early encomiums also of learning and philosophy did so fire my credulous youth with the desire of the knowledge of things, that your after-advertisements how contemptible learning would prove without riches, and what a piece of unmannerliness and incivility it would be held to seem wiser, than them that are more wealthy and powerful, could never yet restrain my mind from her first pursuit, nor quicken my attention to the affairs of the world." After this is another title, "*A Platonick Song of the Soul, treating of the Life of the Soul; her Immortality; the Sleep of the Soul; the Unity of Souls; and Memory after Death.*"

In the Address to the Reader, he says he has in this edition enlarged the poem, and "licked it into some more tolerable form and smoothness;" and has added notes for the better understanding both the poem and the principles of Plato's philosophy."

Bound up with the Editor's copy of this work is another of this author, entitled

An Antidote against Atheisme, or an Appeal to the Natural Faculties of the Minde of Man, whether there be not a God. By Henry More, (&c. as before.) London, Printed for Roger Daniel, at Lovell's Inn in Paternoster Row. Anno 1653. 8vo. pp. 170.

Dr. Hen. More died Sept. 1, 1687, æt. 73. See Biogr. Diet.

ART.

ART. VIII. *The Lives of the three Normans, Kings of England: William the First, William the Second, Henrie the First. Written by J. H. Mart. Improbe facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est. Imprinted at London by R. B. Anno 1613. 4to. pp. 314. Besides the Epistle Dedicatorie to Charles the First whilst Prince of Wales, pp. 6.*

The author, Sir John Hayward, Knight, whose historical works, as Wood informs us, "for the phrase and words in them were in their time esteemed very good," in his dedication tells us, that it was in consequence of a conversation which passed between the Prince Henry and himself, a short time previous to the decease of the former, he undertook to give the world a history of his own country during certain periods.* I cannot refrain from giving a short specimen of the manner in which he draws the character of that distinguished and promising young Prince, "whose death," he says, "alasse! hath bound the liues of many vnto death, face to face; being no wayes able, either by forgetfulnesse to couer their grieffe, or to diminish it with consideration." He then proceeds,

"For in trueth he was a Prince of a most heroical heart: free from many vices which sometimes accom-

* In addition to this work Hayward likewise wrote the Lives of Henry the Fourth and of Edward the Sixth, 1599, 1630, 4to. and as he informs us himself, finished "certaine yeeres of Queene Elizabeth's Reigne." Of this however I can find no account, nor am I of opinion that it has ever been printed.

panie high estates, full of most amiable and admirable vertues : of whose perfections the world was not worthy. His eyes were full of pleasant modestie ; his countenance manly, beautifull ; in bodie both strongly and delicately made ; in behaviour sweetely sober, which gaue grace to whatsoeuer he did. He was of a discerning wit ; and for the facultie of his mind, of great capacitie and power, accompanied with equall expedition of will : much foreseeing in his actions, and for passions a commander of himselfe ; and of good strength to resist the power of prosperitie. In counsaile he was ripe and measured ; in resolution constant ; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deede. And albeit hee was but yong, and his nature forward and free, yet his wisdom reduced both to a true temper of moderation ; his desires being neuer aboue his reason, nor his hopes inferiour to his desires. In a word, hee was the most faire fruit of his progenitours, an excellent ornament of the present age, a true mirror to posteritie ; being so equally both settled to valour, and disposed to goodnesse and justice, as hee expressed not onely tokens, but proofes, both of a courage, and of a grauitie and industrie right worthie of his estate."

The history of the Normans contains a very well written account of the period during which they lived : it abounds in anecdotes, many of which are to be found in no other publication of the kind, and is enriched with a variety of just remarks as well on the actions and characters of those whom it is intended to display, as on the manners of the times during which they flourished. I know of no other edition of it than this of

1613, excepting that it has been reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany* with some few notes, Vol. II. p. 418.

P. B.

ART. IX. *A Disputacion of Purgatorye made by Jhon Frith is deuided into thre boke. The fyrst boke is an answer vnto Rastell, which goeth aboute to proue purgatorye by naturall Phylosophye. The seconde boke answereth vnto Sir Thomas More, which laboureth to proue purgatorye by scripture. The thyrde boke maketh answeere vnto my lorde of Rochestre which moost leaneth vnto the doctoures. "Beware lest any man come and spoyle you thorow phylosophye and deceytfull vanite, thorow the tradicions of men, and ordinacions after the worlde, and not after Christ. Collos. ii." 12mo. black letter.*

ART. X. *An other boke against Rastel named the subsedye or butwark to his fyrst boke, made by Jhon Frithe presoner in the Tower. "Awake thou that slepeste and stonde vppe from deeth, and Chryste shall geue the lyght. Ephesians v." 12mo black letter.*

To the above very curious books are neither date, place, or printer's name. I conceive however that they must have appeared either in 1529 or 1530, as in 1531, the author suffered at Smithfield, through the means of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, with whom he had continual controversies on theological subjects.

subjects. In Clark's "Marrow of Ecclesiastical Historie, London, 1650," 4to. is a short account of Frith, from which I shall extract one anecdote. "Having som business in Reading, hee was there taken for a vagabond, and set in the stocks: there hee sate till he was almost pined with hunger, and then desiring to speak with the schoolmaster of the town, when hee came to him, Frith in Latine bewailed his captivitie to him: the schoolmaster being overcom with his eloquence, began exceedingly to affect and pittie him, the rather when hee spake in Greek to him also, and repeted divers verses out of Homer: whereupon the schoolmaster repaired speedily to the magistrates and procured his enlargement."

So imperfectly does Wood mention both of these works, that I am tempted to suppose he never was able to procure a sight of them: nor have I ever heard of or seen any other copies than those from which the above titles are given.

P. B.

ART. XI. *Winter. A Poem.* By James Thomson.

The Second Edition. 1726.

[CONCLUDED FROM VOL. II. P. 353.]

Clear frost succeeds, and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ætherial nitre flies,
To bake the glebe, and bind the slip'ry flood.
This of the wintry season is the prime;
Pure are the days, and lustrous are the nights,
Radiant with starry worlds, till then unseen.

Mean

Mean while, the orient, darkly red, breathes forth
 An icy gale, that in its mid career,
 Arrests the bickering stream. The nightly sky,
 And all her glowing constellations, pour
 Their rigid influence down : it freezes on,
 Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping world
 Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous : then appears
 The various labour of the silent night ;
 The pendant isicle, the frost-work fair,
 Where fancy'd * figures rise ; the crusted snow,
 Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining north,
 [And gem-besprinkled in the mid-day beam.] †

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Rush o'er the watry plains, and, shuddering, view
 The fearful deeps below : or, with the gun,
 And faithful spaniel, range the ravag'd fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the feathery, or the footed game.

‡ Muttering, the winds, at eve, with hoarser voice,
 Blow, blustering, from the south—the frost subdu'd,
 Gradual, resolves into a trickling § thaw.
 Spotted, the mountains shine : loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round : the rivers swell,
 Impatient for the day. [|| Broke from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad, brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot, at once ;
 And where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste.] Those sullen seas,
 That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North ;

* Thousand. 1st edit.

† Added in the 2d edit.

‡ But hark ! the nightly winds with hollow voice. 1st edit.

§ Weeping thaw. 1st edit.

|| Added in the 2d edit.

But,

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave,—
 And hark!—the lengthening roar, continuous, runs
 Athwart the rifted main; at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds!
 Ill fares the bark, the wretches' last resort,
 That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle;
 While Night o'erwhelms the sea, and Horror looks
 More horrible. Can human hearts endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:
 Unlistening hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds, and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And bellowing round the main? nations remote,
 Shook from their midnight-slumbers, deem they hear
 Portentous thunder in the gelid * sky:
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
 And his unwieldy train, in horrid sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine; while, thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the dire, unhospitable shore
 At once is heard th' united, hungry howl, †
 Of all the fell society of night.
 Yet, Providence, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down, with pity, on the fruitless toil
 Of mortals, lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done!—Dread WINTER has subdu'd the Year,
 And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desert Plains!
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His solitary empire—Now, fond man!
 Behold thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,

* Troubled sky. 1st edit.

† The lion's rage, the wolf's sad howl is heard. 1st edit.

Thy flowering Spring; thy short-liv'd Summer's strength;
 Thy sober Autumn, fading into Age;
 And pale, concluding Winter shuts thy scene,
 And shrouds thee in the grave. Where now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those nights of secret guilt? those veering thoughts,
 Fluttering 'twixt good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All, now, are vanish'd! Virtue, sole survives,
 Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,

His guide to happiness on high:—and see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth!—awakening Nature hears
 Th' Almighty trumpet's voice, and starts to life,
 Renew'd, unfading. Now th' eternal scheme,
 That dark perplexity, that mystic maze,
 Which sight could never trace, nor heart conceive,
 To Reason's eye, refin'd, clears up space.
 Angels and men, astonish'd, pause;—and dread
 To travel thro' the depths of Providence,
 Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain learned! see,
 And prostrate in the dust, adore that Power
 Of Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the cause,
 Why conscious worth, oppress'd, in secret long
 Mourn'd, unregarded: why the good man's share
 In life, was gall, and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans, pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay prompting her low thought
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Faith
 And Charity, prime grace! wore the red marks
 Of Persecution's scourge: why licens'd Pain
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!

Ye noble few ! that here, unbending, stand
 Beneath life's pressures,—yet a little while,
 And all your woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,
 And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings
 Life undecaying, Love without allay,
 Pure-flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.

THE END.

Thomson issued Proposals in 1727 for printing by subscription *The Four Seasons*, with a Hymn on their succession, a poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and "An Essay on Descriptive Poetry." The latter never seems to have appeared. Subscriptions were to be received by the author at the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall Mall: but few probably were offered; as an Advertisement was prefixed to *Spring* in 1728, which thus reported:—"That the following poem appears at present in public, is not any way in prejudice of the Proposals lately published for printing *THE FOUR SEASONS*, &c. by Subscription; but at the solicitation of some of my friends who had seen it in manuscript, and the better to carry on a work I stand engaged to finish. For *subscription* is now at its last gasp, and the world seems to have got the better of that many-headed monster. However those gentlemen and ladies who have been, or may hereafter be, so good as to honour me with their names, shall have the Book next Winter according to my Proposals: and if it should, in any degree, be judged worthy their encouragement, I have my best reward." This inuendo must have had its due effect; for a quarto and an octavo

tavo edition of *The Seasons*, &c. were published in 1730, and of the former about 260 copies were subscribed for, at a guinea each. The "many-headed monster" therefore proved a purveyor of golden fruit to the poet of the Seasons.

T. P.

ART. XII. *The Use of Passions. Written in French by J. F. Senault; and put into English by Henry Earl of Monmouth, An. Dqm. 1649. London, Printed for J. L. and Humphrey Mosely, at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1649. pp. 510, besides the author's dedication, with the translator's preface and table of contents.*

Prefixed is an engraved title by W. M. * representing Reason directed by Divine Grace, restraining with a chain Sorrow, Choler, Joy, Fear, Despair, Hope, Boldness, Eschewing, Hatred, Love, and Desire: underneath are the following lines:

" Passions araing'd by Reason here you see,
As shce's advis'd therein by Grace Divine:
But this (youll say) 's but in Effigie!
Peruse this Booke, and you in ev'ry line
Thereof will finde this truth so prov'd, that you
Must Reason contradict, or grant it True."

It should also possess a bust of the Earl by Faithorne, † which my copy wants, and which is so scarce

* William Marshall.

† Query? Granger says, by Marshall, and adds there is another head of him before his Translation of the Wars of Flanders, 1654, fol. There is another print by Faithorne of this Earl before his " Translation of Boccacini's Advertisements from The Parnassus," 1656, fol. This last the Editor possesses. Editor.

I have never been able to procure it. I have seen a very inferior impression prefixed to an edition of the book in 1671; the date evidently altered in Marshall's title, which appears to have been retouched. This edition is by no means so rare or so correct as the original.

The author's dedication is to our Saviour Jesus Christ, and as we are told by the translator, in his preface, he had at one time an idea of dedicating "this my product of some leasure-hours to an exactly accomplished Lady of Honor; but considering that my author hath chosen our Saviour Jesus Christ for his Patron, I thought I should go less, should I chuse any other for my Patroness then the King's daughter, his Spouse, the Church."

The work consists of two parts, the first containing five treatises "Of Passions in General. 1. Of the Nature of Passions. 2. Of the Disorder of Passions. 3. Of the Government of Passions. 4. Of the Commerce of Passions, with Vertue and Vice. 5. Of the Power that Passions have upon the Will of Man." The second part contains six, "Of Passions in Particular. 1. Of Love and Hatred. 2. Of Desire and Eschewing. 3. Of Hope and Despair. 4. Of Audacity and Fear. 5. Of Choler and Anger. 6. Of Delight and Sorrow."

As, from the great length of all the above treatises, it is impossible to give a sufficiently connected extract, I shall conclude with a specimen of the noble Earl's poetical talents in the following lines.

"The Translator upon the Book.

I.

If to command and rule o'er others be

The thing desir'd above all worldly pelf,

How great a Prince how great a Monarch's he,

Who

Who govern can, who can command Himself?
 If you unto so great a Pow'r aspire,
 This Book will teach how you may it acquire.

II.

Love turn'd to sacred Friendship here you'll find,
 And Hatred into a just Indignation :
 Desires (when moderated and not blind)
 To have to all the Virtues near relation :
 Flight or Eschewing, you will find to be,
 The chiefest Friend to spotless Chastity.

III.

You'll find how Hope incites to noble acts;
 And how Despair diverts rash enterprises;
 How Fear from Wisdom nought at all detracts;
 But is of use to her through just Surmises :
 How Boldness may in hand with Valour ride,
 How hair-brain'd Choler may with Justice side.

IIII.

How harmless Joy we may fore-runner make
 Of that Eternal never-ending bliss,
 Whereof the Saints in Heaven do partake ;
 And how our earthly sparrow nothing is,
 But a sharp corrosive, which, handled well,
 Will prove an antidote to th' pains in Hell.
 Thus Rebels unto Loyalty are brought,
 And Traytors true Allegiance are taught.

P. B.

ART. XIII. *A Chronological List of English Writers on Agriculture. With anecdotes and remarks.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. II. P. 228.]

XII. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

The following memorials are copied from Kennet's Political Register, pp. 868-872. An abstract of them by the present Editor may be found in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII. p. 12.

Mr. Hartlib's Account of HIMSELF in a letter dated 3 Aug. 1660.

"My father was a merchant, but no ordinary one, being the King of Poland his merchant, who hath founded a church at Posenania in Poland. And when the Jesuits prevailed in that kingdom, he was fain to remove himself into Prussia; where he came to Elbing, where not any house of credit was yet built. But he, with another Patricius of Breslaw in Silesia, built two stately houses, which are yet standing at Elbing, being the principal houses of the town; the building whereof cost my father many thousands of rix dollars in those cheap days. Immediately after he erected, there, Niumferbing, my grandfather, the Deputy of the English Company at Dantzick, bringing the English Company to Elbing; and so that town by trading came to that splendor and wealth wherein it hath continued these many years.

"My father had married before two Polonian gentlemen, of a noble extraction, both of them being ladies, according to the fashions in those countries; in
regard

regard of which he obtained the sooner his third wife, my own mother. How many sums of gold, and erecting of pillars of honour, both to my grandfather and father, were offered both by Dantzick, and Elbing, remains yet in the memory of some very old people in Prussia.

“ My mother had two sisters, both which were very honourably married : one to a Lord Mayor’s son at London, Mr. Clark ; and afterward to a very rich Knight, Sir Richard Smith, one of the King’s Privy Council, she bringing a portion to him of 10,000l. sterling. This is my aunt the Lady Smith, who marrying afterwards to Sir Edward Savage, was made one of the Ladies of Honour to our King’s mother. The other sister was married to a younger brother, Mr. Peak ; whose son hath now an estate of 300l. sterling of land of inheritance yearly, and who is still alive. Our cousin-german, or my aunts’, the Lady Smith’s, daughter, was married to Sir Anthony Irby, at Boston, a Knight of 4 or 5000l. sterling a year ; who is still alive and a Parliament man.

“ But before all this, I should have told you, that I have been upbraided for my too much negligence of my pedigree : whereas they told me that my family was of a very ancient extraction in the German Empire, there having been ten brethren of the name of Hartlib. Some of them have been Privy Counsellors to the Emperor, some to other inferior Princes ; some Syndicks of Auspurg, and Norimberg. But they passed afterwards not so strictly for Udallants in the empire, when some turned merchants ; which, you know, is derogatory to the German nobility. I may speak it with a safe conscience, that I never, all the

days of my life, reflected seriously upon my pedigree; preferring my heavenly birth above all such vanities, and afterwards studying more, to this very day, to be useful to God's creatures, and serviceable to his church, than to be rich, or honourable.

"Let it not seem a paradox unto you, if I tell you, as long as I have lived in England, by wonderful providences, I have spent yearly out of my own betwixt 3 or 400l. sterling a year: and when I was brought to public allowances, I have had from the Parliaments and Councils of State a pension of 300l. sterling a year, which as freely I have spent for their service, and the good of many.

"I could fill whole sheets, in what love and reputation I have lived these thirty years in England; being familiarly acquainted with the best of Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, Ministers, Professors of both Universities, Merchants, and all sorts of learned, or in any kind useful, men, &c. And in all the three kingdoms, under all the changes that have fallen out, recommended before and in Parliaments; books dedicated to me from several places and countries, &c. But I grow weary to pursue such vanities.

"To the Right Honourable the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, the Humble Petition of Samuel Hartlib, Senr.

"Sheweth,

"That your Petitioner, ever since he came into this kingdom, hath set himself apart to serve his generation in the best objects,

"First, by erecting a little academy for the education

cation of the Gentry of this nation, to advance Piety, Learning, Morality, and other exercises of Industry, not usual then in common schools.

“*Secondly*, by giving entertainment, and becoming a Solicitor for the godly Ministers and Scholars, who were driven in those days out of the Palatinate, and other Protestant churches then laid waste; by which means,

“In the *third* place, your Petitioner found an opportunity to maintain a religious, learned, and charitable correspondence with the chief of note in foreign parts; which, for the space of thirty years and upwards, he hath managed for the good of this nation, as well in Civil as Ecclesiastical concerns, (as is well known to most of the leading men of all parties) by procuring unto them,

“I. Rare Collections of Manuscripts in all the Parts of Learning, which your Petitioner freely hath imparted, transcribed, or printed, and sent to such as were most capable of making use of them.

“II. The best experiments of Industry practised in Husbandry and Manufactures, and in other inventions and accommodations tending to the good of this nation, which by printing he hath published, for the benefit of this age, and of posterity.

“III. A constant relief according to his ability or address, for poor distressed scholars, both of this nation, and of Foreigners, who wanted employment, to recommend them to such as could make use of their service.

“IV. A constant intelligence in matters of Piety, Virtue, and Learning, both at home and abroad, with those

may be) determined. I durst not have expressed myself so boldly, but that I know your Honour hath been always a person of solid honour and faithfulness to me, and that I really believe, that when the times of Refreshing shall come, such deeds of compassion will certainly be honoured and rewarded with exceeding joy." *

ART. XIV. *Original Letter of the late Lord Chesterfield.*

(The Superscription lost, but probably addressed to Dr. Monsey.)

SIR,

Bath, Nov. 8, 1757.

Upon my word I think myself as much obliged to you, for your voluntary and unwearied attention to my miserable deafness, as if your prescriptions had removed or relieved it. I am now convinced, by eight years experience, that nothing can; having tried every thing that ever was tried, and perhaps more. I have tried the urine of hares, so long and so often, that whether male, female, or hermaphrodite, I have probably had some of every gender: I have done more, I have used the galls of hares; but to as little purpose.

I have tried these waters in every possible way; I have bathed my head; pumped it; introduced the stream, and sometimes drops of the water, into my ears; but all in vain. In short I have left nothing untried, and have found nothing effectual. Your little

* See Warton's *Juv. Poems of Milton*, Edit. 1785, pp. 118-596.

blisters,

blisters, which I still continue, have given me more relief than any thing else.

Your faculty will, I hope, pardon me, if, not having the vivacity of ladies, I have not their faith neither. I must own that they always reason right in general; but I am sorry to say at the same time, that they are commonly wrong in every particular. I stick to that middle point, which their alacrity makes them leap over.

I am persuaded that you can do more than other people; but then give me leave to add that I fear *that more* is not a great deal. In the famous great fog, some years ago, the blind men were the best guides, having been long used to the streets; but still they only groped their way; they did not see it. You have, I am sure, too much of the skill, and too little of the craft, of your profession, to be offended with this image. I heartily wish that it was not so just a one.

Why physical ills exist at all, I do not know; and I am very sure that no Doctor of Divinity has ever yet given me a satisfactory reason for it: but if there be a reason, that same reason, be it what it will, must necessarily make the art of medicine precarious, and imperfect: otherwise the end of the former would be defeated by the latter.

Of all the receipts for deafness, that which you mention, of the roar of cannon upon Blackheath, would be to me the most disagreeable; and whether French or English, I should be pretty indifferent. Armies of all kinds are exceedingly like one another; offensive armies may make defensive ones necessary; but they do not make them less dangerous. Those

who can effectually defend, can as surely destroy; and the military spirit is not of the neutral kind, but of a most active nature. The army that defended this country against Charles the First, subdued, in truth conquered it, under Cromwell.

Our measure of distress and disgrace is now not only full, but running over. If we have any public spirit, we must feel our private ills the less by the comparison. I know that, whenever I am called off from my station here, I shall, as Cicero says of the death of Crassus, consider it as *mors donata, non vitæ excepta*. Till when I shall be, with truth,

Your faithful

humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD

ART. XV. GERVASE MARKHAM.

His *Cavalatrice* (CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 224, note) was printed in 1617, in 4to. under the title of "*Cavalatrice, or the English Horseman; contayning all the art of Horsemanship, as much as is necessary for any man to understand, whether hee be horse-breeder, horse-ryder, horse-hunter, horse-runner, horse-ambler, horse-farrier, horse-keeper, coachman, smith or saddler. Together, with the discovery of the subtil trade or mystery of horse-coursers, and an explanation of the excellency of a horse's understanding: or how to teach them to do trickes like Bankes his Curtall: and that horses may be made to draw dry-foot like a hound. Secrets before unpublished, and now carefully set downe for the profit of this whole nation;*
newly

newly imprinted, corrected, and augmented, with many worthy secrets not before knowne. By Gervase Markham.

In eight books, separately paged, and with frontispieces, to each of which is subjoined, *London, Printed by Edw. Ald for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop neere the little north doore of St. Pauls Church, at the sign of the Gun. 1617.**

The 1st book is dedicated to Charles, Prince of Wales; the 2d book, in the following Sonnet, "To the High and mightie Prince of Great Brittain."

"When, with seuerer iudgement, I beholde

The customary habits of our Nation,

Nothing I finde so strong or vncontrold,

As is of great mens Actes the Immitation.

Whence comes it, that to immitate your praise,

Our lesser great ones, (which would else neglect

The noblest Acte of vertue) now do raise

Their spirits up, to loue what you respect:

May you euer liue, to teach them thus

Those noble Actes, which gets the noble name;

And may the grace, you doe the Arte and vs,

Liue to out-live Time, Memorie, and Fame;

That many ages hence the world may say,

You gaue this Arte the life shall neere decay!

GERVASE MARKHAM.

The 3d book is dedicated to Lewis, Duke of Lennox; the 4th, to Tho. Howard, Earle of Arundell and Surrey; the 5th, to Edw. Earle of Worcester;

* The 2d and 3d Books are dated 1616.

the

abandoned earth, and taking thy flight to heaven, as once Astræa did, dost reject the sighs and sacrifices of poore mortals?—Gentle peace, thou which goest always attended on by plenty and pleasure, thou which fillest the husbandman's barnes, the grasier's folds, the tradesman's shop, the vintner's cellars, the lawyer's desk, the merchant's magazines, the Prince's treasury, how comes it to passe that thou hast given up thy throne to Bellona, that all-destroying Fury?—Behold how my plundered yeoman wants hinds and horse to plow up my fertile soyle; the poore labourer who useth to mingle the morning dew with his anheled sweat, shakes at his worke for fear of pressing; the tradesman shuts up his shop, and keeps more holydaies than willingly hee would; the merchant walks to the exchange onely to learne newes, not to negotiate.—O consider my case, most blissful Queene, descend, descend againe in thy ivory chariot; resume thy throne, crownethy temples with thy wonted laurell and olive, bar up Janus gates, and make new Halcionian dayes to shine in this hemisphere," &c. &c.

Birmingham.

W. H.

ART. XVII. *Wits Recreations. Selected from the finest Fancies of the Modern Muses. London, Printed by R. H. for Humphry Blunden at the Castle in Corn-hill, 1640. Sm. 8vo. not paged.*

This volume has also an engraved frontispiece by Marshall; with the same title and these additional words, "With a thousand outlandish proverbs."

It consists of 504 short poems, or epigrams; and 126 epitaphs. A specimen or two will be enough.

No. 167.

No. 167. *Satis est quod sufficit.*

Weep no more; sigh nor groan;
 Sorrow recalls not times are gone;
 Violets pluck'd the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh or grow again.
 Joys are windy, dreams fly fast:
 Why should sadness longer last!
 Grief is but a wound to woe.
 Gentle fair, mourn no more.

No. 19. *To Mr. William Habington on his Castara,
a Poem.*

Thy Muse is chaste, and thy Castara too;
 'Tis strange at Court; and thou hadst power to woo,
 And to obtain, what others were denied,
 The fair Castara for thy virtuous bride.
 Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be
 Fair issues branch from both, to honour thee!

No. 18. *To Mr. George Sandys.*

Sweet-tongued Ovid, though strange tales he told,
 Which gods and men did act in days of old;
 What various shapes for love, sometimes they took,
 To purchase what they aim'd at; could he look
 But back upon himself, he would admire
 The sumptuous bravery of that rich attire;
 Which Sandys hath clad him with, and then place this
 His change amongst their Metamorphosis. *

* This alludes to Sandys's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Among the Epitaphs is the following

No. 102. *On Prince Henry.*

Lo, where he shineth yonder,
 A fixed star in heaven,
 Whose motions thence come under
 None of the Planets given.
 If that the Moon should tender
 The Sun her love, and marry,
 They both could not engender
 So bright a star as Harry.

In this collection are also Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful lines on the Queen of Bohemia; but without his name. Indeed there is not the name of a single author added; which adds to the defects of this pitiful volume. I suspect it to be scarce, having never seen but one copy.

ART. XVIII. *The Pretie and Wittie Historie of Arnalt and Lucenda: with certain rules and dialogues set foorth for the learner of th' Italian tong: and dedicated unto the worshipfull, Sir Hierom Bowes, Knight. By Claudius Hollyband, scholemaster, teaching in Paules Churcheyarde by the signe of the Lucrece. Dum spiro spero. Imprinted at London by Thomas Purfoote, 1575. 16mo. pp. 366.*

Hollyband has here fourteen verses to Sir Jerom Bowes not mentioned by Ritson, and not worth transcribing. And here also are six verses addressed to the book by Elderton.

Claudius

“ Claudius Hollybande to the Reader.

“ Who listeth to attayne any skill in th’ Italian tong, and to reade this most fine, pleasant, and pithy historie of Arnalt and Lucenda; let it please him for the better understanding of th’ Italian phrase, to have recourse to the latter ende of this booke, there to see and learn both certayne profitable rules touching the pronounciation of the same tong, in such poyntes as seeme harde to the learner, and the maner of declining th’ Italian verbes, whereby the declining all th’ other verbes of the same tong may easely be perceyved. With the waye and meane to know th’ use of th’ Italian Articles, Nownes, Cases, and numbers of Nownes, and other speciall thinges requisite for the learner of the same tongue. And after let him take a little payne in the Dialogues, and familiar speaches, there following. And then let him repayre to this Historie. In the reading whereof using a good discretion, he may attayne great profite, as well for th’ understanding of any other Italian booke, as for his entraunce to the learning of the same tongue: and maye also gather therein many pretie and wittie phrases, sentences, and devises, agreeable to the same argumente, and apte for the lyke or any other speache or writing. And then if he please to goe any further in the same tongue, let him resorte to a Grammer set foorth by Alexander Citolini, where he may see, as in full sea, the full and whole skill and use of the same tongue, and all the difficulties and points of the same plainly shewed and taught.”

“ The Argument of this present Work.

“ A noble Grecian, who riding to doe his business being oute of his way, came to a solitarie place, where a most valiant Knight of Thebes, named Arnalt, having buylded a darke and sadde palace, with many his servantes, as an Heremite did dwell in continuall sighes, lamentations, and mourning. Of whom he being courteously receaved and feasted, was fully informed of all his wofull and pitiful mishappe: and instantly prayed, that for the honor of gracious, mercifull, and honest women, and the profite of unwarie and too bolde youth, he should write it, and make it come forth into the cleare lighte and knowledge of the worlde. The which spedelie without delay was by him done in the Greeke tong, without his proper name unto it. It was after translated into the Spanish tong: and by the excellent Master Nicholas Herberai a Frenchman was turned into the French tongue: and as a thing worthy to be read in every tongue, was by Bartholomew Marraffi Florentine, translated into the Thuscan tong: and nowe out of the same tongue by Claudius Hollybande translated into Englishe. Harken therefore diligently to this author, whiche doubtlesse shall make your harts to mollifie and weepe.”

In this volume the Italian is printed on the opposite page. It is mentioned by Herbert, II. 996; in whose work other publications of Hollyband are recorded.

ART.

ART. XIX. *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets; with a Discourse of the friendly affections of Tymetes to Pyndara, his Ladie. Newly corrected, with additions, and set out by George Turberville, Gentleman. Imprinted at London, by Henry Denham. 1567, and 1570, small 8vo.*

The latter edition of these poems is alone recorded by Wood and Herbert; but the former is still extant, and bears a dedication by the author "To the right noble and his singular good lady, Lady Anne Countesse Warwick," &c. From Fuller* it appears that the Turberviles, (de turbida villa) were an ancient and respectable family in Dorsetshire. Wood† informs us that George, the poet, was born at Whitchurch in that county, and educated a Wykehamist; became perpetual fellow of New College, Oxon. in 1561; but left it the following year, before he was graduated, and went to one of the Inns of Court; where he was much admired for his poetic talents. In 1568-9, he was employed as Secretary, when Randolph went on an embassy to Russia; from which country Turberville addressed three metrical epistles to his friends Edw. Dancie, Edm. Spencer, (not the poet) and Parker. These were printed in the voyages of Hakluyt, and at the end of Turberville's Tragical Tales. After his return, says Wood, he was esteemed a most accomplished gentleman, ‡ and his company was much

* Worthles of Dorset, p. 279

† Athens, I. 275.

‡ A note among Rawlinson's MSS. says he was knighted; but this does not appear from Morgan's Catalogue of Knights in his Sphere of Gentry.

sought after by all ingenious men, especially upon the publication of his labours. Wood describes him to have been living in 1594, but knew not the time of his decease. If the same biographer had not recorded with so much precision the æra (36 Reg. Eliz.) when Turberville flourished, it might now have been suspected that his life had been terminated by the hand of violence in 1579. For in that year, says Herbert, * was entered in the Stationer's books "a dittie of Mr. Turbervyle murdered, and John Morgan that murdered him: with a letter of the said Morgan to his mother, and another to his sister Turbervyle." Harrington † has some epitaphial lines in commendation of Turberville, as a polisher of our poetry and a purifier of our morality. Nash gave him only negative praise as a writer; but Puttenham numbers him among those who have written excellently well, and Meres cites him as of good note for his translations of Ovid's Epistles and Mantuan: which may here be noticed in continuation. Mr. Ellis has afforded specimens of his Songs and Sonnets. T. P.

ART. XX. *The heroycall Epistles of the learned poet Publius Ovidius Naso: with Aulus Sabinus answers to certaine of the same: in English verse. Set out and translated by George Turberville, Gent. Imprinted by Henry Denham, 1567, 1569, 1600, and sine anno.*

This version is dedicated to Ld. Tho. Howarde, Visct. Byndon, &c. and has a metrical address prefixed, from

* Typogr. Antiquities, II. 1053.

† Epigrams, lib. I. ep. 42.

the Translator to his Muse. An Epistle to the reader speaks of some other projected work, and promises "that if he shew himselfe friendly in well accepting this provision, he shall be invited to a better banquet, as soon as occasion will serve."

At the close of the volume are some stanzas from the translator to the captious reader, which thus rebuked the hypercritics of that period, and may be applied to those of our own.

If thou thy selfe for lumpish ydle life
 No leysure hast, to take in hand the like,
 But keep'st thy cownch;—put up that canker'd knife,
 Wherewith thou wonted art the good to strike:
 Let others presse in place to purchase fame,
 For vertue's sake that worke to winne a name!
 Discerne their deedes, when all their toyle is done;
 Say thou thy worst, when they have done their best;
 Condemne them not ere that thou hast begun
 To viewe their works, but over-reade the rest:
 That done, let eche sustaine his earned meede;
 This were a way to purchase love indeede!

Warton * has honoured him with the title of "a polite scholar," and remarks that some of the passages in his version of Ovid are not unhappily turned.

T. P.

* Hist. of Eng. Poetry, III. 421. Among Rawlinson's MSS. were two fair copies in large folio of a Translation of Tasso in octave stanzas, by Sir G. T. which initials being assigned to Turbervile, gave rise probably to the unsupported assertion that he had received the honour of knighthood. See Warton, ut sup. p. 485.

ART. XXI. *The Eglogs of the poet B. Mantuan, Carmelitan; turned into English verse, and set forth with the Argument to every Egloge, by George Turberville, Gent. Anno 1567. Imprinted at London, in Paternoster-rowe, at the signe of the Mermayde, by Henry Bynneman, 12mo.*

Of this little volume I have seen only one copy, which is in the Royal Library. In a dedication "To the right worshipful and his good uncle Maister Hugh Bamfield, Esquier, George Turberville wisheth Nestor's years, with all good fortune." The translator, before his Mantuan, thus Englishes the well-known introduction to Horace's Art of Poetry: "Humano capiti cervicem," &c.

To set a manlie heade
upon a horses necke,
And all the lims with divers plumes
of divers hue to decke;

Or paint a womans face
aloft to open showe,
And make the picture end in fish,
with scaly skinne belowe:

I thinke, my friendes; would cause
you laugh and smile to see,
How yl these yl-compacted things
and members would agree.

Wood says, that Tho. Harvey afterwards translated the Eclôgues of Mantuan, but not without the help of Turberville's translation, though unacknowledged.

T.P.

ART.

ART. XXII. *Tragical Tales, translated by Turbervile, in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians; with the argument and L'Envoye to each Tale. Nocet empty dolore voluptas. Imprinted at London, by Abell Jeffs. dwelling in the Fore-streete without Crepelgate, at the signe of the Be.* Anno Dom. 1576, 1587, 12mo.

*To the latter edition of these Tales were annexed, *Epitaphes and Sonets, with some other broken pamphlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine of his frends in England, at his being in Moscovie. Anno 1569.*

This very rare publication is inscribed "to the right worshipful, his loving brother, Nicholas Turbervile, Esq." and was conceived by Wood to be the same production as that entitled "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets:" but it differs altogether. The Tragical Tales are ten in number, and an excuse is offered at the close, for writing these and other such fancies, with promise of graver matters hereafter. It would seem, however, from a note on the 5th book of *Orlando Furioso* by Harington, 1591, that the Tale of Geneura, "a prettie comicall matter, had been written in English verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by Mr. George Turbervil." Mr. Malone reasonably infers from hence, that Turbervile had likewise produced a set of Comic Tales from the Italian: but Ritson seems inclined to believe, what he deemed it a hard matter to credit, * that Harington's memory had deceived him, as the tale of Ariodante

* *Bibliographie Poétique*, p. 371a

and *Geneura* was actually translated by Peter Beverley of Staple-Inn, about 1565. Turbervile's poetry is mostly of a dry uninteresting cast, and his amatory pieces bespeak him to have been a *translator* only of the passion of Love. In the Epilogue to his *Tragical Tales*, he writes with becoming diffidence of his own poetical pretensions; and while other adventurers on the stream of Helicon sail in mid-channel with the current, he seems content to have paddled along its banks, like a sculler who rows against the tide.

"My slender ship" (he says) "hath kept the shore
for feare of boystrous winde."

I durst not stir amid the streame,
the channel was too deepe;
Which made me have the more regard
about the bankes to keepe.

It is for mighty bulkes to dare
adventure out so farre,
And barks of biggest size, and such
as builded be for warre.

I write but of familiar stuffe,
because my stile is lowe;
I feare to wade in weighty works,
or past my reach to rowe:

Yet meaner Muses must not lurke,
but each in his degree;
That meaneth well, and doth his best,
must well regarded be.

The planets are the pride of heaven,
and cheefest lampes of light;
Yet other starres doe yelde a show,
and helpe to cleere the night:

Likewise,

Likewise, though divers write in verse
 and doe exceeding well,
 The remnant must not be refuse
 because *they* doe excell.

Turbervile has commendatory verses before the writings of some of his contemporaries, with a poem in the praise of Hawking, and a metrical epilogue printed in his *Booke of Faulconrie*, 1575.

T. P.

ART. XXIII. *An Historical Discourse of the Uniformity of the Government of England. The First Part. From the first times till the reigne of Edward the Third. London. Printed for Matthew Walbanke at Grayes Inne Gate, 1647. 4to. pp. 322, besides preliminaries and Table, and an engraved frontispiece by Marshall. Dedicated to Edward Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Peers; and William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons.*

This is the first edition of the celebrated treatise by Nathaniel Bacon, of which the memory has been lately revived by the praises of Lord Chatham in the Letters published by Lord Grenville, (Lond. 1804, duod.) who has also honoured the nearly obsolete author with his notice.

Some time ago the present writer communicated some curious memoranda of Oldys regarding Bacon to the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LXXIV. p. 807, to which he refers his readers.

Lord

Lord Chatham's words are as follow :

" I also recommend Nathaniel Bacon's Historical and Political Observations; it is, without exception, the best and most instructive book we have on matters of that kind. They are both to be read with much attention, and twice over; Oldcastle's remarks to be studied and almost got by heart for the inimitable beauty of the style, as well as the matter; Bacon for the matter chiefly; the style being uncouth, but the expression forcible and striking."

Lord Grenville adds in a note, " This book, though at present little known, formerly enjoyed a very high reputation. It is written with a very evident bias to the principles of the parliamentary party, to which Bacon adhered; but contains a great deal of very useful and valuable matter. It was published in two parts, the first in 1647, the second in 1651, and was secretly reprinted in 1672, and again in 1682; for which edition the publisher was indicted and outlawed. After the revolution a fourth edition was printed with an advertisement, asserting, on the authority of Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, one of Selden's executors, that the ground-work of this book was laid by that great and learned man. And it is probably on the ground of this assertion, that in the folio edition of Bacon's book, printed in 1739, it is said in the title-page to have been " collected from some manuscript notes of John Selden, Esq." But it does not appear that this notion rests on any sufficient evidence. It is, however, manifest from some expressions in the very unjust and disparaging account given of this work in Nicholson's Historical Library, (Part I. p. 150) that Nathaniel
Bacon

Bacon was generally considered as an imitator and follower of Selden." *Ld. Chatham's Letters*, p. 55.

ART. XXIV. *Bibliographical Catalogue. Containing a Chronological List of Works on English Heraldry.*

PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS.

In an age in which the customs and prejudices of the feudal institution have for the most part not only ceased to operate, but the very recollection of them is too generally treated with ridicule, it requires, perhaps, some boldness to enter upon the subject of HERALDRY, the most despised of all its inventions. Yet as a complete series of books, from the commencement of Printing, upon any art or science, must always be curious, the Editor is tempted to embrace the opportunity, while it is in his power, of exhibiting a more perfect Catalogue of this humble department of English literature, than has ever yet been brought together. In 1792 he furnished *The Gentleman's Magazine*, under a fictitious signature, with short biographical memoirs of these writers, to which some learned Correspondents, more particularly the late ingenious Rev. Richard Paget, (who died soon after, a victim to an early consumption,) contributed important additions: but, as many of the volumes, of which he then took his account from A. Wood, have since fallen into his own hands, he has now amplified and corrected many particulars necessary to bibliographical accuracy: yet still wishes to refer to these memoirs for personal notices of the authors; as a repetition of all he has there written would make this article too long.

It

It cannot be denied, that the greater part of the works upon this, (which its professors are pleased to call,) science, are inexpressibly puerile and pedantic. But when its origin and progress are treated historically, which a few authors have done with no common powers of research, it becomes a topic, on which the imagination at least may be amused, if the understanding be not informed. It connects itself with all the pomp of elder times; with the feats of personal valour, and the generous glories of chivalry.

To value the childish bauble of a painted shield of parchment, the invention of a modern Herald, for the consideration of fifty pounds, — (my friends in the Heralds College will excuse me; for in that college I trust I have friends, and those the most accomplished, and the most respectable in birth, talent and character, of the whole society!)—to value such a bauble, would argue a degree of folly or ignorance, which can only be found in the meanest of intellectual beings. But to prize those ensigns, which in the times of feudal strictness were the incidents of power and rank, and the rewards of heroism; under which our ancestors have led their vassals to battle; and which have adorned their castles and their halls during ages of more splendid hospitality; is surely worthy of a cultivated and magnanimous mind! How dastardly should I be to part with the shield handed down to me by my fathers, though its origin should be lost in the obscurity of time, and though the crusade, in which it was first borne, could no longer be particularized!

Such are the circumstances which give an estimation to these, otherwise childish, insignia. All those, which have originated since the cessation of
feudal

feudal warfare, are objects of contempt: nay even such as have been since granted for great acts of personal bravery, must be deemed insignificant, because they are not connected with the exercise of that heroism. When the Baron led his dependents into the field of war, when, in the days of tilts and tournaments, he sallied forth to personal combat, the distinctive figures on his banner; the charges on his shield, and the crest on his helmet, were the necessary appendages of his rank and employments. But where could the gallant Nelson, though he out-shines in glory all the heroes of antiquity, intermingle with the display of his exploits the silly heraldic imitations which the petty ingenuity of a modern *Garter* could assign to his seal, or his carriage! Or how could the radiant fame of the immortal Sir Sydney Smith, stoop to a pair of supporters, fabricated, for a few paltry fees, by a poor old man in his dotage, who is as little capable of appreciating his merits as an infant at the breast!

What shall we say then to grants, made by Heralds on no pretence but the money paid for them? Perhaps the greater part of my readers, are not aware that all ancient, and therefore all honorable, arms had their origin prior to the existence of an incorporated body of Heralds. A recorded grant therefore of a coat by the College goes nearly to the destruction of the only ground, on which a coat is worth having. It is true there are a few patents of this kind, of an earlier date than the cessation of chivalry; but they are very few. On this account many ancient arms have never even been registered there; much less emanated from thence. Of these, the only proof can be the usage. And yet there are heralds, who would endeavour to delude the

ignorant, by pretending that none can be authentic, which are not recognized by their office.

I should call a coat, which has been invented since the extinction of the feudal system, not the less counterfeit because it possesses the fiat of a regular Herald. It can only be intended by imitative insignia, which to a common eye appear like the genuine, to confound modern families, with those which are really ancient. If this end be not effected, surely it cannot be pretended that any end at all is answered. Does it therefore arise from the arch ingenuity, or rather from the laudable simplicity, of the present very able and erudite President of the College, that the coats of his rich and charming invention, bear, in point of the nature, or number and complication, of the charges he inserts in them, no more likeness to a shield inscribed with ancient blazonry, than to an Indian scrawl, or Otaheitan breast-plate? He is not content, like his predecessors, with such meagre allusions as Rooks for the name of Rooke, Salmons for the name of Salmon, and Oxen for the name of Oxenden. Had *he* been to deck out a coat for the latter, we should have had a perspective landscape of the *Dens* in which the noble animals were reposing, with the straw, the dung, the manger, and the oil-cakes on which they were growing fat; and lest this should not be sufficient, there would be added a green chief, adorned with a ship in full sail, all on dry land, surmounted by a fox's brush for the banner, and decorated by a dog-kennel on the deck! And when all this was done, there would still be added a copiousness of verbal blazon, which would out-rival the unintelligibility of Christie himself!

About the reign of Hen. VIII. the Heralds were
fond

fond of filling the shields of new grantees with many and complex bearings; witness the arms of Paget, Cromwell, Petre, &c. some of which have since been simplified: but still the composites were strictly consistent with the ancient usages of the art. Something, no doubt, may be conceded in favour of these more skilful counterfeits, which have received the sanction of Time, and ornamented the seals and the furniture of many honourable persons, who have slept for generations in the tomb. But the distinction between the true and the false, will always be made by a curious and severe investigator.

To aid these inquiries, there are some among the following books, which will be found to possess no trifling interest. The works of Wyrley, Camden, Spelman, Byshe, Dugdale, Nisbet, Edmondson, and Dallaway, in particular, which treat the subject historically, will afford much valuable information. But a well-digested, and not tedious treatise, which would exhibit a series of the most ancient coats from authentic deeds and monuments, and trace the few remaining families whose shields had their undoubted origin with the Crusades, is still a desideratum which yet, I think, it might not be very difficult to execute. I have a deed in my possession all fairly written on a little slip of parchment, containing a grant of land in the time of Hen. II. by the male ancestor of an honourable Baronet now living, who a little forgot his venerable descent when he condescended to head mobs, and look to the support of a desperate rabble, only fitted for the banner of a Jack Cade; and to this deed is annexed the distinct and handsome seal of his arms, as they have ever since been borne by his progenitors.

There are several other families, whose antiquity can be ascertained with equal certainty. But many of these neither are, nor ever have been, in the highest ranks of society; and since the order of knighthood has fallen into disgrace, have not been graced even with the humblest titles.

Singular as it may appear to those who are only superficially acquainted with these investigations, the records of the Heralds will afford very imperfect aid on this subject. Some of these families have scarcely been recognized, while many of their branches, relying on their known reputation for venerable descent, have laughed at the summonses of Visitors, and saved the fees, which more doubtful gentry were glad to pay for their passport to be admitted amongst respectable ranks.*

There

* A striking and unanswerable instance of this happened in a branch of the Chandos family, which, as all the particulars have come within the Editor's positive knowledge, he ventures to mention.

A near branch of that family were settled in a village in Gloucestershire, in the time of Char. II. at the very time that a very particular and remarkably able Visitation of that County was made by the celebrated Gregory King. But that Visitation, being referred to, furnished not the slightest notice of these persons. Had the evidence of their existence or of their relationship been weak, this would have been urged as strong negative proof, not only of their actual descent, but even of their gentility. But luckily two tombstones and a will put that fact out of the reach of cavil. A Herald however, more known for his perseverance than his sagacity, impressed with a strong prejudice of the omniscience of his fraternity, yet incapable of contradicting the direct assertions of an epitaph, found himself in a dilemma which called forth all his industry; and he set himself to work, till, lo! he actually grubbed out from the dusty refuse of the College, the original summons to the person who was then the head of this branch, and resided at the family house, to attend the progress of the Visiting Herald at the neighbouring

There are indeed many things, which have always required a material reform in the customs of this office;

boursing town on that occasion. The fact of his residence, at this very crisis, on the spot, could then no longer be denied; even though no note of such summons is entered in the Visitation Book; nor the slightest hint that such a branch was in being. The Gentleman therefore must have slighted this call upon him; and the fallacy of trusting to such a sort of negative testimony must be established in every candid mind acquainted with these facts.

Another branch of this family, of great opulence and figure, were seated for two centuries in Somersetshire, during more than one Visitation; yet are never noticed in them.

Yet against a third branch, which had lately emigrated to another county, strong arguments were, in the face of these facts, judicially urged in a solemn Court of Law, because they were not registered in the Visitation of that new county, soon after their emigration.

Nor is this all. The Visitations, which did notice this family, exhibited in the family itself omissions still more extraordinary. The Baronet, for whom the pedigree was drawn, and who gave it the confirmation of his own signature, actually suffered it to stand with the omission of his own two brothers; both whom he proves to have been then surviving, by giving them legacies in his will of an immediately subsequent date. And even here, incredible as it may seem, arguments of non-existence were founded on other omissions of this nugatory document, which disproved itself.

But I must stop—volumes would scarcely contain all of this nature that this unhappy subject affords. When once the mind is set afloat from the great principles and strict rules of evidence, the (protectors of every thing that is dear to us in civil society, our lives, our properties, our birthrights, our reputations,) what end is there to individual caprice? to the wanderings of the brain,

—————inendless mazes lost?

Yet a few more words; for which as the fact is curious, I may stand excused. On the occasion alluded to, the person who had to make out his case, was called on to dispose of the elder brother of the Gloucestershire Gentleman, whose summons I have related, but of whom nothing was known except his baptism. The junior brother was in possession of the

Office; and which would equally redound to the benefit of themselves, though their fear of the contrary has hitherto confirmed their adherence to them. From the time that Hen. VII. broke in upon the strictness of Entails, and the Commons gained an ascendancy in the State, a great number of private families, partly from the harvest of Abbey-lands, which soon followed, and partly from Commerce and Agriculture, * rose into immediate wealth, and became the founders of houses, which have ever since held a rank perhaps next to the Peerage. Some of these, probably, assumed arms to which they had no right; others were incapable, either from the lapse of time, or mere negligence, of producing technical evidence of their title to the coats, which had descended to them from their ancestors, and in truth belonged to them. Such

family estate, and it was a little hard to be called on to trace, at the distance of 150 years, every infant to his grave,

————— That being born did lie

In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die.

Here therefore ingenuity hoped to have placed an insurmountable stumbling block. But by the merest accident a copy of a letter was found in this house by the lady, a stranger in blood, who possessed the estate, stating that the untraced brother died at the age of seventeen at Constantinople, where he had attended an embassy!!!

Such were a few of the strange difficulties which the representative of one of the few families of ancient nobility had to struggle with, in endeavouring to establish his birthright. It is surely not too much to say, that in the eyes of many, who knew the case most intimately, and whose profound knowledge of the laws of evidence none can doubt, he overcame them all! But all was vain!

* At that time several families, which have since led the county of Kent, rose from the rich grazing lands of Romney Marsh. I forbear to particularise, for fear of offence.

people

people had no great anxiety to come within the cognizance of the Heralds of those days; and several of them are not therefore to be found in the Visitation Books. But surely, after the lapse of two centuries, they have gained a prescriptive right to their coats, which nothing but ignorance or mercenary prejudice could deny. It is almost too absurd, that while sixty years possession will turn a wrongful into an indefeasible title to an estate of 50,000l. a year, an usage of two hundred years cannot give a right to a coat of arms, of which the original title cannot perhaps be disproved by an atom of evidence.

But according to the wise rules of this body, nothing of this kind, no prescriptive use, even from the time of the Plantagenets, will satisfy them; the idiotic petitioner of their fiat, who goes with a shield, which his grandsires have borne, without dispute, through the reigns of all the Tudors and all the Stuarts, and submitting to their irrational authority, requests its enrolment, will be told that unless he can by evidence, not merely such as would satisfy a Judge and Jury, but such as they in their narrow and self-established rules of testimony choose to call satisfactory, join himself to some family whose property in these arms has been recognized by the College, he must submit, not merely to the costs, but to the disgrace, of a new coat, decked out perhaps by the fertile imagination of Garter himself! And will this sneaking, dastardly driveller then thus abandon all the ensigns of his fathers? Will he forego the simple chevrons, or fesses, or bends, or escallops, or stars, or crescents, which have shone for ages in the richly-coloured Oriel of the venerable Hall; which have marked out the portrait of

many a belted Knight, and which have blazoned the massive altar-tomb, under which those from whom he drew his blood, repose; will he forego these, endeared to a cultivated mind by every thing that is interesting in antiquity, for such new-fangled devices, as, independent of their novelty, would, from the absurdity of their context, be beneath a child of five years old?

In consequence of this conduct, a large portion of those, who now form no inconsiderable part of the comparatively-ancient gentry of the kingdom, appear not in the Registers of this Society; while the lowest upstarts, East-Indians, brokers, contractors, and often tradesmen, who have not even a pretension to birth, and possess no ancient coat to be sacrificed, crowd to the office, pay freely for a new device, which in their ignorance they value in proportion as it combines puerilities and incongruities which never before entered into an human brain, and having all their fathers and grandfathers, (if they had any!) raked out from the parish-registers in which alone they were recorded among their brother-blacksmiths and tinkers and publicans, are decorated with a genealogical table as large as one of the amplest pages of the office-books will hold; while at the top of all appears the mighty symbol of their gentility, a shield glittering in the freshest colours of the most skilful painter, and adorned with an enigmatical confusion of charges, which it would require a tedious exercise of the most curious eye and most retentive memory to comprehend. Then it is that children, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins, are carried to view with rapturous astonishment this mighty transformation of the Herald's magic wand! There we read the birth, marriage, and burial of the
father,

father, who kept the Chequers Inn at ~~the~~ Corner; the grandfather, the horse-leech; the great grandfather, the cobbler; and the great great grandfather, the greatest of all, who had been parish-clerk of the place of his abode, during one of King James's Progresses! Yet, what is a little remarkable, not one of these amusing facts appears upon the face of the record. On the contrary, the staring eyes and open mouths of all the clan, who come to behold their new gentility, caught by the splendid blazonry in the upper corner of the leaf, take them for as great and honourable personages as ever bore a shield: yet wonder secretly,

—— With a foolish face of praise,

at the power of the conjurer, which could thus transmute the porter-pot, the cow's horn, the anvil, and the awl, which they remembered in their former days, into bucklers and helmets, and banners!—*Auri sacra fames!* What wilt thou not do?

An apology may be deemed necessary for the freedom of these remarks. Yet surely it can scarce be expected from me to copy, with an abject servility, the grovelling and fearful sentiments of others on this subject. I wish to strip from it its pedantic jargon, its delusions, and its follies, and to set it in a light consistent with the ideas of a rational, a cultivated, and enlarged mind. Nor have I any wish to degrade the College of Arms; for some of whose members I entertain the most sincere respect and good wishes. Indeed with the exception of two or three, I honestly believe that it has seldom been more ably and more honourably filled than at present. My friend Mr. Lodge will forgive

give me for pointing him out, as a man, not merely of literature, and a very copious knowledge of history, at once extensive and exact, but of real and unequivocal genius. The Biographical Notes to his "Illustrations of British History" are not merely compilations, like those of most other editors, (which too often betray little more than well-directed labour) but are, without one exception, elegant compositions, which exhibit grace of language, discrimination of character, sagacity and fertility of original remark, and a fund of moral, and interesting, sentiments of the most touching kind. The same character will apply to his very excellent Memoirs annexed to the Holbein Heads by Bartolozzi. A gentleman by birth, educated in the army, and having imbibed all the liberal ideas of his early station, such a man becomes a College, which professes to preserve the decaying institutions of chivalry; from which those of low origin and education, who have nothing to recommend them but their expert clerkship, and their patience in digging among head-stones and parish-registers, ought to be excluded! For what can adorn this employment so much as a masterly knowledge of history; where there is not merely a memory to register facts, but a luminous talent to digest, and draw results from them? If such a man submit to indolence, if he suffer coarse, unfeeling, and mercenary, obtrusiveness to step before him, even though it be too frequently the fate of genius, how much will his friends, and even the public, lament it!

"Step forth; and brush a swarm of fools away,
Then rise and grasp a more malignant prey!"

Nor

Nor is Mr. Lodge the only member of the College, of whom my personal knowledge enables me to speak in terms of respect and esteem. In the gentlemanly manners, active mind, and liberal spirit of Mr. Naylor, I have observed every thing that becomes an occupation, requiring in an eminent degree knowledge, courtesy, and integrity. And there are others, whom I could mention with the greatest pleasure, if the slightness of my acquaintance with them would justify the liberty of using their names.

The arcana of this art can never be difficult to be acquired, so long as there exist so many treatises on the subject; and a judicious selection among them will save much tedious waste of time and toil. A complete contrast between the nature of ancient and modern grants will be furnished by a comparison of "Camden's Gifts," which are set forth in the 2d Book of Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry*, pp. 107—118, with those of Modern Kings at Arms in the Appendix to Edmondson's *Heraldry*.

It is now time to enter upon my catalogue, which dry as it must necessarily be, seemed to me to require some prelude, and which I have therefore here given; not without being conscious that I shall be deemed by many a little too sarcastic: yet I trust that, among all my patient transcriptions, I shall be forgiven for indulging now and then in a sally of this kind. My readers may rely that I have not tried their candour to the utmost of my power; for I could have written a volume, instead of a few pages, on the subject.

Chronological

*Chronological Catalogue of Writers on English
Heraldry.*

Art. 1. *A Treatise of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Coat-Armour, usually ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners, * was called "The Boke of St. Albans," because it was first printed in that monastery, 1486.*

It was afterwards printed by Wynken de Worde in 1496. See Herbert, 126—133, 1433; and Dallaway, in his *Heraldry*, who gives a full account of it, and says it was reprinted by Copland, 1496—and again 1550—and has reprinted the whole third part concerning "Coat Armour" in his Appendix. See Markham's new-modelled edition below.

Gore says, Wynkyn de Worde "*Armorum primus Artem protulit & ternis linguis illustravit eandem. Impr. Westmonest. 1486 and 1496, fol.*" He probably alludes to the *Book of St. Albans*.

Art. 2. *Nicolai Upton de Studio Militari Libri Quatuor, Johan. de Bado Aureo, Tractatus de Armis. Henrici Spelmani Aspilogia. Edoardus Bissæus, e Codicibus MSS: primus publici juris fecit, Notisque illustravit. Londini, Typis Rogeri Norton, impensis Johannis Martin, et Jacobi Allestrye, sub signo Campanæ in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, 1654. Fol. pp. 259, et 45, et 142, et 105. Tot. 551.*

This is a book of too much fame to require enlargement upon it. Before the excellent *Aspilogia* of Sir Henry Spelman, is a fine portrait of him by Faithorne. In this part, p. 67, is the original print of the famous John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, not mentioned by Granger. The notes of Sir Edward Byshe are valuable.

* Herbert gives a full account of the *Book of St. Albans*, printed by Wynken de Worde, 1496, in pp. 126, 133, and says that "Mr. Ames has ascribed the "*Book of Blazing Armes*" to Nicholas Upton, and given it a Latin title; but that none such appears in the Book." Ames has misled Mr. Paget in *Gent. Mag.* Vol. 63, p. 206.

Art,

Art. 3. *The Accedens of Armory. Printed by Richard Tottel, 1562, 8vo. The author Gerard Leigh.*

Again, 1568, by the same, 4to.

Again, 1576, by the same, 4to.

Again, 1591, says Gore.

Again, 1597, by Henry Ballard.

Again, by John Jaggard dwelling near the Temple Gate at the signe of the Hand and Starre, 1612. 4to. pp. 243.

Art. 4. *Workes of Armorie. By John Bossewell. London, Printed by Richard Tottel, 1572, 4to.*

Again,

Workes of Armorie, devided into three Bookes, entituled, the Concordes of Armorie, the Armorie of Honor, and of Cotes and Creasts, collected and gathered by John Bossewell, Gentleman. At London, Printed by Henrie Ballard, dwelling without Temple-barre, over against Saint Clement's Church, at the signe of the Beare. An. Di. 1597, 4to. fol. 136, and 30—together 166.

On the title-page are the arms of Bossewell—viz. 5 lozenges in fesse, in chief 3 mullets. The book is dedicated to William Lord Burleigh; and then follow some Verses, entituled "Cyllenius censure of the Author, in his high Court of Herhaultrie," signed "Nicholas Roscarrocke."

Art. 5. *The Blazon of Gentrie: divided into two parts. The first named the Glory of Generositie. The Second Laçye's Nobilitie. Comprehending Discourses of Armes and of Gentry. Wherein is treated of the beginning, parts, and degrees of Gentlenesse, with her lawes: Of the Bearing and Blazon of Cote armors: of the Lawes of Armes, and of Combats. Compiled by John Ferne, Gentleman, for the instruction of all Gentlemen bearers of Armes, whom and none other this worke concerneth. At London, Printed by John Windet, for Toby Cooke. 1586. 4to. pp. 341, and 130.*

Dedicated

Dedicated to Edmund Lord Sheffield—from the Inner Temple, 13 Sept. 1586, followed by an Address to the Inns of Court, and commendatory Latin and English verses.

The book contains many curious discussions, and some useful facts. The author was son of William Ferne of Temple Belwood in Lincolnshire, by Anne daughter and heir of John Sheffield of Beltoft. He was knighted in the beginning of James I.'s reign, and died about 1610. He was father of Henry Ferne, Bishop of Chester, who died 1661. See Wood's *Ath. I.* 365.

Art. 6. *Abrahami Fransi, Insignium, Armorum, Emblematum Hieroglyphicorum, et Symbolorum, quæ in Italia Imprese nominantur, explicatio: quæ Symbolicæ philosophiæ postrema pars est. Excudebat Tho. Orwin impensis Thomæ Gubbin & Tho. Newman. Dedicated "Illustriss. Domine D. Roberto Sydneio," in two distichs, 1588. 4to.*

For an account of Abraham France, see Warton's *Hist. E. P. & Theatr. Poet. Angl. &c.*

Art. 7. *The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin Canon of Beauieu. Whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeons and others. Translated out of Latin into English by P. S. London, Imprinted by William Kearney, dwelling in Adling-street, 1591. 24mo. pp. 374. Dedicated to Captain Christopher Carlile.*

Art. 8. *The Truse Use of Armory by William Wyrley, 1592. 4to. See Cens. Lit. Vol. I. p. 148.*

Art. 9. *The Gentleman's Academie, or the Booke of S. Albans: containing three most exact and excellent Bookes: the first of Hawking, the second of all the proper termes of Hunting, and the last of Armorie: all compiled by Juliana Barnes, in the yere from the Incarnation of Christ, 1486.*
And

And now reduced into a better method by G. M. London, Printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Churchyard. 1595. 4to. fol. 93.

This edition of Juliana Berners, by Gervase Markham, which has been mentioned among that author's works, Cens. Lit. Vol. II. p. 223, is dedicated to the Gentlemen of England, and all the good Fellowship of Huntsmen and Falconers. The language in this edition is much altered and modernized.

Art. 10. *Camden's Remains*, 1604, 8c. 4to.

Contains a chapter on Arms.

Art. 11. *The Elements of Armory*. 1610. 4to. By Edmund Boulton.

A Papist and celebrated critic.

Art. 12. *A Display of Heraldrie: manifesting a more easie access to the knowledge thereof than hath been hitherto published by any, through the benefit of method; wherinto it is now reduced by the study and industry of John Gwillim, late Pursuivant at Armes. The third edition. Corrected and much enlarged by the author himselfe in his last time. Together with his owne addition of explaining the termes of Hawking and Hunting, for the use and delight of Gentlemen. Quod quisque privatim accipit, tenetur in communem usum depromere. Unius labor multorum laborem allevat. London, Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Jacob Blome, 1638, Fol. pp. 433, besides ded. pref. 8c.*

This book was first published in 1610; and is said by A. Wood to have been really the compilation of John Barcham, a learned divine, afterwards Dean of Bocking in Essex, who died 25 March, 1642. Gwillim was educated at Oxford, appointed Rouge-Croix Herald, 26 Feb. 1627, and died

The Compleat Gentleman contains chapters "On Armoury, and the Blazon of Arms."

[To be continued.]

ART. XXV. *Fifteen Brief Biographical Notices.*

The following short Memoirs may form an useful Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary.

I. DR. MATTHEW HORBERY.

Dr. Matthew Horbery, a learned and able divine, was born at Haxay in Lincolnshire, about 1707, and died at Stanlake in Oxfordshire, 22 June 1773. His father, who was vicar of Haxay, died when he was very young; and left him with so small a provision, as with difficulty to conduct his education to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained a slender exhibition, and in due time was admitted into orders. About the period of his becoming A. M. he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College. He next obtained the vicarage of Eccleshall and curacy of Gnosall, from Dr. Smalbroke, Bishop of Lichfield; and then a canonry of Lichfield, and the vicarage of Hanbury. He afterwards married Miss Sarah Taylor, and was promoted by his college to the rectory of Stanlake, in Oxfordshire. He chose this situation for its retirement, in which he might indulge his favourite propensity to study and meditation. In 1744 came forth his *Treatise on the Eternity of Hell Torments*; and in 1745, 1747, and 1749, he published three single sermons; and after his death, a few more sermons were

selected from his MSS. and published by his wife's nephew; which were highly praised by Dr. Johnson. Two hundred of his MS. sermons were also sold for 600 guineas. He died at about the age of 66, with the character of a truly amiable and excellent person, and an uncommonly able and sound divine: but such was his invincible diffidence, that nothing could draw him out into public life. He proceeded A.M. 26 June, 1733; B.D. 22 April, 1743; D.D. 4 July, 1745. *Abridged from the Memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. lxxvi. p. 331.*

2. THOMAS WRIGHT.

Thomas Wright, a most ingenious mathematician and astronomer, was the son of a carpenter, and born at Byer's Green in the county of Durham, 22 Sept. 1711. He was first bound apprentice to a clock-maker, 1725, from which he got discharged 1729; and soon afterwards opened a school for teaching the mathematics at Sunderland. Here he formed an unsuccessful attachment, and in consequence quitted the country; but soon returned to his occupation.

He now constructed an almanac for the year 1732, from which he entertained sanguine expectations of profit; but was flattered and betrayed by the Company of Stationers, to whom he offered it. He then endeavoured to get it printed in Scotland, where he was still worse used. By the assistance however of the Rev. Mr. Newcome of Sunderland he surmounted these difficulties; and not only gave full scope to his genius, but began to make his talents known. He obtained the patronage of Lord Scarborough, and by him was brought to London, and introduced to the

Royal Society, and the Admiralty, who approved his intended publication of the *PANNAUTICON*, in which he deeply occupied himself in 1734, and which, when finished, gained him both profit and fame.

In 1735 he invented his *HEMISPHERIUM*; and was now employed for some years in similar occupations; and during this period his introduction among the nobility became so enlarged, that from henceforth an important part of his life was engaged in a rotation of visiting at their houses, where a very honourable attention was paid him for his scientific knowledge; on which account he had many distinguished pupils among these families; particularly those of the Duke of Kent, Lord Cowper, Lord Essex, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Bristol, Lord Limerick, Lord Middleton, &c. In these excursions he also became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

At this time he was not, however, idle; but contributed some valuable treatises to science; and in 1742 had the honour of declining the situation of Chief Professor of Navigation at St. Petersburg, with a salary of 300*l* a year. In 1746 he visited Ireland with Lord Limerick; and returned the next year. But here he collected the materials for his *LOUTHIANA*, of which he published one volume in 1748.

In 1756 he began to prepare for his retreat, and build his house at Byer's Green; but continued his rambling life till 1762; when he finally abandoned himself to this seclusion. Here, as might have been expected, he was little noticed; for his genius was not adapted to the humour of his country neighbours. When however Dr. Egerton, who had married his old pupil Lady Sophia Grey, daughter of the Duke of Kent,

Kent, succeeded to the See of Durham, he was a frequent visitor at their hospitable table.

He died at his house at Byer's Green, and was interred at the church of St. Andrew, Auckland, 25 Feb. 1786, leaving a natural daughter, who survived him only 18 months. In his early life, he had contracted a pedantic stiffness of manners, which was not polished down by his frequent intercourse with people of fashion: on the contrary he rather affected to keep it, though accompanied with the countenance of good humour. His temper was gentle and affable, and his mind was generous; but his studies leading him out of the common track of human affairs, left him very little conversant with the ordinary duties of life. There was something flighty and eccentric in his notions; and a wildness of fancy followed even his ordinary projects; so that his house was not built or fitted up upon the model, or in the order of other men's buildings. A description of it, by himself, found among his MSS. is printed in *Gent. Mag.* Vol. 63, p. 213, from whence pp. 9, 126, this memoir is taken.

3. WILLIAM SHERARD, LL.D. and 4. JAMES SHERARD, M.D.

William Sherard, (LL.D. 1694) Fellow of All Soul's Coll. Oxf. was a celebrated Botanist and Antiquarian. He was Consul of Smyrna from 1705 to 1715, and in 1705 had visited the Seven Churches of Asia, and copied near 100 inscriptions. He travelled over Asia Minor again in 1709, with Dr. Picanini and Dr. Lisle, and collected a number of ancient inscriptions, deposited in Lord Oxford's library, &c. He died Aug. 11, 1728, and was buried at Eltham, leaving

300l. to the Botany-professorship of the Physic Garden at Oxford. *Gent. Mag* Vol. 66, p. 811.

4. James Sherard, M.D. F.R.S. his younger brother, was many years an apothecary in London; but in the latter part of life having taken the degree of M.D. he retired to Eltham, where he continued his favourite amusement, the cultivation of valuable and uncommon plants; of which a curious catalogue was published under the title of "*Hortus Elthamensis, sive plantarum rariorum quas in horto suo Elthami in Cantio collegit vir ornatissimus et præstantissimus Iac. Sherard, M.D. Soc. Reg. et Coll. Med. Lond. Soc. Gulielmi P.M. frater, delineationes & descriptiones, quarum historia vel plane non, vel imperfecte a rei herbariæ scriptoribus tradita fuit; auctore Jacobo Dillenio M.D. London, 1732.*" Of this, a new edition with the Linnæan names was published at Leyden, in 1772.

Dr. James Sherard, died very rich, 12 Feb. 1738, æt. 72, and was buried at Evington in Leicestershire, where is a monument to his memory. *Ibid.*

5. REV. ROBERT SMYTH, Antiquary.

The Rev. Robert Smyth, Rector of Woodston near Peterborough, who died 15 Sept. 1761, aged 62, was an antiquary of uncommon exactness and labour. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and was afterwards a Member of the Gentlemen's Society at Spalding. Nothing could exceed his attentive industry, which he exercised not only in transcribing various Visitation-books and monumental inscriptions, but in improving them by his own judicious remarks

remarks and additions; and in his great collections for the topographical history of the counties around him.

But the work, on which he spent most time, was a *History of the Sheriffs throughout England*, built upon that of Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies*, and "enlarged," as he says, "not a little, by beginning at the Conquest, and bringing the lists down to the present times, distinguishing each Sheriff all the way by his proper title of honour, seat, and coat-armour, and adding the history of the chief families and persons, with such a mixture of their pedigree and descent, as seems proper to attend the whole, and particularly to observe in whom, and when, any such families came to a conclusion, and in what others their honours, fortunes, &c. became settled by their heirs-female, and so as to carry this latter part through, (though this part to be only mentioned in brief) to the present possessors of them." These MSS. are supposed to have been destroyed after his death. That event happened in consequence of bathing, immediately after which he expired in the shop of a friend at Peterborough. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 66, pp. 637, 913.*

6. MR. AITON, Botanist.

Mr. Aiton, whose name is known to literature by his *HORTUS KEWENSIS*, was born in 1731 at a small village near Hamilton in Scotland. Having been brought up to Horticulture, he came in 1754 to England, and soon after attracted the notice of Mr. Philip Miller, the author of the "*Gardener's Dictionary*," and superintendant of the Physic Garden at Chelsea. Here he improved his skill in botany, which

led to his being appointed by the Princess Dowager of Wales, and his present Majesty, to form and arrange a botanic garden at Kew, in 1759.

He had now an opportunity of displaying his singular talents. In 34 years he collected and cultivated nearly 6000 plants; the greatest number ever arranged in any one garden in the world.

In 1783 he was appointed to the more lucrative superintendence of the pleasure and kitchen garden at Kew; while he had leave to retain his former place.

The publication of the *HORTUS KEWENSIS* in 1789 did him great honour. The richness of the catalogue, the memoirs of the introduction of the several plants into the English gardens, and the scientific execution of every part of it, caused the whole large impression to be sold off in two years.

He died 1 Feb. 1793, æt. 62; and Sir Joseph Banks, and other eminent men, who had been his friends in life, attended him to the grave. His private character was excellent. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 63, p. 389.*

7. DR. HENRY FELTON.

Henry Felton, son of John, and grandson of Timothy Felton, of Felton in Northumberland, was born in London, 3 Feb. 1679, and educated at Oxford, where he became A.M. 1702, and B.D. 1709. He was domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle, Co. Rutland, where he continued to act under three successive Dukes of Rutland; and addressed to the third of them, whilst Lord Roos, his celebrated "Dissertation on reading the Classics, and forming a just style," by which he still continues to be known. He also published eight
sermons

sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, 1738; and several single sermons.

In 1711 he was presented to the rectory of Whitwell in Derbyshire; took the degree of D.D. 1712, and in 1722 was admitted Principal of Edmund Hall, Oxf. In 1736 he was presented to the valuable living of Berwick in Elmet, Yorkshire; where he died 1 March, 1739, æt. 61. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 63, p. 507.*

8. REV. RICHARD PAGET.

The Rev. Richard Paget, of East Cranmore, Co. Som. second son of Richard Paget, Esq. of that place, and Probationer-Fellow of Magdalen Coll. Ox. died 9 Dec. 1794, aged 28. "He was a young man of as amiable manners, as good abilities; amongst the small circle of his friends, his unassuming disposition, his easy manners, his various information, and even his little peculiarities, were sure to afford pleasure. He was a man of refined taste, of much critical knowledge in the fine arts, a lover" (and it may truly be added a master) "of antiquarian knowledge, and sincerely attached to the church of England. He long laboured under the ravages of a consumption, which cut him off in the prime of life." He was a very able correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, in which his contributions may be known by his initials, R. P. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 64, p. 1157, 65. p. 99.**

9. REV. DR. W. HAMILTON.

This very ingenious and learned divine and magistrate, Rector of Fanet in the county of Donegal, in

* See also more particulars, *ibid.* p. 382.

Ireland,

Ireland, was most cruelly murdered by the rebels at the house of the Rev. Dr. Waller, at Sharon, in that county, 2 March, 1797. There is no doubt that he fell a sacrifice to his exertions for suppressing that spirit of insurrection, which had prevailed for some time in other parts of Ulster, and had of late broke out in the district where he resided.

As a scholar he had great claims to distinction and respect. From the time of his election to a Fellowship of Trinity College, Dublin, he had devoted his studies, with equal application and success, to the cultivation of Natural History and Philosophy. His "Letters on the coast of the County of Antrim," very early attracted the notice of philosophers, as containing an ingenious and masterly review of the opinions concerning the origin and production of basaltic strata. His next publication was "An Account of Experiments for determining the Temperature of the Earth's Surface in Ireland," printed in the Transactions of the R. I. A. for 1788.

His removal soon after to a college living, and the numerous avocations which followed it, interrupted his philosophical studies: but he found leisure to publish "Letters on the French Revolution," intended to instruct the middle and lower ranks of his countrymen. His last production was a Memoir on the Climate of Ireland, which did not appear before his death.

His active and benevolent spirit was incessantly employed in the service of his friends and his country; and his death was considered a public calamity. See *Gent. Mag. Vol. 67, p. 180.*

10. REV.

10. REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

The Rev. John Armstrong was born of humble parents at Leith, in Scotland, about June 1771, and was educated at the high school and college of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of A. M. He was then distinguished for his love of the Belles Lettres, and particularly poetry; and published a volume of "Juvenile Poems" at the age of 18. In this he inserted an "Essay on the best means of punishing and preventing Crimes," which in January 1789, had gained the gold prize medal, given by the Edinburgh Pantheon Society, for the best specimen of prose composition.

In 1790 he came to London to pursue the career of literature in that extensive metropolis; and to procure a subsistence engaged as a writer in one of the daily Newspapers; and became a Reporter of Debates, in which he is said to have taken the speeches of Mr. Pitt with uncommon skill and talent. But he still retained his taste for poetry, and published in 1791 a collection of "Sonnets from Shakspeare," under the signature of ALBERT.

He became also a preacher in some of the most respectable dissenting pulpits. But the fatigues of his mind and body were too much for a slender constitution; and he died of a decline, on 21 July, 1797, about a month after he had completed his 26th year, *Gent. Mag. Vol. 67, p. 731.*

11. DR. THOMAS MORELL.

Thomas Morell, A.B. 1726; A.M. 1730; S.T.P. 1743, was born at Eton, where his mother kept a boarding

boarding-house in the college. He was first Curate of Twickenham, and then Rector of Buckland in Hertfordshire. He was author, or editor of various learned works; but is most known by his corrected editions of Hederic's Lexicon, and Ainsworth's Dictionary.

He was a profound and laborious scholar, and a cheerful and entertaining companion; and as long as learning is cultivated among us, the value of his labours will be known, and the public neglect of them, while he lived, will be lamented.

He died at his house at Turnham-Green 19 Feb. 1784. *Haerwood's Alumn. Eton.*—*Gent. Mag. Vol. 67, p. 1088.*

12. THOMAS MAUDE.

Thomas Maude, Esq. of Burley Hall, Co. York, who died at the end of the year 1798, æt. 81, was the author of several poems, among which were "Wensley Dale," "Verbeia, or Wharf-dale; a poem descriptive and didactic," 1782; "Viator, a poem, with notes historical and topographical," 1782; "The Invitation, or Urbanity, a poem," 1791. He also wrote a series of Periodical Papers, called "The Reaper," which appeared in the York Courant; and was a contributor to Grose's Antiquities. *Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 79, 163, 191.*

13. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Arthur Collins, whose name is familiar as the compiler of Peerages and Baronetages, but whose own history has till lately been utterly unnoticed, was born in 1682; the son of William Collins, Esq. Gentleman—

man-Usher to Q. Catherine in 1669, by Eliz. his wife, daughter of Thomas Blyth.*

He received a liberal education; and from a very early age cultivated that branch of antiquities, to which he dedicated the remainder of a laborious life; ill rewarded by those, for whose honour he toiled.

I think the first edition of his Peerage was published in one vol. 8vo. as early as 1708; and two vols of his Baronetage in 1720.

He married about 1708; and dying in 1760, aged 78, was buried in the church of Battersea in Surry. He was father of Major General Arthur Tooker Collins, who died 4 Jan. 1793, leaving issue David Collins, Esq. author of "The Account of the English Settlement in New South Wales." *From a brief Memoir by Mr. Stephen Jones in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 282.*

14. OWEN RUFFHEAD.

Owen Ruffhead was son of the King's baker in Piccadilly, who having gained a prize in the lottery of 500l. educated his son to the bar. He first distinguished himself by writing a variety of pamphlets on temporary politics; and then by an accurate edition of the statutes at large. Henceforwards he obtained good business in his profession, as a chamber counsel; but did not forego his literary pursuits. By Warburton's desire, he compiled a Life of Pope, which disappointed the public expectation; and engaged eagerly in a defence of the conduct of adminis-

* Qu. ? as the sentence in Gent. Mag. is imperfect; and mention is also made of the daughter of John Horwood, Esq. of Okeley in Hampshire, Qu. Horwood, of the adjoining parish of Deane?

tration

tration towards Mr. Wilkes. But these various exertions overcame his constitution; and he died 25 Oct. 1769, aged about 46. *Northouck's Classical Dictionary cited in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 388.*

15. WILLIAM CURTIS, Botanist.

William Curtis was born in 1746, the eldest son of John Curtis, of Alton, in Hampshire, tanner; and was himself bound apprentice to an apothecary at Alton. Here he begun his botanical studies. When his time was out, he went to London, and lived first with Mr. Vaux, Surgeon, in Pudding Lane, and then with Mr. Talwin, Apothecary of Gracechurch Street, to whose business he succeeded.

In this situation he had an opportunity of forming acquaintances, who confirmed and assisted him in his favourite pursuit; more particularly Dr George Fordyce, with whom and his pupils he wandered into the fields for the purpose of instruction.

He now became known to several persons of the first abilities in Natural History; and connecting the study of entomology with that of botany, published in 1771 his Instructions for collecting and preserving Insects; and in 1772 a translation of the *Fundamenta Entomologiæ* of Linnæus. He also gave public lectures on Botany, and declined his original business, that he might yield his whole attention to this study.

In conjunction with Mr. White, he occupied a small garden for the culture of British Plants near the Grange Road at the bottom of Bermondsey Street; and here conceived the design of publishing his great work, *The Flora Londinensis*. Hence he removed his
garden

garden to Lambeth Marsh, where he collected the largest number of British plants, ever brought together; but this spot being found uncongenial, he again removed, to Brompton; where he procured a spacious territory, and had the pleasure of seeing his wishes gratified.

The Flora Londinensis made its way slowly; but in 1787 he projected the Botanical Magazine; which instantly captivated attention, and became extremely popular; and continued to be a mine of wealth to him to the day of his death. His acquaintance was now courted by every eminent Naturalist; and his company, was rendered delightful not merely by his knowledge, but by his mirth and good humour.

"All his ideas were turned to the benefit of mankind. He was the first botanist of note in this country, who applied botany to the purposes of agriculture. By perpetually cultivating plants, he possessed advantages superior to any that had preceded him, and was thereby enabled to point out to the agriculturist the noxious as well as the useful qualities of plants; a branch of agriculture rarely attended to."

He died at Brompton, 7 July, 1799, aged 53.

Abridged from the Memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. 69, p. 635.

[To be continued.]

ART. XXVI. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. April. At Bristol, Rev. Henry Jackson Close, A.M. formerly Rector of Hitcham, Suffolk; and of Carleton St. Peter, Norfolk, which livings he exchanged

changed for preferment near Lymington, Hants. He was author of some ingenious tracts on Agriculture.

May 8 At Melkham, Wilts, Mrs Ann Yearsely, well known in the poetic world, as the Milkwoman of Bristol. She possessed an extraordinary degree of genius, and for a person in her situation, most valuable information.

To Correspondents.

The Editor returns thanks to Mr. Mears for the account of "The Countess of Southampton's MS. Manual of Prayers," from which extracts will be acceptable.

The Table of Errata, furnished by a Correspondent, shall be attended to.

Extracts from Taylor, the Water Poet, offered by Horatio, will receive attention.

The last curious article of O. G. will appear in No. X. with several others of W. H. &c. &c.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER X.

[Being the Second Number of Vol. III.]

ART. I. *A sketch of the genius and writings of Dr. Beattie, with extracts from his Life and Letters, lately published by Sir William Forbes.*

SIR William Forbes's long-expected Life of Dr. Beattie has at length appeared in two quarto volumes: and I cannot refrain from indulging myself with a few cursory remarks, and a few extracts, while my heart and my head are warm with the subject. Has it added to our admiration of him as an author and a man? It has done both. There are many circumstances which combine to qualify Sir William, in a very uncommon degree, for the biographer of this great poet and philosopher: their long, intimate, and uninterrupted friendship, their habits of constant correspondence, and their congenial turns of mind, in particular; while the talents, and the character of the survivor, and his very extensive and near acquaintance with the most eminent men in the literary world, give a force and authority to his narration, which few eulogists can confer.

VOL. III.

I

But

But with due respect to the examples of Mr. Mason, and Mr. Hayley, I confess I am not entirely satisfied with the plan of leaving a man to be principally his own biographer, by means of a series of letters, connected by a few short and occasional narratives. I do not mean indeed to depreciate those of Mr. Hayley, by comparing them with his predecessor's, which always from a boy disgusted me with their stiff and barren frigidity; while those of the former glow with all the warmth of friendship, and congenial poetic feeling: but I allude only to the plan.

There are many points on which there is no doubt that an author can best delineate his own character: but there are others, of which he is totally disqualified to give a fair portrait, and of which, even if he were qualified, it is highly improbable that his Letters should furnish an adequate account.

I trust therefore I may be excused for venturing the opinion which I have long formed, that, though Letters are an excellent, and almost necessary, accompaniment of a Life; and though appropriate extracts from them, and continued references to them may well be introduced in the narrative, yet they should not form the principal part of that narrative, which, as it seems to me, should exhibit one unbroken composition. To leave the generality of readers to collect and combine an entire portrait, or a regular series of events, from the scattered notices of a variety of desultory letters, is to give them credit for a degree of attention, and a power of drawing results, which few will be found to possess, and fewer still have leisure to exercise.

Having thus frankly declared my sentiments, it is almost unnecessary to add, that I prefer the plan
adopted

adopted by Dr. Currie, in his *Life of Burns*, to that, which has been chosen by Sir William Forbes for the life of his illustrious friend. In the execution of the mode he has followed, Sir William has discovered a soundness of judgment and taste in his selection, an elegance of language, a purity of sentiment, and an ardour of friendship, which will do him immortal honour. But, as my purpose is not to criticise the biographer, but to make some slight remarks on the poet, I must proceed.

Beattie was born a poet; that is, he was born with those talents and sensibilities, which, with the assistance of the slightest education, are almost certain in due time to vent themselves in poetry. In the first occupation of his manhood, the care of an obscure country school, Sir Wm. Forbes says, "he had a never failing resource in his own mind; in those meditations which he loved to indulge, amidst the beautiful and sublime scenery of that neighbourhood, which furnished him with endless amusement. At a small distance from the place of his residence, a deep and extensive glen, finely cloathed with wood, runs up into the mountains. Thither he frequently repaired; and there several of his earliest pieces were written. From that wild and romantic spot he drew, as from the life, some of his finest descriptions, and most beautiful pictures of nature, in his poetical compositions. He has been heard to say, for instance, that the description of the owl, in his charming poem "On Retirement,"

" Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs;
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose;"

1 2

" was

• was drawn after real nature. And the seventeenth stanza of the second Book of *The Minstrel*, in which he so feelingly describes the spot, of which he most approved, for his place of sepulture, is so very exact a picture of the situation of the churchyard of *Lawrence-kirk*, which stands near to his mother's house, and in which is the school-house where he was daily taught, that he must certainly have had it in his view, at the time he wrote the following beautiful lines.

' Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 Where Night and Desolation ever frown!
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrown,
 Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

“ It was his supreme delight to saunter in the fields the livelong night, contemplating the sky, and marking the approach of day; and he used to describe with peculiar animation the soaring of the lark in a summer morning. A beautiful landscape, which he has magnificently described in the twentieth stanza of the first book of *The Minstrel*, corresponds exactly with what must have presented itself to his poetical imagination, at those occasions, on the approach of the rising sun, as he would view the grandeur of that scene from the hill in the neighbourhood of his native village. The high hill, which rises to the west of *Fordoune* would, in a misty morning, supply him with one of the images so beautifully described in the twenty-first stanza.

stanza. And the twentieth stanza of the second book of the Minstrel describes a night-scene unquestionably drawn from nature, in which he probably had in view Homer's sublime description of the Moon, in the eighth book of the Iliad, so admirably translated by Pope, that an eminent critic has not scrupled to declare it to be superior to the original. He used himself to tell, that it was from the top of a high hill in the neighbourhood, that he first beheld the ocean, the sight of which, he declared, made the most lively impression on his mind.

"It is pleasing, I think, to contemplate these his early habits, so congenial to the feelings of a poetical and warm imagination; and therefore, I trust, I shall be forgiven for having dwelt on them so long."

Sir William Forbes need have made no apology for the length of these passages. I would have said "*O si sic omnia!*" but that it would seem to imply some censure; and I well know that all could not be like this. We cannot always be watching the dawn of day "on the misty mountain's top;" nor be constantly wandering "alone and pensive" by the "pale beams" of the "Queen of Night." But it will not be doubted, that in the occupations of "young Edwin" the poet described many of his own early propensities and amusements. I do not agree therefore with an eminent critic,* who observing that Edwin "is marked from his cradle with those dispositions and propensities, which were to be the foundation of his future destiny," adds, "I believe it would be difficult in real biography to trace any such early indications of a

* Dr. Aikin's Letters on English Poetry.

genius exclusively fitted for poetry; nor do I imagine that an exquisite sensibility to the sublime and beautiful of nature is ever to be found in minds, which have not been opened by a degree of culture." The interposition indeed of the word "*exclusively*" a little qualifies the assertion; but the endowments attributed by the poet to Edwin, though they are not *exclusively*, are more *peculiarly*, adapted to poetical eminence.

If this assertion then, be true, that the delineation of the infant Minstrel was essentially that of the author, for which we have the authority of Sir W. Forbes, and even of Beattie himself, there is an end to the denial of particular genius, which Johnson was so fond of urging, and which so many, on his great, but surely far from infallible, judgment, are fond of repeating. Every one possessed of equal fancy and equal sensibility of heart with Beattie, would feel in childhood similar sentiments and similar pleasures; and I think it must not be questioned that the impression of those sentiments and those pleasures would lead a person of equal capacity more peculiarly, not only to the inclination, but, with the aid of a little industry, to the power, of composing poetry.

I assert again therefore that the hand of Nature impressed on Beattie's mind the character of a poet. He afterwards became a philosopher by the effect of accident, and study. All this indeed he appears to me to have confirmed by his own direct declarations.

Hear him in a Letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated 9 Jan. 1769.

**** "Perhaps you are anxious to know what first induced me to write on this subject;" (Truth.) "I will

will tell you as briefly as I can. In my younger days I read chiefly for the sake of amusement, and I found myself best amused with the classics, and what we call the *Belles Lettres*. Metaphysics I disliked; mathematics pleased me better; but I found my mind neither improved, nor gratified by that study. When Providence allotted me my present station" (of Professor of Moral Philosophy) "it became incumbent on me to read what had been written on the subject of morals and human nature: the works of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, were celebrated as master-pieces in this way; to them therefore I had recourse. But as I began to study them with great prejudices in their favour, you will readily conceive, how strangely I was surprised to find them, as I thought, replete with absurdities: I pondered these absurdities; I weighed the arguments, with which I was sometimes not a little confounded; and the result was, that I began at last to suspect my own understanding, and to think that I had not capacity for such a study. For I could not conceive it possible that the absurdities of these authors were so great, as they seemed to me to be; otherwise, thought I, the world would never admire them so much. About this time, some excellent antisceptical works made their appearance, particularly Reid's "*Inquiry into the Human Mind*." Then it was that I began to have a little more confidence in my own judgment, when I found it confirmed by those, of whose abilities I did not entertain the least distrust. I reviewed my authors again with a very different temper of mind. A very little truth will sometimes enlighten a vast extent of science. I found that the sceptical philosophy was not what the world imagined

it to be ; but a frivolous, though dangerous, system of verbal subtlety, which it required neither genius, nor learning, nor taste, nor knowledge of mankind, to be able to put together ; but only a captious temper, an irreligious spirit, a moderate command of words, and an extraordinary degree of vanity and presumption. You will easily perceive that I am speaking of this philosophy only in its most extravagant state, that is, as it appears in the works of Mr. Hume. The more I study it, the more am I confirmed in this opinion," &c.

***** "I am convinced that this metaphysical spirit is the bane of true learning, true taste, and true science ; that to it we owe all this modern scepticism, and atheism ; that it has a bad effect upon the human faculties, and tends not a little to sour the temper, to subvert good principles, and to disqualify men for the business of life. You will now see wherein my views differ from those of other answerers of Mr. Hume. I want to shew the world, that the sceptical philosophy is contradictory to itself, and destructive of genuine philosophy, as well as of religion and virtue ; that it is in its own nature so paltry a thing, (however it may have been celebrated by some) that to be despised it needs only to be known ; that no degree of genius is necessary to qualify a man for making a figure in this pretended science ; but rather a certain minuteness and suspiciousness of mind and want of sensibility, the very reverse of true intellectual excellence ; that metaphysics cannot possibly do any good, but may do, and actually have done, much harm ; that sceptical philosophers, whatever they may pretend, are the corrupters of science, the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind." &c. ****.

In a Letter to Major Mercer, * dated 26 Nov. 1769, he says,

***. "I intend to bid adieu to metaphysics, and all your authors of profound speculation; for, of all the trades, to which that multifarious animal, man, can turn himself, I am now disposed to look upon intense study as the idlest, the most unsatisfying, and the most unprofitable. You cannot easily conceive with what greediness I now peruse the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," &c. I am like a man, who has escaped from the mines, and is now drinking in the fresh air and light, on the top of some of the mountains of Dalecarlia. These books put me in mind of the days of former years, the romantic æra of fifteen, or the still more careless period of nine, or ten, the scenes of which, as they now stand pictured to my fancy, seem to be illuminated with a sort of purple light, formed with the softest, purest gales, and painted with a verdure, to which nothing similar is to be found in the degenerate summers of modern times. Here I would quote the second stanza of Gray's "Ode on Eton College," but it would take up too much room, and you certainly have it by heart."

The above extracts discover the origin of Beattie's philosophical works. Those which follow exhibit the first traces of his incomparable poem "The Minstrel."

Dr. Beattie to Dr. Blacklock, 22 Sept. 1766.

****. "Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full

* Major Mercer was himself a poet. See *CENS. LIT.* Vol. II. p. 383.
scope

scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the manner, which I have adopted, admits equally of all these kinds of composition. I have written one hundred and fifty lines, and am surprised to find the structure of that complicated stanza so little troublesome. I was always fond of it; for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet, or the alternate rhyme; and it concludes with a pomp, and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes. But I am so far from intending this performance for the press, that I am morally certain it never will be finished. I shall add a stanza now and then, when I am at leisure; and when I have no humour for any other amusement: but I am resolved to write no more poetry with a view to publication, till I see some dawnings of a poetical taste among the generality of readers; of which, however, there is not at present any thing like an appearance."

To the same, 20 May, 1767.

"My performance in Spenser's stanza has not advanced a single line, these many months. It is called "The Minstrel." The subject was suggested by a dissertation on the old minstreles, which is prefixed to a collection

collection of ballads lately published by Dodsley in three volumes. * I propose to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of those bards; in which I shall have full scope for description, sentiment, satire, and even a certain species of humour and of pathos, which, in the opinion of my great master, are by no means inconsistent, as is evident from his works. My hero is to be born in the south of Scotland, which you know was the native land of the English Minstrels; I mean of those Minstrels, who travelled into England; and supported themselves there by singing their ballads to the harp. His father is a shepherd. The son will have a natural taste for music and the beauties of nature; which, however, languishes for want of culture, till in due time he meets with a hermit, who gives him some instruction; but endeavours to check his genius for poetry and adventures, by representing the happiness of obscurity and solitude, and the bad reception which poetry has met with in almost every age. The poor swain acquiesces in this advice, and resolves to follow his father's employment, when on a sudden the country is invaded by Danes, or English Borderers, (I know not which,) and he is stripped of all his little fortune, and obliged by necessity to commence Minstrel. This is all that I have as yet concerted of the plan. † I have written 150 lines; but my hero is not yet born, though now in a fair way of being so; for his parents are described,

* The Reliques of ancient English poetry, by Dr. Percy, published in 1765.

† But he once afterwards told Sir W. Forbes, "he proposed to have introduced a foreign enemy as invading his country, in consequence of which The Minstrel was to employ himself in rousing his countrymen to arms." *Life*, I. 203. This was probably the result of his friend Gray's suggestion. *See Gen. Lit. Vol. I. p. 570*

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and married. I know not whether I shall ever proceed any farther; however, I am not dissatisfied with what I have written."

In the course of two more years Beattie finished the first canto of this enchanting poem; and published it early in the spring of 1771. It instantly attracted the public attention, and raised the author into the first ranks of fame. Gray praised it with a warm and disinterested energy; and it seemed to have electrified Lord Lyttelton, who spoke of it in a much higher tone of eloquence, than he was accustomed to reach. I cannot resist transcribing the short but beautiful letter here.

Lord Lyttelton to Mrs. Montagu, 8 March, 1771.

"I read your "Minstrel" last night, with as much rapture as poetry, in her noblest sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me, that my once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains! I beg you to express my gratitude to the poet for the pleasure he has given me. Your eloquence alone can do justice to my sense of his admirable genius, and the excellent use he makes of it. Would it were in my power to do him any service!" *

* The Rev. Mr. Allison, the elegant author of "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste," and the husband of Dr. Gregory's daughter, feelingly observes "I do not know any thing that Lord Lyttelton has written, that so strongly marks the sensibility and purity of his taste. The allusion to Thomson is singularly affecting, and constitutes the finest praise, that ever was bestowed on a poet."

In a letter dated 6 July, 1772, the author declares that the second canto had been nearly finished these two years : but it was not published till 1774, accompanied by a new edition of the first canto.

In the mean time Beattie's domestic afflictions increased with his fame ; and embittered the exquisite satisfaction, which he would otherwise have derived from the flattering station he now held in society. To these I think we must attribute the change of sentiments on a very important topic, which the latter part of the following most eloquent letter seems to discover.

Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Montagu, 26 July, 1773.

“ Your most obliging and most excellent letter of the 14th current, bore the impression of Socrates on the outside. He, if I mistake not, piqued himself on having constantly resided in Athens, and used to say, that he found no instruction in stones or trees ; but you, Madam, better skilled in the human heart, and more thoroughly acquainted with all the sublimest affections, do justly consider that quiet which the country affords, and those soothing and elevating sentiments, which “ rural sights and rural sounds ” so powerfully inspire, as necessary to purify the soul, and raise it to the contemplation of the first and greatest good. Yet, I think, you rightly determine, that absolute solitude is not good for us. The social affections must be cherished, if we would keep both mind and body in good health. The virtues are all so nearly allied, and sympathise so strongly with each other, that if one is borne down, all the rest feel it, and have a tendency to pine away. The more we love one another, the more

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we shall love our Maker: and if we fail in duty to our common parent, our brethren of mankind will soon discover that we fail in duty to them also.

“In my younger days I was much attached to solitude, and could have envied even “The Shepherd of the Hebride isles, placed far amid the melancholy main.” I wrote Odes to Retirement, and wished to be conducted to its deepest groves, remote from every rude sound, and from every vagrant foot. In a word, I thought the most profound solitude the best. But I have now changed my mind. Those solemn and incessant energies of imagination, which naturally take place in such a state, are fatal to the health and spirits, and tend to make us more and more unfit for the business of life: the soul deprived of those ventilations of passion, which arise from social intercourse, is reduced to a state of stagnation; and if she is not of a very pure consistence indeed, will be apt to breed within herself many “monstrous and many prodigious things,” of which she will find it no easy matter to rid herself, even when she is become sensible of their noxious nature.”

I have no room here to enter into a disquisition upon the very interesting subject of solitude. The objections to it thus urged by Beattie deserve, no doubt, very serious consideration. But they do not convince me, expressed, as they are, in general terms. Nay, I confess I could have wished they had never appeared under this poet's authority; because they take something from the pleasure we feel in some of the finest passages of his best poems. For my part, it appears

to me, that as long as God endows individuals with more energetic capacities, with more tender sensibilities, with higher hopes, and sublimer sentiments than the mass of mankind, so long must solitude be the proper sphere of their human existence. If it do tend to "make us unfit for the *business* of life," it fits us for something much better: for that intellectual eminence and purity of heart, which exalt our nature, and almost lift us into an higher order of beings; for those mental exertions, by which the heads and hearts of thousands have, century after century, been ameliorated, and drawn away from the low and selfish ambitions of the world; and by which nations have sometimes been electrified from their slumbers into efforts that have saved them from impending destruction! I am now older than Dr. Beattie was, when he expressed these sentiments, and I do not find my love of solitude diminish. I discover no "stagnation of the soul;" the day is not long enough for the enjoyment of my books, and those pure and innocent wanderings of the fancy, in which I delight; and in the deep woods and silent vallies, I find "no monsters" of horror, which, alas! I too frequently meet in society; but on the contrary,

"Resentment sinks; Disgust within me dies,
And Charity, and meek Forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul, and overflow mine eyes."

Although Dr. Beattie experienced the happiness, as a philosopher, to have almost all the eminent divines on his side, such as Porteus, Hurd, Markham, &c. yet it seems he had not the unanimous concurrence of
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the Bench of Bishops. For in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, of 13 March, 1774, he says, "Pray, Madam, be so good as to favour me with some account of the Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Law, if he happens to be of your acquaintance. His Lordship, in a book lately published, has been pleased to attack me in a strange manner,* though in few words, and very superciliously seems to condemn my whole book; because I believe "in the identity of the human soul, and that there are innate powers, and implanted instincts in our nature." He hints, too, at my being a native of Scotland, and imputes my *unnatural way* of reasoning, (for so he characterizes it) to my ignorance of what has been written on the other side of the question, by some late authors. It would be a very easy matter for me to return such an answer to his lordship, as would satisfy the world, that he has been rather hasty in signing my condemnation; but perhaps it will be better to take no notice of it: I shall be determined by your advice. His doctrine is, that the human soul forfeited its immortality by the fall, but regained it in consequence of the merits of Jesus Christ; and that it cannot exist without the body; and must, therefore, in the interval between death and the resurrection, remain in a state of non-existence. The theory is not a new one; but his Lordship seems to be one of the most sanguine of

* Considerations on the Theory of Religion, by Edmund Lord Bishop of Carlisle, p. 431. *Forbes*.

The Bishop was of a school of philosophers and divines, whom we have since had the happiness of seeing go out of fashion. But when the Editor was at Cambridge, the prejudices in favour of the dry, coarse, and fallacious modes of thinking and reasoning, of this hard old man, who then resided there, had not ceased. He was father of the present Lord Ellenborough.

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its adherents. Some of the objections, drawn from the scripture, he gets the better of by a mode of criticism, which, I humbly think, would not be admitted in a commentary upon any other book."

In 1776 Dr. Beattie published his "Essays on Poetry and Music; Laughter and Ludicrous Composition: and on the Utility of Classical Learning." "My principal purpose," says he, "was to make my subject plain and entertaining; and, as often as I could, the vehicle of moral instruction; a purpose, to which every part of the philosophy of the human mind, and indeed of science in general, may, and ought, in my opinion, to be made in some degree subservient."

I will now add a few, and a very few, miscellaneous extracts; for I fear this article already grows too long.

1785. "Johnson's harsh and foolish censure of Mrs. Montagu's book does not surprise me; for I have heard him speak contemptuously of it. It is, for all that, one of the best, most original, and most elegant pieces of criticism in our language, or any other. Johnson had many of the talents of a critic; but his want of temper, his violent prejudices, and something, I am afraid, of an envious turn of mind, made him often a very unfair one. Mrs. Montagu was very kind to him; but Mrs. Montagu has more wit than any body; and Johnson could not bear that any person should be thought to have wit but himself. Even Lord Chesterfield, and, what is more strange, even

Mr. Burke he would not allow to have wit! He preferred Smollet to Fielding. He would not grant that Armstrong's poem on "Health," or the tragedy of "Douglas," had any merit. He told me that he never read Milton through, till he was obliged to do it, in order to gather words for his Dictionary. He spoke very peevishly of the Masque of Comus; and when I urged that there was a great deal of exquisite poetry in it; "Yes," said he, "but it is like gold hid under a rock;" to which I made no reply; for indeed I did not well understand it. Pray, did you ever see Mr. Potter's "Remarks on Johnson's Lives of the Poets?" It is very well worth reading."

1788. "What Mrs. Piozzi says of Goldsmith is perfectly true. He was a poor fretful creature, eaten up with affectation and envy. He was the only person I ever knew, who acknowledged himself to be envious. In Johnson's presence he was quiet enough; but in his absence, expressed great uneasiness in hearing him praised. He envied even the dead; he could not bear that Shakspeare should be so much admired as he is. There might, however, be something like magnanimity in envying Shakspeare and Dr. Johnson; as in Julius Cæsar's weeping to think, that at an age at which he had done so little, Alexander should have done so much. But surely Goldsmith had no occasion to envy me; which, however, he certainly did; for he owned, it, (though, when we met, he was always very civil;) and I received undoubted information, that he seldom missed an opportunity of speaking ill of me behind my back. Goldsmith's common conversation

sation was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great as to make me think sometimes that he affected it. Yet he was a great genius of no mean rank: somebody, who knew him well, called him an *inspired idiot*. His ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," is exceedingly beautiful; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

In 1790 Beattie lost his eldest son; and in 1796, his remaining son. These successive shocks were too much for a tender heart, already half broken by the sorrow for their mother's incurable malady. From the last event he at times lost his senses. "A deep gloom," says he, "hangs upon me, and disables all my faculties; and thoughts so strange sometimes occur to me, as to make me "fear that I am not," as Lear says, "in my perfect mind."

Yet, on 15th May, 1797, he wrote a letter to Mr. Frazer Tytler, somewhat in his former manner; from whence the following extract is derived.

"There is one translation, which I greatly admire, but am sure you never saw, as you have not mentioned it: the book is indeed very rare; I obtained it with difficulty by the friendship of Tom Davies, an old English bookseller; I mean, Dobson's "*Paradisus Amissus*;" my son studied, and I believe, read every line of it. It is more true to the original, both in sense and spirit, than any other poetical version of length, that I have seen. The author must have had

an amazing command of Latin phraseology, and a very nice ear in harmony. ***.

"Being curious to know some particulars of Dobson, I inquired of him at Johnson, who owned he had known him, but did not seem inclined to speak on the subject. But Johnson hated Milton from his heart; and he wished to be himself considered as a good Latin poet; which however, he never was, as may be seen by his translation of Pope's Messiah. All that I could ever hear of Dobson's private life was, that in his old age he was given to drinking. My edition of his book is dated 1750. It is dedicated to Mr. Benson, who was a famous admirer of Milton; and from the dedication it would seem to have been written at his desire, and under his patronage.*

* Dr. J. Warton says, that Benson "gave Dobson 100*l.* for his Latin translation of *Paradise Lost*. Dobson had acquired great reputation by his translation of Prior's *Solomon*, the first book of which he finished, when he was a scholar at Winchester college. He had not at that time, as he told me, (for I knew him well) read *Lucretius*, which would have given a richness and force to his verses; the chief fault of which was a monotony, and want of variety of Virgilian pauses. Mr. Pope wished him to translate the *Essay on Man*, which he began to do; but relinquished on account of the impossibility of imitating its brevity in another language. He has avoided the monotony abovementioned in his *Milton*; which monotony was occasioned by translating a poem in rhyme. Bishop Hare, a capable judge, used to mention his *Solomon* as one of the purest pieces of modern Latin poetry. Though he had so much felicity in translating, yet his original poems, of which I have seen many, were very feeble and flat, and contained no mark of genius. He had no great stock of general literature, and was by no means qualified to pronounce on what degree of learning Pope possessed; and I am surprised that Johnson should quote him, as saying "I found Pope had more learning than I expected." *Warton's Pope*, V. 240.

1798. "I am acquainted with many parts of your excursion through the north of England, and very glad that you had my old friend Mr. Gray's "Letters" with you, which are indeed so well written, that I have no scruple to pronounce them the best letters, that have been printed in our language. Lady Mary Montagu's "Letters" are not without merit, but are too artificial and affected to be confided in as true; and Lord Chesterfield's have much greater faults; indeed, some of the greatest that letters can have: but Gray's letters are always sensible, and of classical conciseness and perspicuity. They very much resemble what his conversation was. He had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those, and all other subjects, he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was, in general company, much more silent than one could have wished."

Dr. Beattie died 18 Aug. 1803, æt. 68.

His character, has been as justly and eloquently, as briefly, sketched by Mrs Montagu, in a letter to himself. "We considered you," says she, "as a poet, with admiration; as a philosopher, with respect; as a Christian, with veneration; and as a friend, with affection." He clearly directed his ambition to excellence, rather as a philosopher, than as a poet; and yet it is apparent, that these studies were not congenial to his natural taste; but that they fatigued and oppressed him. In these paths he seems to have arrived at the utmost height, of which his powers were capable; but this is far from being the case with the poetry he has left. Beautiful as is his Minstrel, yet, had he con-

cluded it on the plan he originally intended, which I must venture, in opposition to Dr. Aikin, to say, was easily within the scope of his genius, he would have contributed very materially both to its variety and its interest. I will add that the innocent and exalted occupation might have soothed his broken spirits, and gilded the clouds of his latter days.

It is not easy to guess, when we consider the opinions which this excellent author himself promulgated in his philosophical works, on what ground he depreciated the dignity, or the use, of his capacity as a poet. But it is certain that, at least for the last thirty years of his life, he did slight and neglect it most unjustly. There is no adequate reason for considering it inconsistent with his professional functions, which his exemplary virtue induced him to discharge with uncommon industry and attention. It would, on the contrary, have relieved the toil of them, by a delightful diversity of ideas. But it may be suspected, that there was a certain timidity in this good man's mind, not entirely consonant with the richness of his endowments. In the cause of religion indeed, his piety made him bold; but he was otherwise a little too sensible of popular prejudices.

The goodness of the cause, and the particular occasion, has added an accidental value to his great philosophical work, "The Essay on Truth." But I believe I am not singular in asserting, that his genius is least capable of rivalry in that "Minstrel," on which he bestowed so little comparative attention: while it is apparent that, even there, his severer studies occasionally encumbered and depressed his fancy. Burns
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knew better the strength, which Nature had bestowed on him; and giving full scope to it, succeeded accordingly.

The Letters, which are now published, exhibit Dr. Beattie's moral character in the most amiable light. Their style unites ease and elegance; and they prove the correctness of his opinions, the nicety of his taste, and the soundness of his judgment. They discover, above all, the tenderness of his heart, and the fervor of his religion. But the frankness of truth demands from me the confession, that they do not appear to me to possess those characteristic excellencies, as literary compositions, which enchant us in the letters of Burns and Cowper; and which none but themselves could have written. He has nothing like the touching simplicity of the poet of Weston; nor any thing like the ardent eloquence of the Bard of Airshire.* He scarce ever indulges in sallies congenial with the rich warblings, which used to flow so copiously from the harp of the inspired Edwin.

I would now willingly enter into the peculiar traits both of the poetical† and prose works,‡ on which Beattie's fame was founded; but this article is already too long; (I hope my readers will not think it out of place;) and I have now neither room nor leisure for more, except to say, that as a poet he possessed an

* I do not recollect that the names of Cowper, or Burns, once occur in Beattie's own letters, which is singular.

† See an account of the second edition of his poems, *Cens. Lit.* II. 218.

‡ Sir W. Forbes gives no account of the Moral Poem, inquired after in *Cens. Lit.* I. 58.

originality, and an excellence, to which I doubt whether justice has yet been done. *

July 2, 1806.

ART. II. *Two Original Letters of Mrs. Montagu, containing accounts of two successive Tours in Scotland, in 1766 and 1770.*

The preceding account of Dr. Beattie has reminded me of the following letters of his friend, Mrs. Montagu, which may not improperly find a place here; as they will serve to diversify those pages, of which it may be prudent sometimes to relieve the heaviness of the antiquarian matter. Short extracts from these letters have been already printed in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. William Robinson.†

Denton, † Dec. 4, 1766.

**** "You will see, by the date of my letter, I am still in the northern regions; but I hope in a fortnight

* It has long been my wish, if Providence should ever permit me a little continued leisure from the sorrows and perplexities, by which I have for some years been agitated, to enter into an entire separate Disquisition on the Poetical Character; its tendencies; the mode in which it should be cherished; and the benefits to be derived from it.

† The wife of the Rev. William Robinson, third surviving brother of Mrs. Montagu, and then resident at Denton Court, near Canterbury. He was educated at Westminster, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he formed an intimacy with many men of genius and literature; particularly Gray, the poet, who paid more than one visit to him at Denton. He was also Rector of Burfield, Berks, where he died Dec. 1803, aged about 75.

The letter of Mrs. Montagu in Vol. I. of this work was addressed to this lady, though, by a misprint in the first edition of No. I. she is called "Mrs. W. B."

† I Northumberland.

to return to London. We have had a mild season; and this house is remarkably warm; so that I have not suffered from cold. Business has taken up much of my time; and, as we had farms to let against next May day; and I was willing to see the new colliery begin to work, before I left the country, I had the prudence to get the better of my taste for society.

“I spent a month in Scotland this summer, and made a further progress than Mr. Gray did. An old friend of Mr. Montagu’s and mine, Dr. Gregory, came to us here, and brought his daughter the end of July; and summoned me to keep a promise, I had made him, of letting him be my knight-errant, and escort me round Scotland.

“The first of August we set forward. I called on the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle in my way: it is the most noble gothic building imaginable; its antique form is preserved on the outside; within, the apartments are also gothic in their structure and ornaments; but convenient and noble; so that modern elegance arranges and conducts antique strength; and grandeur leaves its sublimity of character, but softens what was rude and unpolished.

“My next day’s journey carried me to Edinburgh, where I stayed ten days. I passed my time there very agreeably; receiving every polite attention from all the people of distinction in the town. I never saw any thing equal to the hospitality of the Scotch. Every one seemed to make it their business to attend me to all the fine places in the neighbourhood; to invite me to dinner, to supper, &c.

“As I had declared an intention to go to Glasgow,
the

the Lord Provost of Glasgow insisted on my coming to his villa near the town, instead of going to a noisy inn. I stayed three days there to see the seats in the environs; and the great cathedral, and the college and academy for painting; and then I set out for Inverary. I should first tell you, Glasgow is the most beautiful town in Great Britain. The houses, according to the Scotch fashion, are large and high, and built of free-stone; the streets very broad, and built at right angles. All dirty kinds of business are carried on in separate districts; so that nothing appears but a noble and elegant simplicity.

“My road from Glasgow for Inverary lay by the side of the famous lake called Lough-Lomon. Never did I see the sublime and beautiful so united. The lake is in some places eight miles broad; in others less; adorned with many islands, of which some rise in a conical figure, and are covered with fir-trees up to the summit. Other islands are flatter; and deer are feeding in their green meadows: in the Lontananza rise the

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do seem to rest.

The lake is bright as crystal, and the shore consists of alabaster pebbles.

“Thus I travelled near twenty miles, till I came to the village of Luss, where I lay at an inn; there being no gentleman’s house near it. The next morning I began to ascend the Highland mountains. I got out of my chaise to climb to the top of one, to take leave of the beautiful lake. The sun had not been long up;
its

its beams danced on the lake; and we saw this lovely water meandering for twenty-five miles.

“Immediately after I returned to my chaise, I began to be enclosed in a deep valley, between vast mountains, down whose furrowed cheeks torrents rushed impetuously, and united in the vale below. Winter’s rains had so washed away the soil from some of the steep mountains, there appeared little but the rocks, which, like the skeleton of a giant, appeared more terrible than the perfect form.

“Other mountains were covered with a dark brown moss; the shaggy goats were browsing on their sides; here and there appeared a storm-struck tree or blasted shrub, from whence no lark ever saluted the morn with joyous hymn, or Philomel soothed the dull ear of night: but from thence the eagle gave the first lessons of flight to her young, and taught them to make war on the kids.

“In the vale of Glencirrow, we stopped to dine by the stream of Cona, so celebrated by Ossian. I chose to dine amid the rude magnificence of Nature, rather than in the meanest of the works of Art; so did not enter the cottage, which called itself an inn. From thence my servants brought me fresh herrings and trout; and my lord provost’s wife had filled my maid’s chaise with good things; so very luxuriously we feasted.

“I wished Ossian would have come to us, and told us ‘a tale of other times.’ However imagination and memory assisted; and we recollected many passages in the very places that inspired them. I stayed three hours, listening to the roaring stream, and hoped some ghost would come on the blast of the mountain, and shew

shew us where three grey stones were erected to his memory.

“ After dinner we went on about fourteen miles, still in the valley, mountain rising above mountain, till we ascended to Inveraray. There at once we entered the vale, where lies the vast lake called Lough-Fine; of whose dignity I cannot give you a better notion, than by telling you the great leviathan had taken his pastime therein the night before I was there. Though it is forty miles from the sea, whales come up there often in the herring season. At Inveraray, I was lodged at a gentleman’s house; invited to another’s in the neighbourhood; and attended round the Duke of Argyle’s Policy; (such are called the grounds dedicated to beauty and ornament.) I went also to see the castle built by the late Duke. It appears small by the vast objects near it; this great lake before; a vast mountain, covered with fir and beech, behind it; so that relatively the castle is little.

“ I was obliged to return back to Glasgow the same way, not having time to make the tour of the Highlands. Lord Provost had an excellent dinner, and good company ready for us. The next day I went to Lord Kames’s near Sterling, where I had promised to stay a day. I passed a day very agreeably there, but could not comply with their obliging entreaties to stay a longer time; but was obliged to return to Edinburgh. Lord Kames attended me to Stirling Castle; and thence to the Iron Works at Caron: there again I was on classic ground.

“ I dined at Mr. Dundas’s. At night I got back to Edinburgh, where I rested myself three days; and then

then on my road lay at Sir Gilbert Elliot's; and spent a day with him and Lady Elliot. They facilitated my journey by lending me relays, which the route did not always furnish: so I sent my own horses a stage forward. I crossed the Tweed again; dined and lay at the Bishop of Carlisle's at Rose Castle, and then came home, much pleased with the expedition, and grateful for the infinite civilities I had received.

"My evenings at Edinburgh passed very agreeably with Dr Robertson, Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, and divers ingenious and agreeable persons. My friend Dr. Gregory, who was my fellow-traveller, though he is a mathematician, has a fine imagination, an elegant taste, and every quality to make an agreeable companion. He came back to Denton with me; but soon left us. I detained his two daughters; who are still with me. They are most amiable children; they will return to their papa a few days before I leave this place.

"I was told Mr. Gray was rather reserved, when he was in Scotland; though they were disposed to pay him great respect. I agree perfectly with him, that to endeavour to shine in conversation, and to lay out for admiration is very paltry; the wit of the company, next to the butt of the company is the meanest person in it; but at the same time, when a man of celebrated talents disdains to mix in common conversation, or refuses to talk on ordinary subjects, it betrays a latent pride. There is a much higher character, than that of a wit, or a poet, or a savant; which is that of a rational and sociable being, willing to carry on the commerce of life with all the sweetness, and condescension, decency and virtue will permit. The great duty

duty of conversation is to follow suit as you do at whist: if the eldest hand plays the deuce of diamonds, let not his next neighbour dash down the king of hearts, because his hand is full of honours. I do not love to see a man of wit win all the tricks in conversation; nor yet to see him sullenly pass. I speak not this of Mr. Gray in particular; but it is the common failing of men of genius, to exert a proud superiority, or maintain a prouder indolence. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Gray, whenever he will please to do me the favour. I think he is the first poet of the age; but if he comes to my fire-side, I will teach him not only to speak prose, but to talk nonsense, if occasion be. I would not have a poet always sit on the proud summit of the forked hill. I have a great respect for Mr. Gray, as well as a high admiration.

"I am much grieved at the bad news from Canterbury. The Dean* is a great loss to his family.

"Your affectionate sister,

"E. MONTAGU."

LETTER II.

The same to the same.

Hill Street, Nov. 19, 1770.

"Your kind letter met me in Hill Street on Thursday: it welcomed me to London in a very agreeable manner. I should however have felt a painful consciousness, how little I deserved such a favour, if my long omission of correspondence had not been owing

* Dean Friend, who married Primate Robinson's sister.

so want of health. I felt ill on my journey to Denton; or rather indeed began the journey indisposed; and only aggravated my complaints by travelling.

"Sickness and bad weather deprived me of the pleasure of seeing the beauties of Derbyshire. However I got a sight of the stately palace of Lord Scarsdale; where the arts of ancient Greece, and the delicate pomp of modern ages, unite to make a most magnificent habitation. It is the best worth seeing of any house I suppose, in England; but I know not how it is, that one receives but moderate pleasure in the works of art. There is a littleness in every work of man. The operations of Nature are vast and noble; and I found much greater pleasure in the contemplation of Lord Breadalbane's mountains, rocks, and lakes, than in all the efforts of human art at Lord Scarsdale's.

"I continued, after my arrival at Denton, in a very poor state of health, which suited ill with continual business, and made me unable to write letters in the hours of recess and quiet. Dr. Gregory came from Edinburgh to make me a visit, and persuaded me to go back with him. The scheme promised much pleasure; and I flattered myself, might be conducive to health; as the doctor, of whose medical skill I have the highest opinion, would have time to observe and consider my various complaints. I was glad also to have an opportunity of amusing my friend Mrs. Chapone, whom I carried with me into the north.

"We had a pleasant journey to Edinburgh, where we were most agreeably entertained in Dr. Gregory's house; all the literati, and the polite company at Edinburgh, paying me all kinds of attentions: and, by the doctor's regimen, my health greatly improved, so that I

was

was prevailed upon to indulge my love of prospects by another trip to the Highlands; my good friend and physician still attending me.

"The first day's journey was to Lord Barjarg's,* brother to Mr. Charles Ereskine, who was the intimate companion and friendly competitor of my poor brother Tom.† Each of them was qualified for the highest honours of his profession, which they would certainly have attained, had it pleased God to have granted longer life.

"Lord Barjarg had received great civilities at Horton,‡ when he was pursuing his law studies in England; so he came to visit me as soon as I got to Edinburgh; and in the most friendly manner pressed my passing some days at his house in Perthshire. I got there by an easy day's journey, after having also walked a long time about the castle of Stirling, which commands a very beautiful prospect.

"Lord Barjarg's place is very fine; and in a very

* James Erskine, a judge of the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, first by the title of Lord Barjarg, which he afterwards changed for that of Lord Alva. His father, Charles, also a judge by the title of Lord Tinwald, was third son of Sir Charles, fourth son of John, 7th Earl of Mar. From Lord Tinwald's elder brother is descended James, now Earl of Rosslyn. Lord Alva was born 1712, and died 13 May, 1796, the oldest judge in Britain. Charles was his elder brother; he was born 21 Oct. 1716, was M. P. and Barrister at Law; and dying in his father's life-time, was buried in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn.

† Thomas Robinson, 2d brother of Mrs. Montagu, was a young barrister, of eminent and rising talents; he was author of a most useful Treatise, entitled "The Common Law of Kent: or the Customs of Gavelkind, with an Appendix concerning Borough-English. By Thomas Robinson of Lincoln's Inn, Esq." 8vo. which having become scarce was reprinted in 1798. He died 29 Dec. 1747.

‡ Horton, near Hythe, in Kent, the seat of the Robinsons.

singular

singular style. His house looks to the south over a very rich valley, rendered more fertile, as well as more beautiful by the meandrings of the river Forth. Behind his house rise great hills covered with wood; and over them stupendous rocks. The goats look down with an air of philosophic pride, and gravity, on folks in the valley. One, in particular, seemed to me capable of addressing the famous beast of Gervaudun, if he had been there, with as much disdain, as Diogenes did the great conqueror of the east.

“Here I passed two days, and then his lordship and my doctor attended me to my old friend Lord Kinnoul’s.* You may imagine my visit there gave me a great deal of pleasure, besides what arose from seeing a fine place. I was delighted to find an old friend enjoying that heart-felt happiness, which attends a life of virtue. Lord Kinnoul is continually employed in encouraging agriculture and manufactures; protecting the weak from injury, assisting the distressed, and animating the young people to whatever, in their various stations, is most fit and proper. He appears more happy in this situation, than when he was whirled about in the vortex of the Duke of Newcastle.

“The situation of a Scottish nobleman of fortune is enough to fill the ambition of a reasonable man; for they have power to do a great deal of good.

“From Dupplin we went to Lord Bredalbane’s at Taymouth. Here unite the sublime and beautiful. The house is situated in a valley, where the verdure is the finest imaginable; and noble beeches adorn it; and beautiful cascades fall down the midst of it.

* Uncle to the late Earl. He died 1787, aged 77.

Through this valley you are led to a vast lake: on one side the lake there is a fine country; on the other mountains lift their heads, and hide them in the clouds. In some places ranges of rocks look like vast fortified citadels. I passed two days in this fine place, where I was entertained with the greatest politeness, and kindest attentions; Lord Bredalbane seeming to take the greatest pleasure in making every thing easy, agreeable, and convenient.

“My next excursion was to Lord Kames’s; and then I returned to Edinburgh. With Lord Kames and his lady I have had a correspondence, ever since I was first in Scotland; so I was there received with most cordial friendship. I must do the justice to the Scottish nation to say, they are the most politely hospitable of any people in the world. I had innumerable invitations, of which I could not avail myself, having made as long a holiday from my business in Northumberland, as I could afford.

“I am very glad to find by letters received from my brother Robinson, * that he thinks himself better for the waters of Aix.

“The newspapers will inform you of the death of Mr. George Grenville. I think he is a great loss to the public; and though in these days of ribaldry and abuse, he was often much calumniated, I believe time will vindicate his character as a public man. As a private one, he was quite unblemished. I regret the loss to myself: I was always pleased and informed by his conversation. He had read a vast deal; and had an

* Matthew Robinson of Horton, Esq. afterwards 2d Lord Rocheby, who died 22 Nov. 1800, æt. 88.

amazing memory. He had been versed in business from his youth; so that he had a very rich fund of conversation; and he was good-natured and very friendly.

“The King’s speech has a warlike tone; but still we flatter ourselves that the French King’s aversion to war may prevent our being again engaged in one. It is reported that Mr. De Grey* is to be Lord Keeper. Lord Chatham was to have spoken in the House of Lords to day, if poor Mr. Grenville’s death, which happened at seven this morning, had not hindered his appearing in public. I do not find that any change of ministry is expected.

“My father† and brother are very well. My sister has got the head-ach to day. She was so good as to come to me, and will stay till Mr. Montagu arrives in town. He did not leave Denton, till almost a week after I came away; and he was stopped at Durham by waters being out; but I had the pleasure of hearing yesterday that he got safe to Darlington, where he was to pass a few days with a famous mathematician.‡ But I expect him in town the end of this week.

“My nephew Morris§ has got great credit at Eton already. My sister|| has in general her health extremely well. I have got much better than I was in the summer. My doctors order me to forbear writing;

* Afterwards Lord Walsingham.

† Matthew Robinson of West-Layton, in Yorkshire, Esq. who died 1778, aged 84. He married the heiress of the Morris’s of Horton, whose mother remarried Dr. Conyers Middleton.

‡ This was William Emerson, whose mathematical works are well known; and whose eccentricities were very prominent. He was born 1701, and died 26 May 1782. See *Engl. Dict.* V. 341.

§ Now Lord Rokeby.

|| Mrs. Scott.

but this letter does not shew my obedience to them. I wish I could enliven it with more news.

“ The celebrated Coterie will go on in spite of all remonstrances; and there is to be an assembly thrice a week for the subscribers to the opera into the subscription; so little impression do rumours of wars, and apprehensions of the plague, make on the fine world.”

I cannot resist adding the following extract from another letter, 1778.

***. “ I am sure you will be desirous to hear a true account of Lord Chatham’s accident in the House of Lords; and of his present condition of health. The newspapers are in but little credit in general; but their account of that affair has been very exact. His Lordship had been long confined by a fit of the gout; so was debilitated by illness, and want of exercise. The house was crowded by numbers, who went to hear him on so critical a state of affairs. The thunder of his eloquence was abated; and the lightning of his eye was dimmed to a certain degree, when he rose to speak; but the glory of his former administration threw a mellow lustre around him; and his experience of public affairs gave the force of an oracle to what he said; and a reverential silence reigned through the senate. He spoke in answer to the Duke of Richmond: the Duke of Richmond replied. Then his Lordship rose up to speak again. The Genius and spirit of Britain seemed to heave in his bosom: and he sunk down speechless! He continued half an hour in a fit. His eldest and second sons, and Lord Mahon, were in great agony, waiting the doubtful event. At
last

last he happily recovered ; and though he is very weak, still I am assured by his family, that he looks better than he did before this accident." *

ART. III. ADDITIONAL NOTICES of the MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES. See pp. 1—24.

A Memorial of suche Princes, as since the tyme of King Richard the seconde, have been unfortunate in the realme of England. Londini, in ædibus Johannis Waylandi, cum privilegio per septennium. Folio.

The above title appears to have been appended to some copies of Lydgate's translation of the Tragedies of Boccace, printed by Wayland, in 1558, folio ; but the title was all that appeared in such a shape. Herbert † seems to think it was inserted in order to fill up a spare leaf, or perhaps to try the pulse of the public ; since the first edition of the Mirror for Magistrates was printed in the following year, and thus entitled :

A Myrroure for Magistrates; wherein may be seen by example of other, with howe grevous plages vices are punished, and howe frayle and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour.

Belix quem faciunt aliena pericula cantum.

* It scarce need be added that he died May 11.

† Typogr. Antiq. I. 565. A MS. note by Ritson (penes T. Hill, Esq.) conjectures that "this must have been the edition, which, as we are expressly told by Baldwin, was begun, and part of it printed, in Q. Mary's time, but hindered by the Lord Chancellor that then was," bishop Gardiner. See CHAS. LIT. iii. p. 7.

Anno 1559. Londini. In ædibus Thomæ Marshe.
4to. folios 172.

This first edition appears to agree with the second, in title, epistle dedicatory, and preliminary address to the reader; but in the table of contents there is an entry, following K. James I. of "Good Duke Humfrey murdered, and Elianor Cobham his wife banished."

Yet the tragical tale itself does not appear in the body of the book, nor was it printed prior to Baldwin's part of the edition in 1578.

The prefatory address of Higgins to the first edition of his part in 1575, seems worthy of being added to those of Baldwin already given in the *CENSURA*, iii. pp. 5—12.

"To the Reader.

"Amongst divers and sondry chronicles of many nations, I thinke there are none (gentle reader) so uncertaine and brief in the beginning as ours: at which I cannot but marvayle, sith at all tymes our Ilande had as learned wryters (some singuler men excepted) as any nation under the sunne. Againe, those which now are our best chroniclers as they report, have great antiquities; but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by chronicles of other nations: whereby it is manifest they are either ignorant of the tongues, or els not given to the studie of that, which they most professe. For if they were, me-thinkes it were easie for them, with such antiquities as they brag they have, to fetch our histories from the beginning; and make them as ample, as the chronicles of any other country or nation. But they are faine, in steede of other stuffe, to talke of the Romains,

mains, Greekes, Persians, &c. and to fill our histories with their facts and fables. This I speake not to the end I wold have ours quite seperate from other, without any mention of them; but I would have them there only named, where th' affayres of both countries, by warre, peace, truce, marriage, traffique, or some necessary cause or other, is intermixed. I have seen no auncient antiquities in written hand but two: one was Galfridus of Monmouth, which I lost by misfortune; the other, an old chronicle in a kind of Englishe verse, beginning at Brute and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloucester; in the which, and divers other good chronicles, I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maister Grafton; and that, where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greatest heades, the grayest hayres, and best clarkes, have not most wytte; so the greatest bookes, titles, and tomes, contayne not most matter. And this I have spoken, because in wryting the Tragedies of the first infortunate princes of this Isle, I was often fayne to use mine owne simple invention, yet not swarving from the matter: because the chronicles (although they went out under divers men's names) in some suche places as I moste needed theyr ayde, wrate one thing, and that so brieflye, that a whole prince's reigne, life, and death, was composed in three lines; yea, and sometimes mine olde booke, above mentioned, holpe mee out when the rest forsoke mee. As for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton, [they] were alwayes nighe of one opinion: but the Floure of Histories somewhat larger: some helpe had I of an olde chronicle imprinted the year 1515. But surely methinkes, and so do most which delite in histories,

it were worthely done, if one chronicle were drawne from the beginning in such perfect sort, that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of God's glory) and all punishments of vicious persons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be registred in perpetuall remembraunce. To which thing the right reverende father in God Matthew [Parker] Archbishop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of Englande, hath brought such ayde, as well by printing as preserving the written chronicles of this realme; that by his grace's studie and paynes, the labour, in tyme to come, will be farre more easy to them, that shall take such travayle in hand.

“ But to leave with these, and declare the cause of my purpose. As I chaunced to reade the *Mirour for Magistrates*, a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitte instructions for preservation of eche estate: taking in hand the chronicles and minding to conferre the times, methought the lives of a number even at the beginning, the like infortunate princes, offered themselves unto mee as matter very meete for imitation, the like admonition, meter, and phrase; and seeing Baldwine moved mee somewhat thereto, I read the storyes, I considered of the princes, I noted their lives, and therewith conferred their deathes. On this, I tooke penne in hande, minding nothinglesse than to publishe them abroad, but onely to trye what I could do if neede were, or time and leasure were given mee to bestowe in such wyse. I wrote the two first, even as they now are, and because I would not kepe secrete my first labours in this kinde of study (though I might well have blushed at the basnes of my style) I shewed them to a friend of myne,
desiring

desiring his unfayned judgement in this matter; which when he had read, he never left intreating me to wryte other, til I had ended all to the byrth of Christ: and yet not so content; he desired mee t' accomplish the residue til I came to the Conquest, (which were wel nigh fiftie Tragedies): but, wearied with those which I had written, I desired him pause on this, till tyme and leasure were given mee. Yet hee, making relation to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet till they likewyse had seene them: whose perswasion, as it seemed without any suspition of assentation or flattery, so hath it made mee bolder at this present then before. "Although (sayd they) your Tragedies be simple, and not comparable to those which the other have written; yet when men consider that *many* wrote those, but *one* these; that they are grave writers, you are but young; the perfection of those stories, and the imperfection of these: finally, the good wil you beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the detestation of vice, the fall of ambition, the horrible end of traytours, harlots, tyrauntes, adulterers, enchauntes, murderers, and suche like; When men (said they) consider these things, they cannot, how simple soever your verse bee, but thinke well of the matter." At length, with these perswasions and suche like, I was contente (good reader) to publishe them for thy behoufe, and the publique weale of my countrye; at which if thou envie, I minde not therefore to envie my selfe, and stay my penne. But (God willing) thou shalt, as fast as I can prepare them, have other bookes from my handes, which maye please thee againe; and thus with all my harte I bidde thee hartely farewell. Thy friende

I. H."
Higgins,

Higgins, in his blended and new arranged impression of 1587, added the legends of Kings Jago, Pinnar, Stater, Rudacke, Brennus, Emerianus, Chirinus, and Varianus, Cæsar, Nero, Caligula, Guiderius, Lælius Hamo, Drusus, Domitius, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Londricus, Severus, Fulgentius, Geta, Caracalla, and Sir Nicholas Burdet, all by himselfe: with the battle of Brampton by Dingley, Cardinal Wolsey by Churchyard, and James the 4th of Scotland;* and he prefixed a new address to the reader, which ran thus:

“Aboute a twelve yeaeres since (gentle reader) when I tooke upon me for exercise’ sake, only, to make prooffe in English verse what I could do, and had reade the Mirour for Magistrates which Maister Baldwine set forth, (a booke both well penned and also well commended:) I perused the chronicles, I noted the times, I conferred the princes, and methought that a number even at the first inhabiting of this islande, offered themselves the like haplesse impes of fortune, with matter very meete for imitation, and like admonition, meeter, and phrase. And sith Maister Baldwine in these words of his preface moved mee somewhat thereto:—It were (sayth he) a goodly and a notable matter to search and discourse our whole storie from the beginning of the inhabiting of this isle, &c.† I read agayne the

* The late Mr. Ritsqn drew up the following comparative statement of the number of legends contained in the various editions of this once popular work.

Baldwin's in 1559, 19 legends	Higgins's in 1578, 17 legends
1563, 27	Blener-hasset's 1578, 12
1571, 27	Baldwine's 1578, 29
1575, 27	Higgins's 1587, 73
Higgins's 1575, 17	Niccola's 1610, 90

† See CENSURA, iii. p. 12.

stories,

stories, I considered of the princes, I noted their lives, and therewith conferred their falles. On this I took penne in hande, and wrote a few of the first, even as they since were imprinted; minding nothing lesse than to publish them abroade; and because I would not keepe secret my first laboures in this kinde of studie, (although I might have blushed at the baseness of my style,) I shewed them to some frendes of myne; desired thaire unfayned judgmentes herein; who not only perswaded mee that they were well, but also desired mee to followe the same order, till I came to the birth of Christe: which when I had done, yet they willed mee to proceede with the falles of the like untill the conqueste, which I could not doe; being called away by other studies of more importaunce. But the rest which I wrot after that time, and at leisure since, by the persuations of some worshipfull and my very good frendes, I have here set downe; and agayne corrected those which I wrot before, even for the profit of my native country.

“ Now I desire thee (gentle reader) so well to accept of my paynes and good will herein bestowed, as I was well willing by this edition to doe thee ease and pleasure: and so wishing thee the feare of God, the love of thy prince and countrey, and after this lyfe the fruition of perfect felicity, I doe bid thee hartely, in Christe Jesu, farewell !

“ Thy frende,

“ JOHN HIGINS.”

Higins in his edition displaced Baldwin's dedicatory epistle, and inserted a new one of his own “ to the nobility

nobility and all other in office, * dated: at Winceham the vii day of December, 1586:" and this, though it is not without some licentious alterations, is the last impression of the Mirror which reflects any just representation of its primitive contents; for the very unfaithful though ingenious editor of the succeeding reprint in 1610, † curtailed and modernized several of the early legends to his own time and taste, as he avowed in the following advertisement

"To the Reader.

"To acquaint you, in briefe, with what is done in this impression; know, that the verse is in proportion, by measure, and in symphonie or rithmos in divers places amended. The storie, in some places false and corrupted, made historically true: the tragedies, wrongly inserted, disposed in their proper places, according to just computation of time: those never before collected in one volume, published in this impression. For the forme and frame of the whole historie, I did intend to have reduced it into the same order which I have observed in my additions: but, prevented by other reasons, I have thus digested it. The tragedies from the time of Brute to the conquest, I have left with dependencie upon that induction written by M. Higins. Those from the conquest to this our last age; that is, to the fall of the Lord Cromwell; excellently well penned by M. Drayton, ‡ hath reference to that golden preface called M. Sackvil's Induction. After

* Reprinted in Nicols's edition.

† And first entitled "A Mirror for Magistrates, &c." See the 2d title in CENSURA, iii. p. 4.

‡ Drayton's Legend of Lord Cromwell had been separately published in 4to. 1607.

these I have placed my additions:—the falles of such princes as were before omitted, and my poem or hymne of the late dead Queene, of famous memorie. In all which I require no other gratification for my paines, but a gentle censure of my imperfections.”

Niccols omitted the metrical histories of James the First of Scotland, by Baldwin; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by Segar; with James the Fourth; and the Battle of Brampton, by Dingley: and he added of his own composition a poetical induction; with ten new histories of King Arthur, Edmund Ironside, Prince Alfred, Godwin Earl of Kent, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, King Richard the First, King John, King Edward the Second, the two young Princes, (Edward the Fifth, and Richard Duke of York) King Richard the Third.* To these he prefixed the title of

A Winter Night's Vision. Being an addition of such Princes especially famous, who were exempted in the former Historie. By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Mag. Hall. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston. 1610.

From the following elegant sonnet-dedication to this part of his book, Mr. Warton † inferred that the author was on board the Lord Admiral's ship (the Ark) when Cadiz was taken in 1596.

“To the Right Hon. the Lord Charles Howard, Earle of Nottingham, Baron of Effingham, Knight of

* This seems to have been substituted by Niccols in lieu of Segar's legend on the same subject, to which it is greatly superior.

† Hist. of E. P. iii. 271.

the most noble Order of the Garter, Lord High Admirall of England, Ireland, and Wales, &c. one of his Majestie's most Honourable Privie Counsell."

As once that dove (true honor's aged lord!)
 Hovering with wearied wings about your Arke,
 When Cadiz' towers did fall beneath your sword,
 To rest her selfe did single out that barke: *
 So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout
 Conducted through the sea's wild wilderness
 By your great selfe, to grave their names about
 Th' Iberian pillars of Jove's Hercules;
 Most humbly craves your lordly lion's aid
 'Gainst monster Envie, while she tells her storie
 Of Britaine princes and that royall maid
 In whose chaste hymne her Clio sings your glorie:
 Which if (great lord) you grant, my Muse shall frame
 Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

Your Honor's ever most humblie devoted

RICHARD NICCOLS."

An Address to the Reader on two pages, and a metrical induction extending to three leaves, follow: then ten histories, before enumerated, occupy from p. 561 to 769 of the volume. Then succeeds a new title page, with a wood-cut of Q. Elizabeth, inscribed

England's Eliza: or the victorious and triumphant reigne of that Virgin Empresse of sacred memorie, Elizabeth, Queene of England, France and Ireland, &c. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kingston. 1610.

* This circumstance is also recorded by Niccols in his poem of *England's Eliza*, p. 861, where a marginal note affirms that the author was then present.

Another

Another sonnet-dedication follows this title, which (as well as the above) having been displaced from many of the copies, is here supplied.

"To the vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Clere, wife to the Right Worshipfull Sir Francis Clere, Knt."

My Muse, that whilome wail'd those Briton kings
 Who unto her in vision did appeare,
 Craves leave to strengthen her night-weather'd wings
 In the warme sunshine of your golden Clere;
 Where she (faire Ladie) tuning her chast layes
 Of England's Empresse to her hymnicke string
 For your affect, to heare that Virgin's praise,
 Makes choice of your chast selfe to heare her sing:
 Whose royall worth (true virtues paragon)
 Heere made me dare t' ingrave your worthie name;
 In hope that unto you the same alone
 Will so excuse me of presumptuous blame,
 That gracefull entertaine my Muse may find,
 And ever beare such grace in thankfull mind.

Your Ladiships ever humblie at command,

RICHARD NICCOLS."

A prose address on one page, and a poetical induction on 8, precede the historical narrative, which occupies more than 90 pages. His induction exhibits the following honourable tribute to the memory of Spenser:

"O did that Fairie Queene's sweet singer live,
 That to the dead eternitie could give!
 Or, if that Heaven by influence would infuse
 His heavenlie spirit on mine earth-born Muse:
 Her name ere this a mirror should have been,
 Lim'd out in golden verse to th' eyes of men.
 But my sad Muse, though willing, yet too weak
 In her rude rymes Elizaes worth to speak;

Must

Must yeeld to those, whose Muse can mount on high,
And with brave plumes can climb the loftie skie."

Niccols * will be found a melodious versifier, if not a first-rate poet; and was the author of many other productions, which remain to be mentioned. T. P.

ART. IV. *A very godly Letter made by the right honourable Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord Deputie of Ireland, and Lord President of Wales; now xxv yeeres past; unto Phillip Sidney his sonne, then of tender yeeres, at schoole in the towne of Shrowesbury, with one M. Astone. Most necessarie for all yoong gentlemen, to be carried in memorie: with an excellent Epitaph of the life and death of the said Lord President: both which being put in print, at the humble request of one William Gruffith of Core-daney, in the countie of Angles, sometime Clarke of his Kitchen. Printed at London by T. Dawson, 1591. small 8vo. one sheet.*

This very pious, sensible, and affectionate letter from Sir Henry Sidney to his celebrated son Philip, when a boy, will be found with some slight variations in Vol. I. of the Sidney papers published by Collins: but the present tract contains "a postscript by my lady Sidney, written in the skirts of my Lord President's letter, to her sayd sonne Philip," not reprinted in that collection. The Epitaph, which extends to nine pages, I have not seen elsewhere; nor does the name of Griffith occur as a verse-maker of the sixteenth

* In 1793, died at Lench, co. Worc. æt. 101, Wm. Niccols, a labouring man, said to be the poet's descendant. *Gent. Mag.* LXIII. p. 282. *Editor.*
century

century in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*. To some readers therefore the following memorial may be acceptable for its rarity ; and to others, on account of the distinguished personage whom it records. If the poetry be not of the highest order, the vocation of the author must plead his excuse.

*The Epitaph of the worthie Knight Sir Henrie Sidney,
Lord President of Wales.*

" How fraile and fickle stands the state
of mortall creatures here,
The late eclips of Sidney's sonne
doth make it plaine appeere;
Whose pearles praise triumphant fame,
oft caus'd to scale the skies,
And standes for sundry rare exploits
a mirrour to mens eies;
Till gastfull death, with dismaile dart,
procur'd through envie's spight,
Untwin'd his twist, brake of his threed,
and dim'd his splendent light.
Oh why should man be puf't with pride,
or beare a loftie sayle?
Sith death doth in a moment make
the hawtest courage quayle.
No state so strong, no fort so firme,
no bulwarke halfe so sound;
But soone is topsie turvie turn'd,
and tottring dasht to ground.
Let Sidney's fall a mirrour bee,
in whom alone did rest
All gallant gifts that ever lodged
in mortall creature's brest.

And in our late queene Marie's time,
 among the Irish crewe,
 He treasurer and chiefe-justice was,
 their furie to subdue.

Where he lord deputie thrise bare rule,
 and eight whole yeeres remain'd;
 And six and twentie yeeres of Wales
 stoode president unstain'd.

In both which seats of government
 he was so just and right,
 As both may happles wish to match
 with such a peerles knight.

For money hourclie hudling in,
 and fines fast following still,
 Whereby, if he had thirst for wealth,
 he might have had his fill :

But he by nature was so franke,
 and pondred so his charge,
 As by no purchase, fraude, nor force,
 he would his lands enlarge.

But, with his old demaines well pleas'd,
 he all the rest applide
 To benefit her Highness' state,
 as dutie had him tide.

The castle that in Dublin standes,
 and Ludlowe's castle brave,
 Are patterns plaine how with his wealth
 he did himselfe behave.

For both neere tottring, like to fall,
 so gorgeously he deckt,
 That both are famous every where
 for every rare respect.

Let

Let envie therefore glut her gorge
upon our Sidney's life,

Let Zoilus with reprochfull termes
unsheath his carping knife;

Let grislie spite with poysned throate
not spare to speake her worst,

Let rancor rage, let furies fret,
let hatred's belly burst :

Let hedious death, with all his force,
doo what it can to spot

His rare exploits, and from fame's rule
his famous facts to blot :

Yet books shall ever blaze his prayse :
but if all books should quayle,

His monuments to sound abroad
his fame will never fayle :

But if those fade, whiles men do live,
whiles wood and stones remaine,

Whiles time beares rule, and time being past,
whiles endlesse blisse doth raigne,

From east to west, from north to south,
his name, unless fame shall flee ;

And from the pole Antarticke fast
to Artick, he shall hie.

Dame Nature fram'd him for the nonst,*
in such a curious frame,

As skill, nor art, nor wisdom's lore,
should imitate the same.

Revengement none he deem'd so great
as spare when he might spill :

Full oft he staide, when he might strike,
and sav'd when he might kill.

* i. e. nonce, des.

Disdainfull pride, contentious jarres,
 a quenchlesse prowling mind,
 A double tongue, or fleeting faith,
 in him no place could find.

And, to be briefe, might vertues rare
 preserv'd our Sidney's life;
 His corpse had never felt the brunt
 of Atropos his knife.

But what is past, is past all hope;
 nothing more sure than death:
 Scipio, Cyrus, Caesar, stout,
 have been depriv'd of breath.

Now hath her Highness lost a peere,
 the court, a courtier brave;
 Now hath the countrey lost a guide,
 the realme, a counsailor grave.

Shall Caldea weepe for Moses' want?
 shall Crete for Minos waile?
 Shall Thebes for Tremegistus sobbe?
 shall Troy for Priam quaille?

Hath Athens lost a Solon sage,
 and Greece a Nestor wise?
 And shall they both their patrons losse
 lament in ruthfull guise?

And shall not we of Cambrie coast
 salt brinish teares distill;
 And for our Sidney's late deceasse,
 toull forth our dolefull knill?

Yes, doubtless yes; both yong and old,
 rich, poore, both weake and strong,
 Both great and small, of Sidney's death
 soundes forth their mournfull song.

And

And would with trubling thrilling teares
 their Phenix death lament;
 But that from cinders his they hope
 an other will be sent :

Who both in forme, in shape, in shew,
 in grace, in faith, and fame;
 In pompe, in power, in gifts and glee,
 will raise his father's name.

And therefore Death was foule deceiv'd,
 and mist his purpose quite;
 In seeking to suppress his name,
 by darking of his light.

For as the man, whom Jason strake
 in bosome with his knife,
 Brake his enpostume, and for death
 did lengthen long his life;

So Mors, in minde through envie's hate
 to darken Sidney's name,
 Hath now, by vomiting of his spite,
 enlarged much his fame.

And as Calisto, to a beare
 being turn'd through Immo's * spight,
 Was plac'd by Jove in azurde skies
 to be a starre most bright;

So Sidney's corps, by death subdued,
 and rest of yitall breath,
 In sprite doth peerce the cristall clowdes,
 and live to conquere death :

And, Virbius-like, again revives,
 like fame abroad doth reepe;
 His noble offspring in each point
 their father's course doo keepe.

* *Miss Juno's.*

Our Sidney therefore he is safe,
 though death, thy force were showne,
 Thou nought of his, save bones, retainst,
 his sp'rit to skies is flowne.

As much of him as smelt of earth,
 so much in earth he left ;
 The rest, ordained to endlesse blisse,
 Jehova to him reft.

Hence, therefore, Death ! go shake thine cares,
 and triumph in thy trash ;
 Thy power, thy force, thy shaft, thy dart,
 our Sidney downe doth dash :

And if thou hast none other meane
 to plague whom thou doest spight,
 Then, Death, let Sidney's happy lot
 upon our shoulders light.

Make us remaine where Sidney raigues ;
 for that a life well led
 Importes an happie blissfull state,
 when as the corps is dead.

Our Sidney therefore, living well,
 most vertuous, just and pure ;
 No doubt but that in heaven's blisse
 he hath his seat most sure.

Which state God graunt to all the imps,
 that beares our Sidney's name !
 And whiles that in this vale they dwell,
 they gaine no lesser fame.

WILLIAM GRUFFITH."

The Postscript of Lady Sidney is omitted here, as it will be found under the article of Mary Countess of Pembroke, in the forth-coming edition of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors. T. P.

ART. V. *Ecclesiastes, otherwise called the Preacher: containing Salomans Sermons or Commentaries (as it may probably be collected) upon the 49 psalme of David his father. Compendiously abridged, and also paraphrastically dilated in English poesie, according to the analogie of Scripture, and consent of the most approved writer thereof. Composed by W. L. Gentleman. Wheretunto are annexed sundrie sonets of Christian Passions heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented, with other affectionate sonets of a feeling conscience, of the same authors. (Ps. cxliv. 3, 4. motto.) London: Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blacke-friers neare Ludgate. 1597. 4to.*

Dedicated "to the ladie of rarest vertues Q Eliz. by her Highnes' faithfull subject, Henrie Lok." Certaine poems to the author of the worke are signed,

A. H. S. (Lat)

John Lilly, (ib.)

L. P. (ib.)

H. A. (Eng.)

M. C. (Eng.)

Sonnet to the Queen's most excellent Majestie.

Ecclesiastes Paraphrased, to chap. 12, (17 pages.)

Sonnet. "Aduē to world's vaine delight."

Sundry Psalmes. of David translated into verse, as briefly and significantly, as the scope of the text will suffer,

suffer, by the same author. (Ps. 27, 71, 119, 121, 130.)

Sundry Christian Passions, contained in two hundred Sonnets. Divided into two equall parts: the first consisting chiefly of meditations, humiliations, and prayers; the second, of Comfort, Joy, and Thanksgiving. By H. L. London, Printed by Richard Field, 1597.

Dedicated "to the right renowned vertuous Virgin Elizabeth, worthy Queene of happie England." (A sonnet.)

A square in verse of a 100 monosyllables only: describing the cause of England's happin esse.

After the 200 sonnets follow

"Sundry affectionate sonets of a feeling conscience," 100 in number, with an epilogue-sonnet.)

"An Introduction to peculiar prayers." 20 Sonnets; with a prefatory and concluding sonnet.

Sonnets of the Author to divers, collected by the printer; and thus severally addressed,

To the Abp. of Canterbury.

To Sir Tho. Egerton, Ld. Keeper.

To Ld. Burghley, Ld. High Treasurer.

To the Earl of Essex, Great Master of the Horse.

To Ld. Cha. Howard of Effingham, Ld. High Admiral.

To Ld. Cobham, Ld. Chamberlaine of the Household.

To Ld. North, Treasurer of the Household.

To Ld. Buckhurst.

To Sir Wm. Knowles, Controller of the Household.

To

To Sir John Fortescue, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To Sir Robt. Cecil, Knt. Principal Secretary.

To the E. of Oxford, Ld. Great Chamberlain of
England

To the Earle of Northumberland,

To the E. of Shrewsburie.

To the E. of Cumberland.

To the E. of Sussex.

To the E. of Southampton.

To the Ld. Zouch.

To Ld. Willoughbie of Eresbie.

To Ld. Burrowes.

To Ld. Mountjoy.

To the Ld. of Hunsdon.

To Toby [Mathews,] Bp. of Duresme.

To Sir John Popham, Knt. Ld. Chief Justice of
England.

To Sir Edmund Anderson, Knt. Ld. Ch. Just. of the
Common Pleas.

To Sir Wm. Perram, Knt. Ld. Chief Baron of the
Exchequer.

To Sir Wm Russell, Ld. Deputie of Ireland.

To Sir. W. Raleigh, Ld. Warden of the stanneries.

To Sir John Norris, Ld. Generall of her Majesty's
forces in Ireland.

To Sir Francis Veare.

To Sir John Stanhop, Treasurer of the Chamber to
her Majesty.

To Sir Edw. Dyer, Chr. of the order of the Garter.

To Sir Hen. Killegrew.

To Robt. Bowes, Esq. Embassadour to Scotland.

To Fulke Grevill, Esq. (afterwards Lord Brooke.)

To the Rev. Dr. Andrews, Professor in Divinitie.

To

To Richd. Carew * of Anthony, Esq.
 To Robt. Moyle of Bake, Esq.
 To Lady Marquisse of Northampton.
 To the Countess of Darby.
 To the Countess of Cumberland.
 To the Countess of Warwicke.
 To the Countess of Pembroke.
 To the Countess of Essex.
 To Lady Scroope.
 To Lady Rich.
 To the Lady of Hunsdon.
 To Mrs. Eliz. and Anne Russel.
 To Mrs. Frances Loges.
 To Lady Southwell.
 To Lady Cecill.
 To Lady Hobbye.
 To Lady Layton.
 To Lady Woollic.
 To Lady Carey.
 To Mrs. E. Bowes.
 To the Ladies Attendants in the Court.
 To his Honourable and beloved friends.
 To the Gentlemen Courtiers in generall.

A single specimen of these plausible sonnettings is likely to suffice: and the following has been chosen, as it is particularly specified by our poetical historian, † and quoted by Mr. Todd in his edition of Spenser. ‡

* This gentleman, in his Survey of Cornwall, 1602, seems to speak of Henry under the name of Michael Lock, who he says—"addicteth himselfe to an ecclesiastical life, and therein jeyning poetry with divinity, endeavoureth to imitate the holy prophet David, whose psalmes of his translation into English metre receive the general applause," &c.

† Vol. III. p. 445.

‡ Vol. II. p. ccxiii.

"To

“To the Right Honorable the Lord of Buckhurst.

As you of right impart, with peeres in sway
 Of common weale, wherein by you we rest;
 So hold I fit to yeeld you every way
 That due, the which my powre affoordeth best:
 But when I call to mind, your pen so blest,
 With flowing liquor of the Muses' spring;
 I feare your daintie eare can ill digest
 The harsh-tun'd notes, which on my pipe I sing.
 Yet since the ditties of so wise a king,*
 Can not so lose their grace, by my rude hand,
 But that your wisdome can conforme the thing
 Unto the modell doth in margent stand;
 I you beseech blame not (though you not prayse)
 This work, my gift; which on your favour staves.”

Wood† terms Henry Lok, “a divine poet;” from the portions of scripture, doubtless, which he undertook to paraphrase; but Warton, with more philological propriety, denominated him the Mævius of his age.‡ “Lok however (he candidly adds) applied the sonnet to a spiritual purpose, and substituting christian love in the place of amorous passion, made it the vehicle of humiliation, holy comfort, and thanksgiving.” So, it may be observed, did Barnes in a century of sonnets, printed in 1595, and intended hereafter to be noticed. In a dramatic satire on the poets of the time, entitled “The Return from Parnassus,” Lok is thus coupled with Hudson, a partial translator of Du Bartas, and a panegyrist of Scottish poets;§ “Locke and Hudson, sleep you, quiet shavers, among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nook amongst

* Solomon. † Athen. Oxon. I. 289. ‡ Hist. of E. P. IV. 9.

§ See the early poetry of K. James, and Leyden's edition of Scottish descriptive poems published.

old boots and shoes: so, you may avoid my censure." Wood informs us, that Lok having either taken a degree, or had it conferred at Oxford, retired to the court, and was received into the patronage of a noble Mæcenas. In this courtly retirement probably it was, and under the roof of his noble Mæcenas, that he placed the *calendarium regiae*, or red-book for 1597, before his tranced eyes, and addressed a presentation sonnet to every person of distinction, who attended at the royal levee. This is fairly supposable from the list already displayed: but even for this, Warton has offered the following graceful apology. "It was then a common practice, by unpoetical and empty panegyrics, to attempt to conciliate the attention and secure the protection of the great; without which it was supposed to be impossible for any poem to struggle into celebrity. Habits of submission, and the notions of subordination, now prevailed in a high degree: and men looked up to peers, on whose smiles or frowns they believed all sublunary good and evil to depend, with a reverential awe. Chapman closed his translation of the *Iliad* with sixteen sonnets, addressed to the chief nobility; Lok on the same plan, subjoined a set of secular sonnets to his paraphrase of *Ecclesiastes*; and, not to multiply more instances, Spenser (in compliance with a disgraceful custom, or rather in obedience to the established tyranny of patronage) prefixed to the *Fairy Queen* fifteen of these adulatory pieces, which in every respect are to be numbered among the meanest of his compositions." *

T. P.

* Hist. of E. P. III. 445. Ritson considered Lok as author of the legend of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, by H. L. but the poem seems superior to Lok's capability.

ART. VI. *The Castell of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoynd The Holde of Humilitie; with the Chariot of Chastitie thereunto annexed. Also a Dialogue betweene Age and Youth; and other matters herein contained. By James Yates, Servingman. 1582.*

Reade, but not deride,
 Accuse not without cause :
 Such hastic doome accordeth not
 With reason, nor her lawes.

London. Imprinted by John Wolfe, dwelling in Distaffe Lane, neere unto the signe of the Castle. 4to.

A second title, after fol. 8, runs thus :

The Hould of Humilitie: adjoynd to the Castle of Courtesie. Compiled by James Yates, Servingman.

Captious conceits
 good reader doe dismiss :
 And, friendly weigh
 the willing minde of his,
 Which more doth write
 for pleasure then for praise,
 Whose worthlesse workes
 are simplie pend alwaies.

London. Imprinted (as above.)

A third title near the middle of the book runs thus :
The Chariot of Chastitie, drawne to publication by dutiful Desire, GoodWill, and Commendation. Also a Dialogue betweene Diana and Venus. With Ditties devised at sundrie idle times, for recreation sake :

sake: set downe in such wise as insueth by James Yates. London. Imprinted (as above) 1582.

Herbert discovered from the stationers' register that such a book as this was licensed to John Wolfe, in 1581;* but he had not seen it. The solitary copy now before me is imperfect; and appears to have been preserved from utter demolition by Mr. T. Martin † of Palgrave, the Suffolk antiquary, and to have descended from the curious collection of Major Pearson to the select library of Mr. Steevens, in whose sale-catalogue it will be found briefly designated at No. 1134. As the author was an uneducated menial, little probably was ever known, and still less can now be discovered concerning him. That he was a Suffolk man is presumable from his addressing verses to a person who visited Ipswich, and from writing an epitaph on a Mrs. Pooley of Badley. The different divisions of his book are inscribed to his approved good master and mistress Henry Reynowls, Esq. and his wife Elizabeth Reynowls, to whom he adds acrostical verses, which afford no better proofs of his poetical taste than the alliterative titles to his labours. The following lines however are creditable to his moral sentiment, and have been divested of their ancient orthography, that they may be read with greater pleasure.

“Verses on Friendship.

Under the cope and glittering hue of heaven
Are all the joys allotted by decree;
Yet is there none that may compared be
Unto a friend that never is uneven:
But doth remain all one in constancy.

* Typogr. Antiq. p. 1186.

† Hearne calls him “honest Tom Martin,” in Peter de Langtoft.

But

But for such friends as are but friends in sight,
 They do deceive; incertain is their trust;
 They prove untrue, they moulder like the dust:
 But ah! a friend that stands in friendly right,
 He is a friend, as needs confess I must.

Now if one find a faithful friend indeed,
 Then keep him still, as jewel that is rare;
 Be sure of this, to have on him a care;
 For why? he will remain a friend at need,
 As trial tells, and truth doth well declare."

Mr. Steevens had placed a particular mark, for a very obvious reason, before a copy of "Verses written at the departure of the writer's friend *Will S.* when hee went to dwell at London:" but he, doubtless, found from the context that this passage could not be metamorphosed into "*Warwickshire Will.*"

T. P.

ART. VII. *The Famous History of Frier Bacon. Containing the wonderful things that he did in his life; also the manner of his death, with the lives and deaths of the two Conjurers Bungey and Vandermast.*

Very pleasant and delightful to be read.

Blijdschap doel, hel leven verlangen.

With a curious wood-cut from the story of Frier Bacon's brazen head. Black letter, without date.

This tract, containing the traditional history of this celebrated frier, the source of many a fable, is indeed "very pleasant to read," and is interspersed with

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N

many

many *chansons à boire*, and jocund ballads. My reason for introducing it as an object of literary attention is to copy the following chapter; which I take to be the origin, whence the author adopted the plot of the popular farce of "No Song no Supper."

"How Miles, Friar Bacon's man, did conjure for meat, and got meat for himself and his Host."

"Miles chanced one day upon some business, to go some six miles from home, and being loath to part with some company that he had, he was belated and could get but half way home that night: to save his purse he went to one's house, that was his master's acquaintance: but when he came, the good man of the house was not at home, and the woman would not let him have lodging. Miles seeing such cold entertainment, wished that he had not troubled her, but being now there, he was loath to go any farther, and therefore with words he persuaded her for to give him lodging that night. She told him that she would willingly do it, if her husband were at home, but he being now out of town, it would be to her discredit to lodge any man. "You need not mistrust me," (said Miles) "for I have no thought to attempt your chastity; lock me in any place where there is a bed, and I will not trouble you till to-morrow that I rise." She thinking her husband would be angry if she should deny any of his friends so small a request, consented that he should lye there, if that he would be locked up: Miles was contented, and presently went to bed, and she locked him into the chamber where he lay. Long had not he been a bed, but he heard the door open; with that he 'rose, and peeped through a chink of the partition, and saw an old man come in: this man set

down his basket that he had on his arm, and gave the woman of the house three or four sweet kisses, which made Miles his mouth run with water to see it. Then did he undo his basket, and pulled out of it a fat capon ready roasted and bread; with a bottle of good old sack; this gave he unto her, saying, "Sweet-heart, hearing thy husband was out of town, I thought good to visit thee. I am not come empty handed, but have brought something to be merry withall; lay the cloth sweet honey, and let us first to banquet, and then to bed." She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bid her: they were not scarce set at the table, but her husband returning back, knocked at the door. The woman hearing this was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old lover; but looking on her apron strings, she strait found (as women use to do) a trick to put herself free from this fear; for she put her lover under the bed, the capon and bread she put under a tub, the bottle of wine she put behind the chest, and then she did open the door, and with a dissembling kiss welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason why that he returned so quickly. He told her that he had forgot the money that he should have carried with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to taste of the capon and the wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was: she told him an acquaintance of his, that entreated lodging there that night. He bid her open the door, which she did, and let Miles out. He seeing Miles there, bid him welcome, and bad his wife set them some meat on the table: she told him that there was not any ready, but prayed him to keep

his stomach till to-morrow, and then she would provide them a good breakfast.

“ Since it is so, Miles” (said the good man) “ we must rest content, and sleep out our hunger;” “ Nay, stay,” said Miles, “ if that you can eat, I can find you good meats: I am a scholar, and have some art.” “ I would fain see it,” (said the good man) “ You shall,” quoth Miles, “ and that presently.” With that Miles pulled forth a book out of his bosom, and began his conjuration in this fashion.

“ From the fearfull Lake below,
From whence spirits come and go,
Streightway come one, and attend
Frier Bacon's Man and Friend.”

“ Comes there none yet?” quoth Miles, “ then I must use some other charm.

“ Now the Owl is flown abroad,
For I hear the croaking Toad,
And the bat that shuns the day
Through the dark doth make her way.
Now the Ghosts of Men do rise,
And with fearful hideous Crys,
Seek revengement (from the good)
On their heads that spilt that blood:
Come some spirit, quick, I say,
Night's the Devil's Holy Day:
Where e'er you be in dens or lake,
In the Ivie, Ewe, or Brake:
Quickly come and me attend,
That am Bacon's Man and Friend.
But I will have you take no shape
Of a Bear, a Horse, or Ape:

Nor

Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible."

"Now he is come," quoth Miles, "and therefore tell me what meat you will have, mine host." "Any thing Miles," said the good man, "what thou wilt." "Why then," said Miles, "what say you to a capon." "I love it above all meat," said the good man. "Why then a capon you shall have, and that a good one too. Bemomy spirit that I have raised to do me service, I charge thee seek and search about the earth, and bring me hither straight the best of capons ready roasted." Then stood he still a little, as though he had attended the coming of his spirit, and on the suddain said, "it is well done Bemo, he hath brought me, mine host, a fat capon from the king of Tripoli's own table, and bread with it." "I; but where is it, Miles," said the host. "I see neither spirit nor capon." "Look under the tub," quoth Miles, "and there you shall find it." He presently did and brought (to his wife's grief) the capon and bread out. "Stay," quoth Miles, "we do yet want some drink that is comfortable and good: I think, mine host, a bottle of Malego sack were not amiss; I will have it. Bemo, hast the to Malego, and fetch me from the governour a bottle of his best sack."

"The poor woman thought that he would have betrayed her and her lover, and therefore wished that he had been hanged, when that he came first into her house. He having stood a little while, as before, said, "well done Bemo, look behind the great chest, mine host;" he did so, and brought out the bottle of sack. "Now," quoth he, "Miles, sit down and welcome to thine own cheer. You may see, wife," quoth he, "whata man of art can

do, get a fat capon and a bottle of good wine in a quarter of an hour, and for nothing, which is best of all: come, good wife, set down and be merry; for all this is paid for, I thank Miles."

"She sate, and could not eat one bit for anger, but wished that every bit they did eat, might choak them: Her old lover too that lay under the bed all this while, was ready to bepiss himself for fear, for he still looked when that Miles would discover him.

"When they had eaten and drunk well, the good man desired Miles, that he would let him see the spirit that fetched them this good cheer. Miles seemed unwilling, telling him that it was against the laws of art to let an illiterate man see a spirit, but yet for once he would let him see it; and told him withall, he must open the door and soundly beat the spirit, or else he should be troubled hereafter with it: and because he should not fear it, he would put it into the shape of some one of his neighbours.

"The good man told him that he need not to doubt his valour, he would beat him soundly: and to that purpose he took a good cudgel in his hand, and did stand ready for him. Miles then went to the bed side, under which the old man lay, and began to conjure him with these words.

"Bemo, quickly come appear,
Like an old man that dwels near;
Quickly rise, and in his shape,
From this house make thy escape:
Quickly rise, or else I swear,
I'll put thee in a worse fear.

"The old man seeing no remedy, but that he must needs come forth, put a good face on it, and rose from under

under the bed: "behold my spirit," quoth Miles, "that brought me all that you have had. Now be as good as your word and swaddle him soundly." "I protest," said the good man, "your devil is as like good man Stumpe the tooth-drawer, as pome-water is like an apple. Is it possible that your spirit can take other men's shapes? I'll teach this to keep his own shape." With that he did beat the old man soundly, so that Miles was fain to take him off, and put the old man out of door; so after some laughing to bed they all went: but the woman could not sleep for grief, that her old lover had had such hard usage for her sake."

The next chapter relates "how Fryer Bacon did help a young man to his sweetheart, which Fryer Bungey would have married to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding;" and contains the following song, which I shall extract as a specimen of the poetry. "And there an end!"

To the tune of "I have been a Fidler, &c."

And did you not hear of a mirth that befell
the morrow after a wedding day,
At carrying a Bride at home to dwell;
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The Quintin was set, and the Garlands were made;
'tis pity old Customs should ever decay:
And woe be to him that was horst on a Jade,
for he carried no credit away, away.

We meet a Consort of Fiddle-de-dees—
we set them a cock horse, and make them to play
"The winning of Bullen," and "Upsyfrees,"
and away to Twiver away, away.

There was ne'er a lad in all the Parish,
 that would go to Plow that day :
 But on his fore horse his Wench he carries,
 and away to Twiver, away, away.

The Butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
 the Maidens did make the Chamber full gay :
 The Serving men gave me a Fudling Cap,
 and I did carry it away, away.

The Smith of the Town his Liquor so took,
 that he was persuaded the ground look'd blue,
 And I dare boldly swear on a Book,
 such Smiths as he there be but a few.

A Posset was made, and the women did sip,
 and simpering said they could eat no more :
 Full many a Maid was laid on the lip :
 i'll say no more, but so give o'er.

O. G.

**ART. VIII. *Sketch of the Life and character of
 Dr Joseph Warton, with an account of Mr. Wooll's
 Memoirs of him.***

The Rev. John Wooll, a Wykehamist, now master of Midhurst school, in Sussex, has just published, in a quarto volume, the Life, Poems, and Correspondence of Dr. Joseph Warton. I shall venture, as I have done in the case of Dr. Beattie, to make a few extracts and remarks on it.

It appears that Dr. Warton, was born at the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, at Dansfold in Surrey, in April, 1722. His father,

father, as is well known, was Vicar of Basingstoke, in Hampshire, had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and was himself a poet: as is proved by a posthumous volume, published by this, his eldest son, with the following title.

Poems on several occasions. By the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, Batchelor of Divinity, late Vicar of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and sometime Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Nec lusisse pudet. HOR.

London. Printed for R. Manby and H. S. Cox, on Ludgate Hill. 1748. 8vo. pp. 228. Dedicated to Fulwar, Lord Craven.

It was published by subscription. The editor had it some time in hand. In a letter to his brother Thomas, dated 29 Oct. 1746, he says, "Since you left Basingstoke, I have found a great many poems of my father's, much better than any we read together. These I am strongly advised to publish by subscription, by Sir Stukely Shuckburgh, Dr. Jackson, and other friends. These are sufficient to make a six shilling octavo volume; and they imagine, as my father's acquaintance was large, it would be easy to raise two or three hundred pounds; a very solid argument in our present situation. It would more than pay all my father's debts. Let me know your thoughts upon this subject; but do not yet tell Hampton, or Smythe, who would at first condemn us, without knowing the prudential reasons, which induce us to do it." The author died in the preceding year, 1745.

But Joseph Warton had already published a quarto pamphlet of his own poems, as I shall particularize presently. He was admitted on the foundation of
Winchester

Winchester college, 1736, and soon distinguished himself for his poetical talents. As early as Oct. 1739, he became a contributor to the poetry of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in conjunction with his friend Collins, and another; by some verses entitled "*Sappho's Advice*," signed *Monitorius*, and printed at p. 545.* In 1740, he was removed from Winchester, and being superannuated, was entered of Oriel College, Oxford.

How he spent his time at Oxford may be guessed from the following interesting and eloquent passages of a letter to his father. "To help me in some parts of my last collections from Longinus, I have read a good part of Dyonisius Halicarnassus: so that I think by this time I ought fully to understand the structure and disposition of words and sentences. I shall read Longinus as long as I live: it is impossible not to catch fire and raptures from his glowing style. The noble causes he gives at the conclusion for the decay of the sublime amongst men, to wit, the love of pleasure, riches and idleness, would almost make one look down upon the world with contempt, and rejoice in, and wish for toils, poverty and dangers, to combat with. For me, it only serves to give me a greater distaste, contempt, and hatred of the *Profanum Vulgus*, and to tread under foot this ἀγενεστότατον πάθος, as thoroughly below, and unworthy of man. It is the freedom, you give me, of unburdening my soul to you, that has

* It is worth remarking how many first productions of persons of genius this Magazine has ushered into the world. In the same month appears Akenside's "*Hymn to Science*," dated from "*Newcastle upon Tyne*," 1739; in the next page appears a juvenile sonnet by Collins, signed *Delicatus*; and in the next month, p. 599, is inserted Mrs. Carter's beautiful Ode to Melancholy.

troubled

troubled you so long : but so it is that the next pleasant thing to conversing with you, and hearing from you is writing to you : I promise myself a more exalted degree of pleasure next vacation, by being in some measure better skilled to converse with you than formerly."

In 1744 he took his degree of A.B. was ordained on his father's curacy, and officiated there, till Feb. 1746. In this year he published,

"Odes on various subjects.

Ἐχρευσσε δ' ἀμφὶ σάν κηδάραν

Φῶβε ποικιλόθριζ,

Νεβροῦς ὑψικόμων περαν

Βάινετ' ἐλατᾶν σφυρῶ κέφῳ,

Χαίρετ' εὐφροني μολπᾶ.

Euripides in *Alceste*.

By Joseph Warton, B. A. of Oriel College, Oxon. London. Printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall, and sold by M. Cooper in Paternoster Row, 1746." 4to. pp. 47.

The greater part of these have been republished by Mr. Wooll. There seems no sufficient reason for what he has omitted. The whole have been lately reprinted for Sharpe's edition of the Poets.

In the following year he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the small rectory of Wynslade, at the back of Hackwood Park, a pleasing and picturesque retirement, which gave him an opportunity at once of gratifying an ardent attachment by marriage, and pursuing his poetical studies. Two years afterwards he was called to go abroad with his patron; and on this occasion his brother, Thomas, wrote that beautiful "Ode sent to a friend on leaving a favourite village in Hampshire,"

Hampshire," which alone, in my opinion, would place him in the higher order of poets ; and which is one of the most exquisite descriptive pieces in the whole body of English poetry. Every line paints, with the nicest and most discriminative touches, the scenery about Wynslade and Hackwood.

" Ah! mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !"

&c. &c.

" For lo! the Bard, who rapture found
In every rural sight and sound ;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste
No charm of genuine nature pass'd ;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers!"

The first of T. Warton's sonnets is also addressed to Wynslade: and the images in several of his other poems are drawn from this neighbourhood. *

In about six months, when they had advanced no farther than Montauban, Dr Warton left his patron, and returned to his family. He now dedicated his whole time to the Translation of Virgil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics*: which he soon afterwards published, with Pitt's Translation of the *Æneid*, and the original Latin of the whole; accompanied by notes, dissertations, commentaries, and essays. This work was

* The lines which begin

" Musing through the lawny park"

I presume to allude to Hackwood; &c.

well received; and Oxford conferred the degree of A. M. by diploma on the Editor.

At this time Dr. Johnson, in a letter dated 8 March 1753, applied to him from Hawksworth to assist in the *Adventurer*. "Being desired," says he, "to look out for another hand, my thoughts necessarily fixed on you, whose fund of literature will enable you to assist them, with very little interruption of your studies," &c. &c. "The province of Criticism they are desirous to assign to the Commentator on Virgil."* His first paper, I believe, is No. 49, 24 April, 1753, containing "a Parallel between ancient and modern learning." His communications are undoubtedly the best of the whole work; and are written with an extent of erudition, a force of thought, and a purity, elegance, and vigour of language, which demand very high praise.

He now planned to unite in a volume, and publish "Select Epistles of Angelus Politianus, Desiderius Erasmus, Hugo Grotius, and others," a part of a design for a History of the Revival of Learning, which had also been agitated by his brother, and his friend Collins; but which unfortunately none of them executed.

In 1754 he obtained the living of Tunworth, near Wynslade; and in 1755 was elected second Master of Winchester school.

In 1756 he published the first volume of his "Essay on the genius and writings of Pope:" "A book," says the supercilious Johnson, "which teaches how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 224.

may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight;" but which, as it counteracted the stream of fashion, and opposed long received prejudices, did not meet with unqualified approbation. He did not put his name to it, nor did he communicate the information to many of his literary friends; but it was immediately known to be his. Richardson, I think, calls it an amusing piece of literary gossip. Richardson, though a genius, was not a man of literature; or he never could have called it "gossip." The critical observations are almost always just, original, and happily expressed; and discover a variety of learning, and an activity of mind, which are entitled to admiration. It is true that his method is often abrupt and desultory: but it is dullness, or ignorance, alone, which mistakes formality of arrangement, and the imposition of a philosophic manner, for depth of thought, and novelty of instruction.

The Essay drew forth, in due time, Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, a poor jejune performance, written with all the sterility and narrowness of a Special Pleader.

In 1766 Dr. Warton succeeded to the Head-Mastership of Winchester school. In 1772 he lost his first wife. About this time he became a member of the literary club in London. In Dec. 1773, he remarried Miss Nicholas. In 1782, he obtained from Bishop Lowth a prebend of St. Paul's, and the living of Chorley, in Hertfordshire; which last he exchanged for that of Wickham, in Hants.

In this last year, 1782, he gave the world the second volume of his "Essay on Pope," of which the publication had been retarded by motives of a delicate and laudable nature.

In

In 1786 he suffered a most severe affliction in the loss of his second son, the Rev. Thomas Warton, Fellow of New College, Oxford, a young man of high talents and acquirements, and four years afterwards he lost his beloved brother, with whom he had always enjoyed a mutuality of affections and studies, of a very uncommon kind.

In 1788 he obtained, through the interest of Lord Shannon, a prebend of Winchester cathedral. He soon after obtained the Rectory of Easton, which he exchanged for that of Upham.

Being now at the age of 71, he resigned his school on 23 July 1793, and retired to his Rectory of Wickham, "carrying with him the love, admiration, and esteem of the whole Wykehamical society."

"That ardent mind," says Mr. Wooll, "which had so eminently distinguished the exercise of his public duties, did not desert him in the hours of leisure and retirement; for inactivity was foreign to his nature. His parsonage, his farm, his garden, were cultivated and adorned with the eagerness and taste of undiminished youth; whilst the beauties of the surrounding forest scenery, and the interesting grandeur of the neighbouring shore, were enjoyed by him with an enthusiasm innate in his very being. His lively sallies of playful wit, his rich store of literary anecdote, and the polished and habitual ease, with which he imperceptibly entered into the various ideas and pursuits of men in different situations, and endowed with educations totally opposite, rendered him an acquaintance both profitable and amusing; whilst his unaffected piety and unbounded charity, stamped him a pastor adored by his parishioners. Difficult indeed would

would it be to decide, whether he shone in a degree less in this social character, than in the closet of criticism, or the chair of instruction."

He did not however sink into literary idleness. In 1797 he edited the works of Pope in 9 vols. 8vo. The notes to this edition, which necessarily include the greatest part of his celebrated Essay, are highly entertaining and instructive. But Dr. Warton was severely, and, it may be added, illiberally, attacked for inserting one or two somewhat indecent pieces in this edition, which had hitherto been excluded from his collected works. The most harsh of these attacks came from the author of the Pursuits of Literature: something, no doubt, must be deducted from the violence of one, whose professed object was satire; but the grey hairs and past services of Warton ought to have protected him from excessive rudeness; and these over-nice critics might, with a proper regard to consistency, have demanded the exclusion of several other works of Pope. It must not be concealed, however, that Beattie agreed in some degree with these censurers. "I have just seen," says he, "a new edition by Dr. Joseph Warton, of the works of Pope. It is fuller than Warburton's; but you will not think it better, when I tell you, that all Pope's obscenities, which Warburton was careful to omit, are carefully preserved by Warton, who also seems to have a great favour for infidel writers, particularly Voltaire. The book is well printed, but has no cuts, except a curious caricature of Pope's person, and an elegant profile of his head."*

Warton was not however deterred by the blame he

* Forbes, II. 320.

thus

thus suffered, from entering upon an edition of Dryden; which alas! he did not live to finish; though he left two volumes ready for the press. This however is the less to be regretted as a similar undertaking is now in the hands of Mr. Walter Scott.

He died 23 Feb. 1800. æt. 78, leaving behind him a widow; one son, the Rev. John Warton; and three daughters; of whom only the youngest was by the last wife.

Such are the outlines of Dr. Warton's life; in which I have not confined myself to Mr. Wooll's Memoir, having inserted a few trifling notices from personal knowledge. I cannot here transcribe at length the delineation of his moral and literary character, with which his biographer concludes the present publication: but in the brief observations I shall make with candour, yet with frankness, my opinion both of that, and of the success with which Mr. Wooll has executed his task, will appear.

Let me own then, that the volume now presented to the world, in some respects, does not quite answer my expectations. The life itself, considering it comes from one, who was a native of Winchester, who was brought up under Dr. Warton, and who seems to have had the advantage of all the family papers, is rather too sparing, not merely of incident, which literary men seldom supply, but of remarks, opinions, anecdotes, habits of study, and pictures of mind. In truth a great deal of what it tells, was known before. It is written with much talent, and elegance; and every where exhibits the scholar and the man of virtuous sentiment. But perhaps the important duties of Mr. Wooll's station have not given him

time to fill his mind with all, which probably may be called the idlenesses of modern literature, but which are yet necessary to give a rich and lively interest to the memoirs of a modern author; more especially of one, whose own mind abounded in that kind of knowledge.

In the next place, the correspondence which War-ton himself left for publication, and which therefore, as it was well known how long and how widely he had been connected with persons of genius, excited the strongest curiosity, is, for the most part, slight and unimportant. It is true, the letters are, every one of them, those of eminent people: but scarce any one written with any effort; or upon interesting subjects. What can have become of the letters of the Wartons themselves? Or did they find no time, or no talent for epistolary exertion? For here are, I think, only sixteen of Dr. Warton; and only two of T. Warton. A few of them have nothing to do with either of the Wartons. Two or three of Dr. Johnson are interesting, as they relate to Collins, the poet.

Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton, March 8, 1754.

***. "How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers, or literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. What do you hear of him? Are there

there hopes of his recovery? Or is he to pass the remainder of his life in misery and degradation? Perhaps with complete consciousness of his calamity!"

Again, Dec. 24, 1754. *** "Poor dear Collins! Let me know, whether you think it would give him pleasure, if I should write to him. I have often been near his state; and therefore have it in great commiseration."

Again, April 15, 1756. *** "What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter, which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune; and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider, that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change; that understanding may make its appearance, and depart; that it may blaze and expire!"

Collins died in this very year 1756. It is singular that, after Dr. Johnson had written about him with such ardent and eloquent affection, he could at a long subsequent period, when time generally meliorates the love of departed friends, and memory aggrandizes their images, speak of him with such splenetic and degrading criticism in his "Lives of the Poets." Those lives, especially of his contemporaries, powerful as they often are, have gone further towards the suppression of rising genius, than any book our language has produced. They flatter the prejudices of dull men, and the envy of those who love not literary pursuits; and on this account, in addition to the wonderful force with which they are composed, have obtained a dangerous popularity, which has given a full effect to their poison.

The next best letter, is one, and indeed the only one, by Mrs. Montagu, whose correspondence always shines

velut inter ignes
Luna minores,

in whatever work it appears.

Mrs. Montagu, to Dr. Warton, 17 Sept. 1782.

***. "By opening to us the original and genuine books of the inspired poets, and distinguishing too what is really divine in them, you lead us back to true taste. Critics that demand an ignorant submission, and implicit faith in their infallibility of judgment, or the councils of learned academies, passing decrees as arbitrary, could never establish a rational devotion to the muses, or mark those boundaries, which are rather guides than restraints. By the candor and impartiality, with which you examine and decide on the merits of the ancients and moderns, we are all-informed and instructed; and I will confess I feel myself inexpressibly delighted with the praises you give to the instructor of my early youth, Dr. Young, and the friends of my maturer age, Lord Lyttelton and Mr. West. Having ever considered the friendship of these excellent persons as the greatest honour of my life, and endeavouring hourly to set before me their precepts, and their examples, I could not but be highly gratified by seeing you place a guard of laurel round their tombs, which will secure them from any mischievous impressions, envy may attempt to make. I do not love the wolf and the tiger, who assail the living passenger; but most of all beasts I abhor the vampire, who violates the tomb,
profanes

profanes the sepulchre, and sucks the blood of sleeping men—cowardly, cruel, ungenerous monster! You and your brother are critics of another disposition; too superior to be jealous, too good to be severe, you give encouragement to living authors, protection to the memories of those of former times; and instead of destroying monuments, you bestow them. I have often thought, with delighted gratitude, that many centuries after my little Essay on Shakspeare is lost and forgotten, the mention made of it in the History of English Poetry, the Essay on Pope, and Mr. Harris's Philological Enquiries, will not only preserve it from oblivion, but will present it to opinion with much greater advantages than it originally appeared with. These reflections afford some of the happiest moments to

“ Yours, &c. &c.

“ ELIZ. MONTAGU.”

To the juvenile poetry of Dr. Warton, which is here republished, scarce any thing new is added. Perhaps I may think that Mr. Wooll has rated his powers in this way, if we judge from these remains, a little too high; though there are some striking and appropriate traits in his delineation of them. Yet I must admit that “The Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature,” written at the age of 18, is a rich and beautiful descriptive poem; and I will indulge no hyper-criticisms upon it. The Odes it is impossible to avoid comparing with those of his friend and rival, Collins, which were published in the same year, at the same age; and it is equally impossible to be blind to their striking inferiority. The

Ode to Fancy has much merit; but it seems to me to want originality; and to be more an effort of memory, than of original and predominant genius. The finest lines, consisting of 28, which begin at verse 59, were inserted subsequent to the first edition, a circumstance not noted by Mr. Wooll. The Ode to Content, (not in the first edition) in the same metre as Collins's Ode to Evening, has great merit: but here again we are unfortunately too strongly reminded of its exquisite rival.* Warton has also an Ode to Evening, in which are some good stanzas. "The Dying Indian;" and more particularly "The Revenge of America," are very fine; but the latter is too short for such a subject, and ends too abruptly. On the whole, I cannot honestly subscribe to Mr. Wooll, where he says: "There breathes through his poetry a genuinely spirited invention, a fervor which can alone be produced by an highly-inspired mind; and which, it is to be presumed, fairly ranks him amidst what he himself properly terms, "the makers and inventors;" that is, the "real poets." There seem to be wanting these original and predominant impressions, that peculiarity of character, which always accompany high genius, and which are exhibited in the poetry both of his brother Thomas, and his cotemporary Beattie.

* Dr. Warton, in a note to Milton's Translation of the 5th Ode, Lib. i. of Horace, in his brother's edition of that poet, says: "In this measure, my friend and schoolfellow, Mr. William Collins, wrote his admired Ode to Evening; and I know he had a design of writing many more Odes without rhyme." T. Warton goes on to say, that "Dr. I. Warton might have added, that his own Ode to Evening was written before that of his friend Collins; as was a poem of his, entitled "The Assembly of the Passions;" before Collins's favourite Ode on that subject." Mr. Wooll has inserted a prose sketch on this subject; but no poem.

This

This opinion, if just, will not detract from Dr. Warton's critical talents. The power which feels, and the power which originates poetry, are totally distinct. The former no writer seems to have possessed with more exquisite precision, than Dr. Warton; and I do not mean to deny that he possessed the latter in a considerable degree: I only say that his powers of execution do not seem to have been equal to his taste.

But Dr. Warton's fame does not rest upon his poetry. As a critic in polite literature he stands in the foremost ranks. And Mr. Wooll, who being educated under him had the best opportunity of forming a just opinion, has delineated his character as a teacher with the highest and most discriminate praise. His vivacity, his benevolence, and his amiable temper, and moral excellencies have long been known; and are celebrated by his biographer with a fond admiration. But I must say, that Mr. Wooll, in his dread of "descending to the minutiae of daily habits," has not left us a portrait sufficiently distinct. Nor has he given us any sufficiently bold touches, such as we had a right to expect in the life of one of the Wartons; while, unfortunately, here are scarce any original letters to supply the deficiency. I had hoped to have found materials for an interesting and energetic character; but, what Mr. Wool has omitted, it would be rash for a stranger to attempt.

Mr. Wooll however promises another volume, and though I cannot hope that my suggestions will have any influence with him, yet perhaps some one of more authority may induce him to favour the public with a supplementary account.

July 23, 1805.

ART. IX. Concerning the different classes in the kingdom of Denmark, 1016. By Baron Maseres.

In the first volume of this work, p. 28, I have given an account of the “*Emmæ Encomium, &c.*” extracted from Duchesne’s *Scriptores Normanni*, and edited by Baron Maseres. I have been favoured with two additional sheets, to that very learned and interesting volume, which, I hope, will soon be given to the public; and from which I am permitted to copy some important additions to the following words, at p. 13.

“*Omnes enim erant nobiles, omnes plenæ ætatis robore valentes, omnes cuius pugnæ satis habiles, omnes tantæ velocitatis, ut despectui eis essent equitantium pernices.*”

Additional note concerning the different classes of men in the kingdom of Denmark in the beginning of the 11th century; or about A. D. 1016.

* * * * *

The foregoing passage of the *Encomium Emmæ* plainly shews that there were at this time in Denmark several men in a state of slavery, called in this passage *servi*; and others that were freed-men, or that, after having been slaves, had been made free, *ex servi liberti*, and a third set of men who had always been free, but were not noble, and who are in this passage called *ignobiles*, and who probably were the husband-men and handicrafts-men of the country; and, lastly, a fourth set, who were called noblemen, *nobiles*, and who seem to have been the warriors, or military part of the people, and who must have been very numerous, since

since all the whole army of Canute the Dane, when he invaded England after the death of king Swein, his father, is said to have been composed of men of this class, *omnes enim erant nobiles*. And the people of England were, probably, at this period distinguished into different classes of nearly the same kinds. At least it is certain that, before the Norman conquest as well as after it, the great body of the cottagers and handicrafts-men, (such as blacksmiths, millers, and cart-wrights,) in country villages were slaves, or what our old law-books call *Villains regardant*, or belonging, to the manor, or *servi adscriptitii glebæ*, and were alienated, as such, by name, together with their families, and all the goods and chattels they were possessed of, by their lords, or owners. Of this we have a notable example in the history of Crowland-Abbey in Lincolnshire, written by Ingulphus, (who was made abbot of that celebrated monastery by king William, the Conqueror, in the year 1076,) in the grant of the manor of Spalding in Lincolnshire to the said abbey of Crowland, by Thorold, a (gentleman of high station and large possessions in that county,) in the year 1051, which was fifteen years before the invasion of England by William, Duke of Normandy. This grant is in these words :

“ Ego, Thoroldus de Bukehale, coràm nobilissimo Domino meo, Leofrico, Comite Leycestriæ, et nobilissimâ Comitissâ suâ Dominâ Godivâ, sorore meâ, cum consensu et bonâ voluntate Domini et cognati mei, Comitæ Algari, primogeniti et hæredis eorum, Donavi et Tradidi Deo et Sancto Guthlaco Croylandiæ, in manibus Domini Wlgati, Abbatis dicti Croylandensis monasterii, ad fundationem Cellæ Croylandensisium

sium Monachorum, in honorem sanctæ Dei genitricis, sempérque virginis, Mariæ, in villâ de Spalding; totum manerium meum situm juxtâ parochialem Ecclesiam ejusdem villæ, [inter manerium prædicti domini mei Leofrici Comitis, et ripam occidentalem fluminis ejusdem villæ] cum omnibus terris et tene-mentis, redditibus, servitiis, averiis, et utensilibus, quæ habui in dicto manerio, et in dictâ villâ, et in campis ejus, tam in parte orientali fluminis quàm in ejus parte occidentali, cum omnibus appendiciis suis; scilicet,

“ Colgrinum, præpositum meum, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus et mariscis, absque aliquo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Item Hardinum, fabrum, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus et mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Item Lefstanum, carpentarium, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus et in mariscis, absque aliquo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Item Ryngulphum, primum, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque aliquo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Item Elstanum, piscatorem, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Item Gunterum Liniet, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ

villâ et campis ejus et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Outy Grimkelson, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ, et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Turstanum Dubbe, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ, et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Algarum nigrum, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ, et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Edricum, filium Siwardi, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ, et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Osmundum, molendinarium, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Besi Tuk, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis et in mariscis ejus, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Elmerum de Pyncebek, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ et in campis ejus, et in mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento:

“ Item Gouse Gamelson, et totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis et catallis quæ habet in dictâ villâ

et

et in campis ejus et mariscis, absque ullo de omnibus retinemento :

“ Istos servos meos, et omnia bona et catalla eorum, cum omnibus cotagiis quondam meis, situatis in orientali parte fluminis circa ligneam capellam sanctæ Mariæ in villâ de Spalding, ab antiquo,* Croylandensi monasterio pertinentem, cum omnibus juribus et aliis rebus appendentibus, Dedi Deo et Sancto Guthlaco, ad constructionem prædictæ cellæ, una cum omnibus piscationibus meis tam in mariscis adjacentibus quàm in mari ad dictam villam accedente, in liberam et perpetuam Ele-mosynam meam, pro salute animæ meæ et animarum omnium progenitorum et parentum meorum.

“ Istud meum Chirographum apud Leycestriam, in præsentia multorum Christi fidelium ibidem in die sancto Pentecostes collectorum, anno Dominicæ Incarnations M.L.I. Ego Thoroldus signo sanctæ Crucis confirmavi. †

“ Ego, Wlfinus, Episcopus Dorcestrensis, ratificavi. †

“ Ego, Wlgatus, Abbas Croylandiæ, gaudens acceptavi. †

“ Ego, Lefwinus, Abbas Thorneyensis, collaudavi. †

“ Ego, Leofricus, Comes, concessi. †

“ Ego, Godiva, Comitissa, diu istud desideravi. †

“ Ego, Algarus, Comes, consensi. †

“ Ego, Turnerus, Capellanus Domini mei Wlfini, Episcopi Dorcestrensis, præsens affui. †

* Id est, ut opinor, [ab antiquo tempore.]

“ Ego,

"Ego, Wulnarus, Capellanus ejusdem domini mei Wlfini Episcopi, auscultavi. †

"Ego, Sitricus, Capellanus dicti domini mei Wlfini, aspexi. †

"Ego, Stanardus, minister domini mei Comititis Leofrici, interfui. †

"Ego, Fulco, monachus Croylandiæ, applausi. †

"Ego, Pigotus, monachus Thorneiensis, conspexi. †

"Ego, Livingus, Clericus, istud Chirographum manu meâ scripsi, et domino Thoroldo, Vicecomiti, tradidi, prædicto Wulgato, Abbati Croylandiæ, de manu in manum donandum."

See Gale's edition of the *Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores veteres*, in three small folio volumes printed at Oxford in the year 1684, Vol. I. page 86.

In this grant, or Chirograph, (as it is there called,) we see that thirteen inhabitants of the town, or village, of Spalding, with all their family, *totam sequelam suam*, and all their goods and their cattle in the said town, are transferred, or made-over, by name, to the abbot of Crowland, as appendages to the manor of Spalding, by Thorold, their former lord, or owner. And among these we find a man named Colgrin, who is called the *Præpositus* of Thorold in the said manor, which I take to be his bailiff, or chief manager of his concerns and interests in the said manor; and another man named Harding, who is called *Faber*, and seems to have been the blacksmith of the town of Spalding; and a third named Lefstan, who is called *Carpentarius*, and whom I suppose to have been the cart-wright, or maker of carpenta, or carts, in the same town; and a fourth named Elstan, who was a fisherman;

fisherman; and a fifth named Osmund, who was a miller. There is therefore no manner of ground for the opinion that some persons have been inclined to adopt, and which formerly prevailed amongst many of the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell's army about the year 1647, "that in the time of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs of England, and particularly in the reign of the great and good king Alfred, every man in England was perfectly free, and that slavery was first introduced into this kingdom by the Norman conquest." That conquest was certainly an unjust invasion and usurpation, and produced a great deal of misery in England by dispossessing all the English gentry who opposed it, that is, in the end of the Conqueror's reign, (after the suppression of numerous rebellions against his authority,) of almost all the English gentry in the kingdom, of their estates, which the Conqueror granted away to his Norman, and other foreign, supporters: but it made no change as to personal liberty in the kingdom, and but little affected the peasantry of the country, who only changed their masters, and became the dependants of their new Norman land-lords, or grantees of confiscated estates, in the same manner and upon the same conditions and services, (whether as slaves, or villains regardant, or as free-men,) as they had before been the dependents of their former English land-lords.

It may further be observed concerning the foregoing grant of the manor of Spalding, that the manner of executing it by the grantor and the grantee, and the other persons whose consent was necessary to its confirmation, and the manner of attesting the execution of it by the other persons above-mentioned who were
only

only witnesses of it, was not by either signing their names to it or affixing their seals to it, but by making the sign of the cross after their several names, which were written at the end of the instrument by Living, the clerk, or priest, whom Thorold had employed to prepare and write it out. The art of writing was not, in this remote age, and even for three or four centuries after it, known to, or practised by, the generality of people in England, even in the upper ranks of life, but was confined to the clergy and the monks, or some of them, who had received a learned education, and the scriveners, or other practisers of some branch of the profession of the law. And the other manner of executing written instruments, by putting a seal upon some melted wax at the bottom of the instrument, which is now in use, had not yet been introduced into England, but was so fifteen years after, or at the time of the conquest, and was then very strongly enforced by the authority of the Conqueror, to the exclusion of the former practice of executing written instruments by each party's affixing the sign of the cross immediately after his own name that had been written by the clerk, or scrivener, who had prepared and written out the instrument. And the very name of these instruments of the conveyance, or transfer of lands, which had till then been called chirographs, was changed to the word charters, which has ever since continued in use. This we are distinctly told by Ingulphus in page 70 in the following words: "*Alias etiam consuetudines [Normanni] immutabant. Nam Chirographorum confectio- nem Anglicanam, (quæ antea usque ad Edwardi Regis tempora fidelium præsentium subscriptionibus, cum crucibus aureis, aliisque sacris signaculis, firma fuerunt,)*"

fuerunt,) Normanni condemnantes, Chirographa Chartas vocabant, et chartarum firmitatem cum cereâ impressione per uniuscujusque speciale sigillum, sub instillatione trium vel quatuor testium astantium conficere constituebant.

It may further be observed concerning the foregoing grant of the manor of Spalding to the abbot of Crowland, that it was ratified, or confirmed, by Wulfin, Bishop of Dorchester, because both Spalding and Crowland Abbey were at that time in the diocese of Dorchester, the seat of which diocese was afterwards, (in a famous English ecclesiastical council, consisting of bishops and abbots of monasteries, holden, first, at the festival of Easter in the 6th year of the reign of King William the Conqueror, A.D. 1072, in the King's chapel in the castle of Winchester, and afterwards in the following festival of Whitsuntide, in the same year, at the royal town (villâ regiâ) of Windsor, in the presence of the king himself and of Hubert, the legate of pope Alexander the IInd.) transferred to the city of Lincoln, as we are informed by the following passage of Ingulphus, in page 9: "In isto eodem Consilio Statutum est et decretum, secundum scita Canonum, quod Episcopi, transeuntes de villis, transferrent sedes suas ad suarum Diocesium civitates. Dorcastrensis ergo migravit in Lincolniam, Lichfeldensis in Cestriam, Selesiensis in Cicestriam, Shireburnensis in Salesbiriâ, et Ælmanensis in Thetford. Lindisfarnensis autem à diù transierat in Dunelmum."

ART.

ART. X. *The Manners and Customs of the principal Nations of Europe. Gathered together by the particular observation of James Salgado, a Spaniard, in his Travels through those Countries; and translated into English by the Author's care. Anno 1684. London, printed by T. Snowden, for the Author. 1684. pp. 4. Folio.*

This little tract displays great discrimination of character in the various manners and peculiarities of the German, Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, and Spaniard, in counsel, faith, love, stature, clothes, science, &c. &c.

The original Latin, and its translation, are printed in parallel columns; and the following selection may be sufficient to shew the genius of the work; which is rather satirical, and often severe on the Spaniards.

In Fide.

Germanus retinet promissum; Diffidit Anglus;
Esse levem Gallum frons probat; Italia
Respicit ut Centrum sua commoda: Nec dubitamus
Hispani Genium dicere fraude malum.

In Faith.

The German's firm; the English doth distrust;
The French unstable, light as summer's dust;
The Italian does, as int'rest bids, believe;
The Spaniard's faith is, that he may deceive.

In Animo & Audacia.

Urna etenim es, Germane, ferox; Ac, ut Leo sævus,
Anglia; Galle, quidem nunc Aquilam sequeris;
Itale, tu spectas cantæ vestigia Vulpis;
Hispanusq, Elephas, pondera magna feret.

In Courage and Mind.

Rough like a bear, the Germans seem to us;
 Like lions the English, great and generous;
 Quick piercing eagle-like the French; no less
 Th' Italian fox-like, thrives by craftiness;
 The Spaniard bears an elephant-like state,
 Majestic, slow, grave, and deliberate.

Birmingham.

W. H.

ART. XI *A Booke of the Inuention of the Art of
 Nauigation, and of the greate trauelles which they
 passe that saile in gallies. Compiled by the
 famous Sir Anthonie of Gueuara, Bishop of Mon-
 donnedo, Preacher, Chronicler and Counsellor unto
 the Emperour Charles the Fift.*

* *

*Dedicated by the said Authour, vnto the famous
 Sir Frances de la Cobos, great Comptroller of Leon,
 and Counsellor vnto the said Emperour Charles the
 Fift. Wherin are touched most excellent antiqui-
 ties, and notable aduertisements for such as saile in
 gallies.*

* *

*Imprinted at London for Ralph Newberrie dwel-
 ling in Fleete streete. Anno 1578.**

“To the Right Honourable the Lord Charles Ha-
 ward, Baron of Effingham, and Knight of the most
 noble Order of the Garter: Edward Hellowes wisheth
 long life, with the fullnesse of all perfect felicitie.

* A small quarto, not paged, and has only the printer's marks. See *list* 905.

“Right

“ Right Noble,

“ I not onely directed by the glorious Gueuara in this example, and treatise which he dedicated vnto a noble man of Spaine, and in singular fauor with the Emperour Charles the Fifte; but also constreyned with the oppression and burthen of your bountie, wanting all other mean either of abilitie or facultie, to discouer my dutiful affection, with the more boldnes, not without regard of the mildnes of your humantie, with an humble feare to be noted of mine owne parte, of some presumption, or want of due consideration of any imperfection of the matter, do present, respecting your age and honour annexed unto the rare vertues of fortitude and temperance, with the experience of the sea and sea matters, with shippes and shipping, wherein approued trial, no lesse worthie credite, hath made knowne vnto all persons not insensible, your readines and aptnes in all weathers, to manure not only the meanest matters, as all maner of cordage and tackle within boord, namely sheat, halliard, bowline, tacke and helme, with such other, as also the vse and practise of the *Astrolabe*, *Balistilio*, *Carde* and *Compassse*, but also the diligent searche in knowledge, of all capes, forelands, shores, portes, creekes, hauens, races, tides, bankes, and rockes: all which things although not vsuall to noble men, and yet most necessarie vnto all manner persons, that haunteth the seas: expresseth kinde to be an assured guide, to yeld vnto your honour more expertnes than is common or easily obteyned, to be heyre and successour of Neptune's charge and gouernement: this small treatise, (as a subiecte in nature) were it of worthines sufficient, most due unto your honour. But barren prouision impayring my
good

good meaning, forceth me to present vnto your honour, the handfull of water, (as it were) which was presented vnto the mightie Artaxerxes, who with such mildnes did accepte the same, that he said no lesse noblenesse did consist in receyuing small thinges, then to giue great and mightie giftes. Right humbly beseeching, that it may please your honour, not onely to receiue this simple present in good part, but my sincere meaning into your good favour: I shall not cease with fortified minde to craue the Omnipotent GOD to giue your honour large and vertuous increase to the noblenes of your minde, as also the concludung and most absolute felicitie, which yeeldeth happines in all worlds.

“Your Honours

“Most humble to commaund,

“EDWARD HELLOWES.”

“To the Reader.

“Right Christian Reader, dedicating my selfe vnto thy good disposition, by this smal treatise, I giue thee thee to vnderstand, of the first and old inuention, as also the inuenters, chiefly of gallies, as also of shippes: by whiche deuice wee generally conceiue all countries to obtaine participation of eache others commodities: sea fishing with the profits and nourishment thereof obteyned: as also the territories of diuers countries defended: with diuers and many such others. Wherein of the other part, if I should alledge the opinion of certeyne, whiche affirme, that so vnremoueable bounds declareth Gods omnipotent ordināce, that euery country so diuided ought to content themselues to liue, by the gifts of the same God and countrie: and that God’s justice

justice consenteth not vnto so great mischeifes, which both first and last shippes and gallies not onely by murders and slaughters haue been committed, but also by transporting excessiue vanities, aduauncing this world's insolencie, would not growe ouerlong and tedious, but also somewhat besides the matter. But to the purpose, thou hast also (gentle reader) herein to vnderstãd the opinions of diuers philosophers, which in their owne persons would neuer consent vnto Nauigation, wherein as mee seemeth they haue discovered their owne weaknes of al men to be noted, but not of all persons to be imbraced. Also the mightie and famous pirates of old time, to be meruailed how they might atteine vnto so great power and continuance; and in the end vnto so miserable destruction. Also priuileges somewhat straunge which they vse in gallies, of all persons which meane to haunt the same to be noted. Also the subtile disposition of the sea and perillous properties thereof aptly declared. As also the necessarie prouision for passengers, therein to be vsed. Farewell."

Then follows "A Letter Missiue, or Dedication of the Authour, vnto the renowned Sir Fraunces de la Cobos," and then the Introduction.

ART. XII. *Characters and Elegies. By Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet. Printed in the Yeere MDCCXLVI. [1646] 4to. pp. 68.*

This well-bred person, (says Wood)* who was numbered among the poets of his time, was born of an

* Athen. Oxon. ii. 189.

ancient and knightly family at Wortley in Yorkshire, became a Commoner of Magdalen College, Oxon. in 1608, at the age of 17; was made a Knight in 1610, and a Baronet in the following year; being then esteemed an ingenious gentleman. Afterwards settling on his patrimony, he trod in the steps of his worthy ancestors, in hospitality, charity, and good neighbourhood. But when he saw a predominant party in the parliament (Nov. 1640) that were preparing to raise an army against their Sovereign, he collected a troop of horse in the royal cause, and being made colonel, fortified his mansion of Wortley-hall, did good service, and was much valued by the king. When the parliamentarians prevailed, Sir Francis was taken prisoner, committed to the tower of London, and lost most of his estate from his unshaken loyalty. At his release he compounded for that part of his possession which was left, in Goldsmith's Hall, became much in debt, lived in the White Friars near Fleet-Street, and died there, says his biographer, but the time of his decease is unknown.

Wood mentions as his productions:—A poem in commiseration of the sorrows and sufferings of the most virtuous and most unfortunate princess Elizabeth, Q. of Bohemia, 1641, 4to. (See *CENSURA*, II. 188.)

A Declaration from York, in vindication of himself from divers aspersions, 1642, 4to.

Mercurius Britannicus, his welcome to Hell, &c. Written against Maréumont Nedham, author of the *Mercurii Britannici*, 1647, 4to.

A loyal song of the Royal Feast, kept by the prisoners in the Tower, in Aug. 1647.

But his characters and elegies appear to constitute his

his chief claim to remembrance as an *author*. Whether they were *published* seems doubtful, as no bookseller's name occurs in the title-page. The characters are in prose, and delineate "His Royal Majestic." [Cha. I.] "The Queene's Majestic." [Henrietta Maria.] "The hopefull Prince." [Cha. II.] "The illustrious James, Duke of York." [James II.] "A noble Generall." "A true English Protestant." "An Antinomian, or Anabaptisticall Independent." "A Jesuite." "A northerne Lady, as she is Wife, Mother, and Sister." "The Politique Neuter." "The Citie Paragon." "A sharking Committee-man." "Britannicus his pedigree." "The Phœnix of the Court."

The elegies are mostly consecrated to those worthies who lost their lives in the King's service, and are concluded by short epitaphs in Latin prose on Robert Earl of Lindsay, Spencer Earl of Northampton, Robert Earl of Kingston, Robert Earl of Carnarvon, Three sons of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, Lucius Visct. Falkland, Sir Charles Cavendish, Two sons of the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Richard Hutton, Sir Bevil Granville, Sir Wm. Evers, Sir Tho. Metham, and Sir Wm. Wentworth, Sir John Smith, Sir Henry Spelman, Col. Slaney, Henry Morton,* Colonels Howard, Heron, Fenwick, Lambton, Clavering, and Carnaby, Countess of Dorset, Francis Quarles.

During the author's imprisonment he composed some lines distinguished by sage reflection and apposite illustration, as the following specimen will shew.

"What's Liberty, it should be so desir'd

'Tis only when denied to men, admir'd.

* Son of Sir George Morton, Bart. who married the sister of Sir Francis Wortley.

We're more displeas'd with the least negative
 Than pleas'd with all that God to man can give.
 We're scarcely pleas'd with God's great'st blessings,
 health

And liberty, unless God give us wealth.
 But once imprison'd in our beds, and then
 We wish the use of these good things agen:
 Yet whilst we had them we scarce knew their good,
 They were Heaven's blessing, but scarce understood.
 'Tis then the use makes happy men, not having
 Of that we use not well, or still are craving
 More than we have; be it or more or lesse,
 A thankfull state is man's true happiness!
 Imprisonment, admit it ne'er so close,
 Is to a wise man but his soule's repose;
 And the lesse roome he hath, his soul's more free
 Than when she had her wanton liberty.
 Weak eyes cannot endure the glaring light
 Of the bright sun, nor things which are too white;
 These do disperse the radii of the eyes,
 We better can endure the cloudy skies:
 Were I immur'd so I could see no sun,
 My soule her winged horses could out-run;
 I could with Heaven a correspondence keep,
 As Jonas did, close prisoner in the deep.
 Men in the deepest pits see best by far
 The sun's eclipses; and finde every star
 When sight's contracted and is more intent:
 So is men's souls in close imprisonment!"

This interesting volume is inscribed "to the Lovers
 of Honour and Poesie, whose constitutions are even
 and equal, not overbalanced with earthly and base
 metal, but who love honour and gallantry in any man,
et virtus in hoste probatur."

T. P.

ART.

ART. XIII. *Wit's Recreations. Containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs; variety of Fancies and Fantasticks: good for melancholly humours. London, printed by Tho. Cotes for H. Blunden. 1641.*

Such was the second title-page of this metrical oglio. The first has been given at p. 66. It was again set forth in 1654, 1663, 1667, and 1683, with enlargement, and new prefixes, nearly like the following:

Recreation for Ingenious Head-pieces: or a pleasant Grove for their Wits to walk in. Of Epigrams 700; Epitaphs, 200; Fancies, a number; Fantasticks, abundance; with their new addition, multiplication and division. London. Printed by S. Simmons, and sold by T. Helder, &c.

The following lines on Tusser, the agricultural poet, serve to shew that he did not profit by his own preceptive points of good husbandry and housewifery.

No. 278. *Ad Tusserum.*

"Tusser, they tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou, teaching thrift, thy self couldst never thrive:
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt."

One more may be admitted for the sake of the person it celebrates.

No. 136. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

"Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw
Which north and south do bound:

The

The stars above would make thee known,
 If men were silent here;
 The Sun himselfe cannot forget }
 His fellow-traveller."

T. P.

ART. XIV. THOMAS CAREW.

From Oldys's MS. notes.

"The first edition of Carew's Poems was in 1640; the second in 1642; the third in 1651. Among Sir Richard Fanshawe's Poems are two of Carew's Sonnets, translated into Latin. Carew's Sonnets were more in request than any poet's of his time; that is, between 1630, and 1640. They were many of them set to music by the two famous composers, Henry, and William Lawes, and other eminent masters, and sung at court in their masques, &c.

"He was present at the dispute between Mrs. Crofts and Thomas Killigrew; and perhaps umpire between them. And this is the dispute which was finely painted by Sir Anthony Vandyke, and is *now*" (continues Oldys) "in the possession of the Prince of Wales. I cannot understand that the Prince is acquainted with the subject of this picture. Mrs. Crofts afterwards married *him* (qu. Killigrew?) See Tho. Carew's Poems, 8vo. 1640, p. 135. I think she's not in the picture."

ART. XV. *George Wither's Patent.*

"James by the Grace of God, &c. To all and singular Printers and Booksellers, &c. Whereas our well-beloved

loved subject George Withers, Gentleman, by his great industry and diligent study hath gathered and composed a book, intituled "Hymns and Songs of the Church" by him faithfully and briefly translated into lyric verse, which said book being esteemed worthy and profitable to be inserted in convenient manner and in due place into every English Psalm-book, in metre; We give full licence, power, and privilege unto the said George Withers, his executors, to imprint or cause to be imprinted the said book for the term of fifty years. Witness ourself at Westminster, the 17th day of February, Regni 20, Anno 1622."

Rymer's Acta Publica, Tom. XVII. p. 454, cited in Kennet's Register, p. 649.

ART. XVI. *Three Brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 111.]

16. JOHN BRIDGES, ESQ.

John Bridges, Esq. of Barton-Seagrave, in Northamptonshire, a celebrated antiquary and topographer, was son and heir of John Bridges, Esq. who purchased that estate, by Elizabeth, sister of Sir William Trumball, Secretary of State, and was born at Binfield in Berkshire, about 1666. His grandfather was Col. John Bridges * of Alcester in Warwickshire; not related to the Chandos family, nor bearing arms of any similitude to them, but said to be descended from Ireland.

* From Brooke Bridges, of Grove in Middlesex, his 2d son, who was Auditor of the Imprest, is descended Sir Brooke Bridges, of Goodnestone, in Kent, Bart.

He

He was bred to the Law, and a Member of Lincoln's Inn, of which he at last became Benchet. His practical attention to his profession was probably prevented by his prospect of a private fortune, and the lucrative places, which he enjoyed. In 1695 he was appointed Solicitor of the Customs; in 1711 Commissioner of the same; and in 1715, Cashier of Excise. He was one of the Governors of Bethlehem Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In the latter end of his life, about 1719, he began to form Collections towards a History of Northamptonshire; and employed several persons of abilities and skill, to make drawings, collect information, and transcribe such monuments and records as were essential to his purpose. In this manner it is said he expended several thousand pounds. The Transcripts thus collected extend to upwards of thirty volumes in folio: besides five volumes, quarto, containing accounts of churches, &c. and four smaller volumes, in his own hand-writing. But Mr. Bridges never proceeded to compose any part of the work himself.

He was a man in the highest degree qualified to direct such an undertaking. His judgment was sound, and his learning various and extensive. As an investigator of antiquities, his skill and diligence procured him great respect from many who were most eminent in that line; some of whom, and particularly Hearne, the celebrated Oxford antiquary, have borne very honourable testimony to his knowledge, and professed themselves indebted to his friendly communications. His collection of books was so judicious, that the catalogues of his library, printed after his decease, were
long,

long, and are still, retained as valuable by every curious collector.

He died 1724, at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

His MSS. came into the hands of his brother and heir, William Bridges, Esq. Secretary to the Stamp-Office; and have at length, after many attempts and delays, formed the basis of the History of Northamptonshire, published in two volumes, folio, 1791, by the late Rev. Peter Whalley.

Extracted from Whalley's Preface to the above History of Northamptonshire.

17. DR. RICHARD WILKES, the Historian of Staffordshire.

The short memoir, which I shall insert of this very learned antiquary, is drawn from the History of my late lamented friend, the Rev. Stebbing Shaw, who died in the midst of his most useful, and, I will add, almost wonderful, labours, of a dreadful bilious attack, which overwhelmed his faculties, and brought him in less than a fortnight to his grave, in Oct. 1802, at the premature age of 40. To his memory I will endeavour to do justice hereafter, without suffering my friendship entirely to supersede my judgment.

Dr. Richard Wilkes was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Wilkes of Willenhall, in Staffordshire, a gentleman, who lived upon his own estate, where his ancestors had been seated since the time of Edw. IV. His mother was Lucretia, youngest daughter of Jonas Asteley, of Woodeaton, in that county, an ancient and respectable family. He was born 16 March, 1691, and was educated at Trentham school, and entered

at

at St. John's College, Cambridge, 13 March 1710; A. B. 1714; Fellow, 1717; A. M. 1717; Linnæan Lecturer, 1718. He took pupils, and taught mathematics in college, from 1715, till he left it. He entered into deacon's orders; but afterwards taking a disgust to the ministry, from a disappointment of preferment; and thinking he could turn his talents to better account than waiting so long for it, he began to practise physic at Wolverhampton, 12 Feb. 1720; and became eminent in that profession. In 1725 he married and thence resided at Willenhall; and continued for the remainder of his life in extensive practice; but this did not prevent his application to books, in which his knowledge was very great; for he was a man of indefatigable industry, and could never bear idleness in any one about him.

He died 6 March 1760, of the gout in his stomach, without issue. He was author of a Treatise on the Dropsy; of a pamphlet addressed "To the Gentlemen, Farmers, and Graziers in the county of Stafford," on the distemper then raging in that county among the horned cattle; and intended, amongst other things, a new edition of Hudibras, with notes, &c. But his favourite amusement for a large portion of his life was his laborious and ample "Collections for a History of the County of Stafford," which, after they had long been supposed to be lost, and much inquiry had been made after them, were, in the most liberal manner, put into the hands of my friend Shaw, and formed the most valuable part of the foundation for his History. I have often read these MSS. with the greatest pleasure, and found them the work not merely of an accurate genealogist, and painful topographer; but of an elegant

elegant scholar; and though they did not contain all the detail, nor embrace all the objects of research which my indefatigable friend thought it proper to supply; yet on the plan Dr. Wilkes proposed to himself, they were executed with uncommon precision, judgment, and even vivacity. It will be really a subject of serious regret, if these and the other materials my poor friend had collected, should be lost; and I trust the county of Stafford will exert themselves to have them brought forward in a proper manner.

From Shaw's Staffordshire, II. 147, where is given a portrait of Dr. Wilkes.

18. REV. JONATHAN TOUP.

The epitaph of this very learned Greek scholar, in the church of St. Martins' in Cornwall, is in the following words:

"Near this place lie the remains of Jonathan Toup, A. M. Rector of the parish 34 years; Vicar of St. Merrins', and Prebendary of Exeter. His abilities and critical sagacity are known to the learned throughout Europe: his virtues from the retired privacy of his life, were known but to few: to those few they have endeared his memory.

"I. T. was born Decr. 1713.
Died Jan. 19, 1785."

Underneath is this inscription.

"The Tablet above was inscribed to the memory of her uncle by Phillis Blake. The charge of it was afterwards defrayed by the Delegates of the Oxford Press,

Press, as a small testimony of their respect for the character of Mr. Toup; and of their gratitude for his many valuable contributions."

See Gent. Mag. Vol. 57, p. 216, Vol. 55, p. 185, 340, &c.

[*To be continued.*]

To Correspondents.

The Bibliographical Catalogue, for which there was not room in the present Number, will be continued in the next.

Middleton's "Legend of Duke Humphry," by O. G.—The curious article of Stephen Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure," with that of the "Tragi-comedy of Alfred," both by P. B.—The kind communications of the Rev. I. S. Clarke.—The just and forcible remarks on Modern Heraldry, by S. E. &c. will find places in No. XI.

If P. B. will leave his address at Mr. White's, he will confer an additional favour on the Editor, who wishes to communicate queries to him by letter.

Further communications from Mr. Mears of Southampton, Mr. Harris of Aylesbury, and Mr. Hamper of Birmingham, will be acceptable.

The obliging communications of Mr. Bland will be carefully used, and returned safe.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XI.

[Being the Third Number of Vol. III.]

ART. I. *The History of graund Amoure and la bel Pucell, called the Pastime of Pleasur, conteynnyng the knowledge of the seuen sciences, and the course of mans lyfe in this worlde. Inuented by Stephen Hawes,* grome of Kyng Henry the seuenth, his chamber. Anno Domini 1555.*

At the end, *Imprinted at London, in Forster Lane, by Ihon Waley. Anno M.D.LV. 4to. black letter, pp. 219. Wood cuts.*

It appears that the first edition of this very rare work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517, 4to. In 1555 there were two;† I know of none subsequent.

* See Wood, *Athenæ Oxon.* Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, Phillips's, *Theat. Poet. Anglic.* edit. 1800.

† See Bib. Stevens. 1800, No. 901, where was a copy printed by Richard Tottel, 4to. 1555.

The following table of contents will in a great measure inform the reader of the author's plan.

“ Howe graunde Amoure walked in a medowe, and met with Fame enuyroned with tongues of fyre.

Of the swete report of Fame, of the fayre Lady la bell Pucell, in the tower of Musike.

Howe Fame departed from graunde Amoure, and left him gouernaunce and grace, and how he went to the tower of doctrine.

How he was let in by Countenaunce the portresse, and of the maruylous buildyng of the same tower.

How Science sent him first to Gramer, where he was receyued by dame Congruitie.

Howe he was receyued of Logyke.

Howe he was receyued of Rethoryke, and what Rethoryke is.

Of the first part called Inuencion, and a commendation of Poetes.

A replication against ignoraunt persones.

Of Disposition, the second parte of Rethorike.

Of Elocution the thirde parte of Rethorike, with colouryng of sentences.

Of Pronunciation, the fourth part of Rethorike.

Of Memory the fifth part of Rethorike.

A commendation of Gower, Chaucer and Lidgate.

Of Ars-metrike.

Of Musike mundain, humayn, and instrumental.

Howe graunde Amoure was enamoured of la bell Pucell in the tower of Musike, and met with Counsayle in a temple.

Of the dolorous and lowly disputacion betwene la bell Pucell, and graunde Amoure.

Howe

Howe la bell Pucell graunted graunde Amoure loue,
and of her dispiteous departage.

Of the great sorowe that graunde Amoure made
after her departyng, and of the wordes of Counsayl.

How graunde Amoure went to Geometry, and what
Geometry is.

Of dame Astrononime.

Of the direct operation of nature.

Of the fyve internall wittes.

Of the hye influences of the supernal bodies.

Howe graund Amoure departed from the tower of
science, and went to the tower of chyualry, where he
was let in by Fortitude.

Of the maruelous argument, betwene Mars and For-
tune.

Howe Minerue ledde graunde Amoure to kyng Me-
lyzyus, whiche made hym knyght.

Howe he departed from kynge Melyzyus, with his
grayhoundes, and attendaunce his varlet, and met with
false reporte, that chaunged his name to Godfrey
Gobilyve.

Howe graunde Amoure in the temple of Venus
made his supplication.

The copy of the letter that Venus sent to la bell Pu-
cell.

Howe Godfrey Gobilyve was taken of correction, and
punyshed.

How graunde Amoure disconfited the gyaunt with
thre heades, and was receiued of thre ladyes.

Howe he met with Perceuraunce, and reposed hym
in the manour place of comfort.

How he vainquyshed a Gyaunt with seuen heades,
and was receiued of six ladyes.

How he made oblacyon to the goddes Pallas, and sayled over the tempestous flode.

How he dyscomfited the wonderfull monstre of the seven mettalles made by enchauntment.

How he was receiued of la bell Pucell.

The mariage of graunde Amoure and la bell Pucell.

How whan graunde Amoure had liued longe wyth la bell Pucell, was arrested by aige, that brought unto him polycy and anaryce.

Howe he was arested by death.

Howe remembraunce made his epytaphy on his graue.

Howe fame came into the temple wyth burnyng tongues, and other prayse.

Howe tyme came into the temple in maruaylous semilitude, and of his replycacyon.

Howe eternyte came into the temple, and of her vertuous exhortacyon.

The excusacion of the auctour."

"This boke, called the pastyme of pleasure, was made and compyled by Stephen Hawes one of the gromes of the most honorable chambre of our souerayne lorde Kyng Henry the seuenth. The xxi yere of his most noble reygne, chapitred and marked after the table herebefore sette."

Then follows the dedication to the King.

"Ryght myghty Prynce, and redoubted souerayne,

Saylinge forth well, in the shyppe of grace

Over the wauers, of his lyfe uncertayne

Ryght towarde heuen, to haue dwelling place,

Grace dothe you gnyde, in euery doubtful cace;

Your gouernaunce dothe euermore eschewe

The synne of slouth, enemy to vertewe.

Grace

Grace stereth wele, the grace of god is grete,
 Whiche you hath brought to your ryall se
 And in your right, it hath you surely sette
 About us all, to haue the soueraynte,
 Whose worthy power, and regall dignite
 All our rancour, and our debate and ceace *
 Hath to vs brought, both welthe reste and peace.

(Four stanzas are here passed).

Besechyng your grace, to pardon myne ignoraunce
 Whiche this fayned fable, to eschue idlenes,
 Haue so compyled, nowe without doubtaunce
 For to present to your hye worthynes,
 To folowe the trace, and all the perfitenes
 Of my maistre Lydgate, with due exercise
 Suche fayned tales I do fynde and deuyse.

For under coloure, a truthe may aryse
 As was the guyse, in old antiquitie,
 Of the Poetes olde a tale to surmyse,
 To cloke the truthe, of their infirmitie
 Or yet on joye, to haue mortalitie,
 I me excuse if by neglygence
 That I do offende, for lacke of science."

I would not have so extended this article, was not the book of such extreme rarity, as to be very seldom met with, and then (excepting by accident) of greater price than to warrant any person, but a collector, be-

* "Ceace," qu. does it signify tax, subsidy, or trouble and confusion? the verb "*se cens*," to assess, to impose, was, if I mistake not, in use during the reign of Elizabeth.

coming the purchaser: this will, I hope, plead my excuse.* P. B.†

ART. II. *The History of the Worthies of England. Endeavoured by Thomas Fuller, D.D. London. Printed by J. G. W. L. and W. G. 1662. Fol.*

ART. III. *State-Worthies, or the Statesmen and Favourites of England since the Reformation; their prudence and policies, successes and miscarriages, advancements and falls during the reigns of King Henry VIII. King Edward VI. Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, King Charles I. The Second Edition with Additions. London. Printed by Thomas Milbourn for Samuel Speed, in Threadneedle Street near the Royal Exchange. 1670. Sm. 8vo.*

* Warton has given a very circumstantial, elegant, and interesting analysis of the whole poem in Hist. E. P. II. pp. 220—236. He says it is Hawes's capital performance, and was finished at the beginning of the year 1506; and adds "it is almost the only effort of imagination and invention, which had yet appeared since the days of Chaucer. It contains no common touches of romantic and allegoric fiction. The personifications are often happily sustained, and indicate the writer's familiarity with the Provencal school. The model of the versification and phraseology is that improved harmony of numbers, and facility of diction, with which his predecessor Lydgate adorned our octave stanza. But Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner." Editor.

† In p. 43 of the present volume, Art. *Hayward's Normans*, I have stated that "certaine yeeres of Queene Elizabeth's reigne" are not printed; this is a mistake: in Scott's catalogue for 18c4, No. 1008, I find "*Hayward's Life of Edward VI. with the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*," 8vo. London, 1636, with portraits.

ART.

ART. IV. *England's Worthies. Select Lives of the most eminent persons of the English nation, from Constantine the Great down to these times. By William Winstanley. London. Printed by J. C. and F. C. for Obadiah Blagrove, at the Bear in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1684. Sm. 8vo.*

ART. V. *Memoires of the Lives, Actions, Sufferings and Deaths of those noble, reverend, and excellent personages, that suffered by death, sequestration, decimation, or otherwise, for the Protestant Religion, and the great principle thereof, Allegiance to their Sovereigne, in our late intestine wars, from the year 1637 to the year 1660, and from thence continued to 1666. With the life and martyrdom of King Charles I. By Da. Lloyd. A.M. sometime of Oriel College in Oxon. London. Printed for Samuel Speed; and sold by him at the Rainbow between the two Temple-gates; by John Wright at the Globe in Little Britain; John Synmes, at Gresham Colledge-gate in Bishopsgate-street; and James Collins in Westminster-Hall. 1668. Fol.*

ART. VI. *An Attempt towards recovering an account of the numbers and sufferings of the Clergy of the Church of England, Heads of Colleges, Fellows, Scholars, &c. who were sequestered, harrass'd, &c. in the late times of the Grand Rebellion: occasion'd by the ninth chapter (now the second volume) of Dr. Calamy's Abridgment of the Life of Mr. Baxter. Together with an examination of that chapter. By John Walker, M. A. Rector of St. Mary's the More in Exeter, and sometime Fel-*

low of Exeter College in Oxford. London. Printed by W. S. for J. Nicholson, R. Knaplock, R. Wilkin, B. Tooke, D. Midwinter, and B. Cowse. 1714. Fol.

In all these works, though of various fame, among which the first is of most reputation and price, and the last of considerable authority, there are many curious notices of popular biography, and many amusing traits of personal history.

The "Worthies" of Fuller were a posthumous publication: for that learned compiler died 16 Aug. 1661. It is unnecessary to detail the particulars of his life, because memoirs of him are to be found in all our biographical collections. His "Abel Redivivus," has already been recorded in the first volume of CENSURA LITERARIA. Before the present book is a fine portrait of the author, engraved by Loggan. The plan of this work is according to an alphabetical arrangement of counties, in which he insists on the native commodities, the manufactures, medicinal waters, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, medicinal herbs; eminent natives, (as princes, martyrs, saints, confessors, popes, cardinals, bishops, statesmen, admirals, judges, soldiers, and sailors, authors, public benefactors, lord mayors,) gentry in the time of Henry VI. sheriffs, modern battles. This method is explained in XXV preliminary chapters.

This collection, though partaking of Fuller's common faults, a loose and corrupt style of composition, a quaint vivacity, and too many trite and colloquial anecdotes, yet contains many interesting memorial, the result of long, active, and extended research; and
notwith-

notwithstanding it may exhibit several errors which the intelligent reader will easily rectify, is far from meriting the dull and ill-natured censures of Bishop Nicholson. It is a book, which never yet has been superseded; and though upon this foundation it is easy to plan, and might not now be difficult to execute, a popular work of the same kind, with equal liveliness, more accuracy, and still more copious materials, yet, till such a work is produced, Fuller's Worthies will continue to rise in price and estimation: for no well-furnished library of English History ought to be without it. The List of Sheriffs is of peculiar use to an antiquary; and must have cost the author infinite toil.

Of Lloyd, who seems to have been an humble imitator of Fuller's faults, I cannot speak so well; yet as this compiler has also registered many minutiae, which would otherwise have been forgotten, and as we still see his pages cited by modern authors of credit, I may be excused for borrowing a short account of him from Anthony Wood.

David Lloyd was born at Pant Mawr in Merionethshire, 28 Sept. 1635, educated at Ruthen in Denbighshire, and became a servitor of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1652; took his degrees, went into orders, and first obtained preferment in Oxfordshire, from whence he went to London, and became Reader at the Charter-house; and having at this time the ambition of authorship upon him, wrote many books, which "being without quotation or authority" according to Wood, were little esteemed by intelligent men. He then retired into Wales, and gave himself up to getting money, instead of fame, and died there 16 Feb. 1691,

not

not without leaving a good moral character behind him, and wishing to be known to posterity only by his two books "The Worthies of the World" abridged from Plutarch, 1665, 8vo. and his "Statesmen and Favourites" here mentioned, first published in 1665.*

Of William Winstanley, originally a barber, and a notorious plagiarist, the same, who stole the characters of the English poets from Phillips's *Theatrum*, and put them without acknowledgment into a book of his own, which he called "The Lives of the most famous English poets," Lond. 1687, 8vo. it is unnecessary to give more than the title-page, which I have already copied.

Lloyd's book is too common to require extracts, or further notice. It contains 260 characters and upwards. Winstanley's contains only 72 characters.

In Walker's work are many curious particulars of personal history. It was intended to contrast the sufferings of the Loyal Clergy, with those of the ejected Nonconformists, of whose hardships Dr. Calamy had given a grievous account, with a view to engage the public interest in their favour.

ART. VII. *Hesperides: or the works both humane and divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*

Effugient avidos carmina nostra rogos.

OVID.

* Wood says, he published "The Countess of Bridgewater's Ghost," 1663, 8vo. in honour of that excellent woman, which the Earl resented, as a liberty unworthy her memory, taken by too obscure a person. See a list of the rest of his works in Wood, II. 883.

London,

London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1648, 8vo. pp. 398.

Then follows another title-page.

His Noble Numbers: or his pious pieces, wherein, amongst other things, he sings the birth of his Christ: and sighes for his Saviour's sufferings on the Crosse.

Hesiod.

"Ἰδμεν ψευδεα πολλὰ λεγείν ἐτυμοισινομοῖα

*Ἰδμεν δ'εὐτ' ἐβέλωμεν, ἀληθεῖα μυθήσασθαι.

London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, 1647. pp. 79.

Mr. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, Vol. II. p. 631, et sequent. has given the fullest account of this poet hitherto published, and reprinted there many of his poems, which illustrate his family connections. He was 4th son of Nicholas Heyrick, a goldsmith of eminence in Cheapside, London, who died 9 Nov. 1592, by Julian Stone; and was born at St. Vedast, Foster-Lane, 24 Aug. 1591. He was educated at St. John's Coll. Camb. and afterwards at Trinity Hall; where, taking orders, he was presented to the Vicarage of Dean-Prior, Co. Dev. in 1629, from which he was ejected during the Civil Wars; and then, as appears by the above title-page, laid aside the gown, and assumed the lay habit. After the restoration, he was restored to his Vicarage; but the date of his death has not been discovered. Some specimens of his poetry may be acceptable.

To the Virgins, to make much of time.

1.

Gather ye rose buds, while ye may ;
 Old Time is still a flying :
 And this same flower, that smiles to day,
 To morrow will be dying.

2.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a getting ;
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting !

3.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times shall succeed the former.

4.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry :
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

The Night-piece, to Julia.

1.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also
 Whose little eyes glow,
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No

2.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
 Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

3.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the Moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number.

4.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee.
 Thus, thus, to come unto me:
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

*His wish to privacy.*

Give me a cell,
 To dwell
 Where no foot hath
 A path:
 There will I spend,
 And end
 My wearied years
 In tears.



To Blossoms.

1.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past;
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile;
 And go at last.

2.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to shew your worth,
 And lose you quite.

3.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shewn their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

*The Country Life: to the honoured Mr. Endimion
 Porter, Groom of the Bed-Chamber to his Majesty.*

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others, not their own!
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee!
 Thou never plough'st the Ocean's foam
 To seek, and bring rough pepper home:

Nor

Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched clove.
 Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
 No: thy ambition's master-piece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores; and so to end the year;
 But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
 Not envying others larger grounds:
 For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morn;
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which tho' well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to them;
 And chear'st them up by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough.
 This done, then to th' enamel'd meads
 Thou go'st; and as thy foot, there treads,
 Thou see'st a present Godlike power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the Vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;

An

And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill;
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy Eves, and holydays;
 On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet;
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast;
 Thy may-poles too with garlands grac'd;
 Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun-ale;
 Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
 Thy harvest-home; thy wassail-bowl,
 That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
 Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
 And queens; thy Christmas revellings;
 Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit;
 And no man pays too dear for it.
 To these, thou hast thy times to go,
 And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net;
 Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

O happy life, if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood!
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these;
 And lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

ART.

ART. VIII. *The Compleat History of Independency. Upon the Parliament begun 1640. By Clem. Walker, Esq. Continued till this present year 1660; which fourth part was never before published. - Horat. Spe Metuque procul. London. Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy Lane, 1661. 4to.**

This curious volume consists of four parts, which were originally published at different periods, and has a print, by way of frontispiece, well known to collectors, and much valued by them, representing "The Royall Oake of Brittainne" submitting to the axes of the rebels, and the portrait of Cromwell, encouraging them, in the corner, standing upon a globe, on which are the words "Locus lubricus;" and under it "Inspiratio diabolica," &c. &c.

Part I. consists of pp. 174; then follows "*An Appendix to the History of Independency, being a brief description of some few of Argyle's proceedings, before and since he joined in confederacy with the Independent Junto in England: with a Parallel betwixt him and Cromwell, and a Caveat to all his seduced Adherents. London. Printed for R. Royston, at the Angel in Ivie Lane.*" 1661. pp. 18.

The title of the Second Part is "*Anarchia Anglicana: or the History of Independency. The Second Part. Being a Continuation of relations and observations historical and politick upon this present*

* Kennet's Register says "Sould by Richard Lounds, 1660."

Parliament begun Anno 16 Caroli Primi. By Theodorus Verax. London. Printed for R. Royston," &c. as before, pp. 262.

The Third Part is entitled "*The High Court of Justice, or Cromwel's New Slaughter-house in England, with the authority that constituted and ordained it, arraigned, convicted, and condemned, for usurpation, treason, tyranny, theft, and murder. Being the Third Part of the History of Independency, written by the same author. London," &c. as before, pp. 58.*

The Fourth Part is entitled "*The History of Independency. The fourth and last part. Continued from the death of his late Majesty King Charles the first of happy memory, till the death of the chief of that Juncto. By T. M. Esquire, a lover of his King and Country. London. Printed for H. Brome at the Gun in Ivie Lane; and H. Marsh at the Prince's Arms in Chancery Lane. 166c."* pp. 124.

Before the Second Part is the following address to the Reader.

"Reader, having spoken to thee in the First Part, I might have forborn thee in this Second, did I not fear to seem guilty of the sullenness and malignity of these times. The subject matter of my book is a combination or Faction of Pseudo-Politicians, and Pseudo-Theologicians, Hereticks, and Schismatics, both in divinity and policy, who having sacrificed to their fancies, lusts, ambitions, and avarice, both their God and religion, their king and country, our laws, liberties, and properties,

properties, all duties, divine and human, are grown so far in love with their prosperous sins, as to entitle God himself to be the father and author of them; from whose written word and revealed will, held forth to us in the scriptures as the only north-pole and cynosure of our actions, where they find no warrant for their doing, they appeal to the secret will and providence of God, to which they most Turkishly and Heathenishly ascribe all their enormities, only because they succeed: and from that abyss of God's providence draw secondary principles of necessity and honest intentions, to build the Babel of their confused designs and actions upon; not considering that wicked men perform the secret will of God to their damnation; as good men do the known will of their Father to their salvation.

“ If a man be sick to death, and his son wish him dead, this is sin in the son, although his desire concur with the secret will of God; because the son ought to desire the preservation of his father's life, whereto the will of God revealed in his word obligeth him: & *vivendum secundum præcepta, non secundum decreta Dei*. The secret will and providence of God can be no rule and law of our actions, because we know it not; nor can search into it without presumption: we must not therefore *altum sapere*; think ourselves too wise, and well gifted to tie ourselves to the scriptures of God; and lust after revelations and inspirations, expecting God should rain bread from heaven for us! (*Manna, Exod. xvi. 4.*) but be wise unto sobriety. But *prosperum scelus, virtus vocatur*. Thus casting off the written word of God, unless where by an inforced interpretation they can squeeze atheism

and blasphemy out of it, as they do sometimes rack treason, murder, and nonsense out of our laws, and parliament-priviledges, conducive to their ends, they insensibly cast off God himself, and make themselves the supreme cause and finall end, the Alpha and Omega, of all their doings, whilst they use the hidden and unsearchable providence of God but as a disguise and visard to mask under, like Cœlius the atheist in Martial. Prosperity is become a snare to them, and a topick place, out of which they draw arguments to satisfy themselves there is no God, no religion, but a prudential one to fool the people with.

Nullos esse Deos, inane Cœlum,
Affirmat Cœlius, probatque,
Quod se videt, dum negat hæc, beatum.

“ But O wretched, unholy men! What are they that thus commit burglary in the Sanctum Sanctorum of God’s providence? That presume, not only to pry into, but to thrust their hands polluted with blood and rapine into God’s mysterious ark?

“ Thus much for the subject matter. For the manner of my writing, I confess, as to its style it is not æquabile scribendi genus, all of one weaving and contexture: it is a history writ with a satirick style and vein:

————— nam quis iniqui
Tam patiens orbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

It is a virtue to hate and prosecute vice. The Scripture tells us there is a perfect hatred, a holy anger. And our Chaucer tells us, ‘The words must be of kynn unto the deeds;’ otherwise how can they be expressive

pressive enough? I detest ‘vitia pulcherrime mangonizata;’ vice tricked up in virtue’s raiment; and prostituted under her modest dress to stir up adulterers.

Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli.

A huge galimaufry, an oglio of all villainies I here set before thee: it cannot be all of one dressing and seasoning, it must be a mixture, a hogo of all relishes; like manna in the wilderness, it must be applicable to all palates.

“Wherefore according to the variety of every subject-matter, vel ridenti rideo, vel flenti fleo; I become all things to all men; I assimilate my affections and humors to every man’s humor as well as to the present theam; that I may take every man by the right hand and lead him out of this UR of the Chaldeans, this land of Ægypt, this house of bondage in judgment and conscience, though not in person and estate: which must only be the mighty handy work of that God, who is able to divide the Red Sea, and give us a safe march through it upon dry land.

“Which that he would vouchsafe to do, let us all join our hearty prayers: and that we may instrumentally serve him in it, let us all join our heads, hearts and hands together, since God neglects faint-hearted and cowardly prayers: let us not lie in the ditch, and cry, “God help us;” but let us help God to help us; and keep cor unum, viam unam, in the doing of it!”

ART. IX. *Memoires of the reign of King Charles I. Containing the most remarkable occurrences of that reign, and setting many secret passages thereof*

in a clear light. With impartial characters of many great persons on both sides, who chiefly governed the counsels and actions of that scene of affairs. Together with a continuation to the happy Restauration of King Charles II. By Sir Philip Warwick, Knight. Published from the original Manuscript with an Alphabetical Table. The Third Edition. London. Printed for R. Chiswell, and sold by John Pero, at the White Swan in Little Brittain. 1703. 8vo. pp. 437.

ART. X. *Memoirs of the two last years of the reign of that unparalleled prince, of ever blessed memory, King Charles I. By Sir Thomas Herbert, Major Huntington, Col. Edward Coke, and Mr. Henry Firebrace. With the character of that blessed Martyr. By the Reverend Mr. John Diodati, Mr. Alexander Henderson, and the author of the Princely Pelican. To which is added, the death-bed Repentance of Mr. Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament; extracted out of a letter written from Oxford, Sept. 1663. London. Printed for Robt. Clavell, at the Peacock at the west end of St. Paul's. 1702. 8vo. pp. 303.*

Sir Philip Warwick, whose portrait by R. White is prefixed to these Memoirs, was son of Thomas Warwick, organist of St. Peter's Westminster; and was educated at Eton school, and afterwards at Geneva, under the celebrated Diodati. He was afterwards Secretary to the Earl of Southampton in the office of the Treasury: he died 15 Jan. 1682. His Memoirs being
eminent

eminent for their candour and integrity, retain their reputation.*

Before this volume is the following address

“ To the Reader. ”

“ These Memoirs were written by a gentleman of great integrity and wisdom, who by means of his stations and employments under King Charles the first, of blessed memory, and near attendance on his person, had great opportunities of knowing the most considerable occurrences of those times, with the secret springs by which they moved: as also the characters of the persons that were most concerned and active in them.

“ And as the vindicating of the cause and actions of his Royal Master and his friends, and to do right truth, were the great inducements to his writing these remarks: so to rectify mistakes, and rescue the memory of that injured Prince from the false imputations and indignities, that have been cast upon him by prejudiced and malicious men, is the cause of this publication.

“ More is not needful to be said, than to assure the world, that these papers are genuine, and published from the author's original manuscripts, by a faithful friend, with whom they were intrusted. Except I may have leave to add that, as the author wrote with freedom according to his genius and his principles, so 'tis hoped he will be read with candor and just allowance by all gentlemen of what sentiments soever.”

* Granger, IV. 66. See an original Memoir of Sir Philip, with a portrait, in Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 781, copied into Biogr. Dict. Vol. XV. p. 216.

The book was edited by Dr. Thomas Smith, the learned writer concerning the Greek church. It first appeared in 1701.

Sir Thomas Herbert, Bart. was son of Christopher Herbert, son of Thomas Herbert, Alderman, of York, descended by a younger son from Sir Thomas Herbert of Colebrooke, in Monmouthshire, Kt. He was born in Yorkshire, entered of Jesus College, Oxford, 1621, thence taken under the patronage of his relation William Earl of Pembroke. Hence he was sent to travel in Asia, and Africa; and, on his return, published "A relation of some years' Travels into Africa and the greater Asia, especially the territories of the Persian Monarchy, and some parts of the Oriental Indies and isles adjacent. Lond. 1634, 1638, &c. 1677," Fol. which is the fourth impression, wherein many things are added, not in the former.* In the Rebellion he adhered to the cause of the Parliament; and when the Parliament Commissioners in 1647 removed the King's own servants from about his person at Holdenby, Mr. Thomas Herbert was with Mr. James Harrington received as Groom of his Majesty's Bedchamber. In that employment he continued to serve, with great fidelity and affection, till his royal master was, to the horror of all the world, brought to the block.

Mr. Herbert was created a Baronet 3 July 1660, and died 1 March 1681, aged 76. He married 1st Lucia daughter of Sir Walter Alexander, by whom he had Sir Henry, his successor, and other children. His

* Wood's Ath. II. 691.

second wife was Elizabeth daughter of Sir Gervase Cutler of Stainborough, in Yorkshire, Kt. *

These Memoirs contain the following passages in the Advertisement to the Reader.

“ There having been of late years several Memoirs printed and published relating to the lives and actions of the Royal Martyr, King Charles I. of ever blessed memory; it was judged a proper and seasonable time to publish Sir Thomas Herbert’s Carolina Threnodia under the title of his Memoirs; there being contained in this book the most material passages of the two last years of the life of that excellent and unparalleled Prince, which were carefully observed and related by the author in a large answer of a letter wrote to him by Sir William Dugdale. In the same book is printed Major Huntington’s Relation made to Sir William of sundry particulars relating to the King; as also Col. Edward Coke’s, and Mr. Henry Firebrace’s Narratives of several memorable passages observed by them during their attendance on him at Newport in the Isle of Wight, Ann. 48. All these were copied from a Manuscript of the Right Reverend, the Bishop of Ely, lately deceased; and, as I am credibly informed, a copy of the several originals is now to be seen amongst the Dugdale Manuscripts in Oxford Library.

“ To these Memoirs are added two or three small tracts, which give some account of the affairs of those times; of the character of King Charles I. and of his just claim and title to his “ Divine Meditations.”

* See Wood’s Ath. II. 690, where are long extracts from his letters regarding the last years of Ch. I. nearly, if not quite, in the same words as were afterwards published in the Memoirs. See also an abridged Memoir of Herbert, Biogr. Dict. VIII. 38.

These

These having been printed An. 46, 48, 49, and very scarce and difficult to procure, were thought fit to be reprinted for public service.

"As to the letter, which gives an account of Mr. Lenthal's carriage and behaviour on his death-bed, it was twice printed An. 62, and the truth of it attested by the learned Dr. Dickenson, now living in St. Martin's Lane," &c.

Herbert's Memoirs end at p. 150, then begins "*The Relation which Major Huntington made to me Sir William Dugdale, Knight, Garter Principal King of Arms, in the month of June, Anno 1679, of sundry particulars relating to King Charles I. of blessed memory.*" This ends at p. 163.

Then follows "*A Narrative made by Mr. Edward Cooke of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, who was Colonel of a Regiment under Oliver Cromwell then called Protector, containing certain passages relating to our late Sovereign King Charles I. of blessed memory, which happened at Newport in the Isle of Wight, upon the 29th of Nov. Anno 1648.*"

At p. 185 begins "*The copy of a Letter to Sir George Lane, Knight, Secretary to the Duke of Ormond, written by Mr. Thomas Firebrace, Clerk of the Kitchen to his Majesty King Charles II. containing a narrative of certain particulars relating to his Majesty King Charles I. during the time that he attended on his Majesty at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Anno 1648, which letter beareth date at Whitehall, July 21, 1675.*"

Next

Next is at p. 201, "*An Answer sent to the Ecclesiastical Assembly at London, by the reverend, noble, and learned man, John Deodate, the famous professor of Divinity, and most vigilant pastor of Geneva. Translated out of Latin into English.*" First printed at Geneva 1646.

Then at p. 223, "*The Declaration of Mr. Alexander Henderson, principal Minister of the Word of God at Edinburgh, and Chief Commissioner from the Kirk of Scotland to the Parliament and Synod of England, made upon his death-bed.*" First printed 1648.

At p. 241 is "*The Princely Pelican. Royal Resolves presented in sundry choice observations extracted from his Majesty's Divine Meditations. With satisfactory reasons to the whole kingdom, that his sacred person was the only author of them.*" First printed 1649.

Lastly, at p. 300, "*Speaker Lenthal, his Death-bed repentance.*"

ART. XI. *Memoirs of the most material Transactions in England for the last Hundred years preceding the Revolution in 1688. By James Welwood, M.D. Fellow of the Colledge of Physicians, London.—London. 1700. 8vo.*

ART. XII. *A Detection of the Court and State of England during the reigns of K. James I. Charles I. Charles II. and James II. as also the Inter-regnum. Consisting of private Memoirs, &c. with observations*

tions and reflections. *Wherein are many secrets never before made public: as also a more impartial account of the Civil Wars in England, than has yet been given. By Roger Coke, Esq. The fourth edition, continued through the reigns of King William and Queen Mary, and to the death of Queen Anne. In three volumes. London. Printed for J. Brotherton and W. Meadows, at the Black Bull in Cornhill. 1719. 8vo. First printed in 2 vols. 1697.*

ART. XIII. *The Secret History of White-hall, from the Restoration of Charles II. down to the abdication of the late K. James. Writ at the request of a noble Lord, and conveyed to him in letters, by ——— late Secretary-Interpreter to the Marquess of Louvois, who by that means had the perusal of all the private minutes between England and France for many years. The whole consisting of Secret Memoirs, which have hitherto lain concealed, as not being discoverable by any other hand. Publish'd from the original papers. By D. Jones, Gent. London. Printed and are to be sold by R. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms Inn in Warwick Lane, 1697. 8vp. 2 vols in one, pp. 144 and 110.*

James Welwood, M. D. was born at Edinburgh 1652, and educated at Glasgow; after which he spent some years at Leyden in the study of physic, and came over with King William at the Revolution. He then settled at Edinburgh, being appointed one of the King's Physicians for Scotland. He died 1716. He was strongly attached to republican principles, as sufficiently

ficiently appears in his Memoirs, which are otherwise well written.* Roger Coke was grandson of Lord Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke, by his fourth son. He had his education at Cambridge, became well versed in several parts of learning, and wrote a Treatise against Hobbs's Leviathan. He afterwards engaged in commerce, but excelled more in the theory than the practice; for he fell into distresses; and retained little more for his support than an annuity of an hundred pounds a year paid out of the family estate; so that he lived for some years within the rules of the Fleet, and died single about the 77th year of his age.†

It has been remarked, that Coke's and Daniel Jones's volumes contain "a sort of secret history, engaging to an Englishman, naturally inquisitive, curious, and greedy of scandal."‡

ART. XIV. *Modern Heraldry.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

I heartily agree with you in reprobating that miserable want of judgment in heraldry, which is discovered in most of the arms invented of late years. It was in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when new families began to spring up like mushrooms, that the ancient simplicity of armorial ensigns began to be disregarded by the heralds, and numerous colours and

* Biogr. Dict. XV. 233.

† Apology to the Reader before the 4th Edit. of his Detection.

‡ Du Fresnoy's Method of studying History, by Rawlinson, II. 476.

charges

charges were first blended together in the same shield with ingenious intricacy. But it has been reserved for the present *venerable* head of the College of Arms to introduce landscape and seascape into the shields designed to commemorate deeds of valour and heroism; and he has done it with most admired success. Indeed few heralds have displayed greater variety of fancy, and a more coquettish temper in armoury, than that gentleman: who (if I am not misinformed) has changed his own coat two or three times, in humble hope, no doubt, of inspiring a similar restlessness of humour in others, and of thereby bringing an additional quantity of grist to his mill.

I also agree with you in reprobating the effrontery, with which the heralds have maintained, and continue to maintain, that no arms are of authority which have not been registered amongst their own archives. If this doctrine were just, the consequence would be that arms, of comparatively modern invention, are of better authority than those which a man and his ancestors have borne, from time before the existence of the College of Arms, and for time immemorial, supported by the evidence of ancient seals, funeral monuments, and other authentic documents. Surely this is grossly absurd, and the more absurd if we consider that the heralds seem originally not to have been instituted for the manufacturing of armorial ensigns, but for the recording those ensigns, which had been borne by men of honourable lineage, and which might therefore be borne by their posterity.

Perhaps it would not be too much to presume that it will be found, on inquiry, that there are no grants of arms by the English heralds of any very high antiquity,
and

and that the most ancient which can be produced, either in the original, or in well authenticated copies, are of a date when the general use of seals of arms, circumscribed with the names and titles of the bearers, was wearing away. And it may, I think, very fairly be asked, by what rule of law or reason a note taken by the heralds, in the sixteenth century, of the arms which a man's ancestor bore in the time of King Edward the First, should be a better title for his descendant to bear those arms, than the ancient seal or monument would be from which such note was taken.

I am told there are instances in which arms have been denied to a family at one visitation of the heralds, and allowed to the same family at a subsequent visitation, without any intermediate grant of arms to such family from the office. This, if true, would decidedly prove that the heralds are not infallible in these matters.

Before I conclude, you will permit me to notice a practice amongst the heralds in the time of James the First, of reciting in the patents of arms that they had searched their office for the arms of the family of A. B. and found that he might lawfully bear argent a bend gules, (or otherwise as the case might be) but there being no crest to the said arms, the said A. B. had requested them to *confirm* the said arms and to grant him a crest, and that therefore, and for other causes therein specified, they *granted* and confirmed to the said A. B. such arms and crest. This practice was, in some instances, highly reprehensible, because such recitals were made in cases where the heralds had not found the arms, which were so confirmed, amongst the records
of

of their office prior to such confirmation; and because such confirmations, not grounded on prior evidence, were, in fact, original grants.

July 26, 1806.

S. E.

ART. XV. *The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. By Chr. Middleton. London. Printed for Nicholas Ling, and are to be solde at his shop at the west doore of St. Paules Church. 1600. 4to.*

This metrical legend consisting of one hundred and eighty four stanzas, which is evidently written on the plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and is inferior to none in that favourite collection, is dedicated to Sir Jarvis Clifton, Knight; from which circumstance in the obscurity of his biography one might be tempted to conjecture that he was a Bedfordshire man: the sources of information being silent respecting him, we may fairly conclude that he was one of the numerous poets who, in the words of Roger Ascham, "lived men knew not how, and died obscure, men marked not when." But though "clouds and darkness rest upon" the history of his life, *caret quia vate*, that of his writings has preserved itself. He wrote 'A short introduction to the Art of Swimming,' translated from Sir Everard Digby, "*De arte natandi*."

"The Historie of Heaven: containing the poetical fictions of all the starres of the Firmament, gathered from amongst all the poets." 4to. 1598, and

"The legend of (*the good*) Duke Humphrey," which is the subject of the present paper.

It is preceded by an Hexasticon by Rob. Allott, a sonnet

sonnet by Michael Drayton, and two commendatory poems by John Weever, the latter of which we shall transcribe :

"To Duke Humphrey's attendants.

"Ye dayly wayters on Duke Humphreys table,
And hourly walkers by D. Humphreys shrine,
If that for meagre famine yee be able
Right to peruse a wel-pen'd wittye line,
Wait—walk no more, on his table—by his shrine—
But with Duke Humphrey's Legend (Gentles) dine."

After the fashion of hodieal bookmaking, one might be expected to give an historical account of the life of Duke Humphrey, and the intrigues of the Bishop of Winchester; but our purpose will be answered when we have given a few passages, as examples of Middleton's poetical talents—"and then an end."

"O were my pen but able to set downe
Great Gloucester's vertues, as indeed they were,
How would the world, bewitched with his renowne,
In imitation strive for to come near
His worthie deeds; whereof who were possest
Themselves might justly think were haply blest.
Look as the starres, when as the world's great light
Rouses him from his melancholy bed,
Drawing the duskie curtains of the night,
Wherein the earth lay sadly mantelled,
Pluck in their pale heads as ashamed, and sorry,
He should so farre exceed themselves in glory:
So did the world, wherein this worthy was,
Admire the more than common gifts he had,
Wondring how such a work should come to passe;
And with abundant melancholy, sad,

Fret out their lives in envy and despair ;
 For with his life no life could ere compare.

And had he not been royal in his birth,

Yet had his matchlesse learning and his wit
 From meaner roots as fair a branch brought forth,

For King-born bloods to shrowd them under it.
 For Wit and Learning are two Angels wings,
 By which mean men soar up to mighty things.

Ah ! woe the while, our age neglects that fame ;

Would our great men would imitate his course !

Then would their virtues add unto their name

More nobleness, and after death enforce

A new live's date, whose limits should extend
 Beyond all ages—after time shall end !"

" If pity, quoth he, dwell in Princes hearts,

As it should do, or mercy have her seat

By judgment's side, to mitigate the smart

Of punishment too heavy and too great ;

Let these two gentle Gods then look on mee,

That ask their help, with teares in misery.

Remove the pillars, on whose base doth stand

A mighty building, and all comes to thrall ;

Take out the staffe from an old man's weak hand,

And then his aged body needs must fall :

Take steerage from a ship, or guide not it,

And on some rock the reckless bark will split.

The base whereon my aged frame hath stood,

The staff whereon I stayed my trembling arm,

The rudder that did guide me, and with good

And wholesome counsell kept my age from harm,

Is gone ! what then may I suspect to have

But sudden fall to an untimely grave ;

Where

Where would I were in peace; for here is note,
 And less I fear will be; which makes my mind
 Think, happy are our fathers, that are gone
 Where sure they shall a better kingdom find.
 Truly said Ovid, that no man could say
 His life was blest before his latest day."

" Like to a morne, whose evening shuts in clouds,
 Making a dark end of a glorious day,
 Fell this good Duke.

Whose memory, when stones, and tombs of brass,
 Deep graven epitaphs, and hollow graves,
 Shall quite consume, and their memorial pass,
 Down to the shady groves and darksome caves,
 Where dead oblivion dwells, in whose black breast
 Lyes buried all that former times possess;

Thy name, like to the still-enduring sunne,
 Shall outlive all, and be the world's great wonder;
 Ay! and when sunne, and moone, and starres have done,
 And their concordant spheres broken a sunder,
 Thy light succeed their lights; and as now we
 Admire their glory, so may they do thee!"

O. G.

ART. XVI. *Original Letters of Mrs. Montagu.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 149.]

Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Robinson, &c. at Naples.

Hill Street, 26 Feb. 1762.

****. "I long most impatiently to hear of your
 safe recovery, and the health of the little one, who is

to repay you for all the trouble his first stage of life will give you. Patience and good humour, which you possess in a high degree, greatly mitigate all sufferings. Those, who have most self-love, by a strange blindness to their interest, have usually the least of that noble panacea, patience; which only can heal all the wounds, the rubs, and the scratches one receives in this rough world. I believe you found it an excellent fellow-traveller through Spain: it makes a smooth road, where the pick-axe has never levelled the inequalities, and softens the mattress and pillow. I am under some anxiety, lest our rupture with Spain should occasion you any inconvenience.

“ I am so poor a politician, that, if I durst write on the subject, I should be able to give you but a lame account of the situation of affairs here. In the House of Commons, every boy who can articulate, is a speaker, to the great dispatch of business, and solidity of councils. They sit late every night, as every young gentleman, who has a handsome person, a fine coat, a well-shaped leg, or a clear voice, is to exhibit these advantages.

“ To this kind of beau-oratory, and tea-table talk, the ladies, as is reasonable, resorted very constantly. At first they attended in such numbers as to fill the body of the house, on great political questions. Having all their lives been aiming at conquests, committing murders, and enslaving mankind, they were for most violent and bloody measures: desirous of a war with Spain and France, fond of battles on the Continent, and delighted with the prospect of victories in the East and West Indies. They wished to see the chariot of
their

their favourite minister drawn, like that of the great Sesostris, by six captive kings !

“ Much glory might have accrued to Great Britain from this martial spirit in the ladies : but, whether by private contrivance, or that of a party who are inclined to pacific measures, I do not know, a ghost started up in a dirty obscure alley in the city, and diverted the attention of the female politicians, from the glory of their country, to an inquiry, why Miss Fanny ——— who died of the small pox two years ago, and suffered herself to be buried, does now appear in the shape of the sound of a hammer, and rap and scratch at the head of Miss Parsons’s bed, the daughter of a parish-clerk ?

“ As I suppose you read the newspapers, you will see mention of the Ghost ; but without you was here upon the spot, you could never conceive that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention, and conversation, of all the fine world. And as the ways of the beau-monde are always in contradiction to the gospel, they are determined to shew, that, though they do not believe in Moses and the prophets, they would believe if one were to come from the dead, though it was only to play tricks like a rat behind a wainscot ! You must not indeed regret being absent, while this farce is going on. There will be an Elizabeth Canning, or a **Man in a Bottle**, or some other folly, for the amusement of this frivolous generation, at all times !

“ But you have some reason to regret having missed the coronation, perhaps the finest spectacle in the world. As all old customs are kept up in this ceremony, there is a mixture of chivalry and popery, and

many circumstances that took their rise in the barbarism of former times; and which appear now very uncouth; but, upon the whole, it is very august and magnificent.

“The fine person of our young Sovereign was a great addition to the spectacle: but the Peers and Peeresses made the chief parade on the occasion. Almost all the nobility, whom age and infirmities did not incapacitate, walked in the procession. The jewels, that were worn on the occasion, would have made you imagine, that the diamond mines were in the King of Great Britain’s dominions. On the King’s wedding, there appeared the greatest parade of fine cloaths I ever saw.

“This winter has been very gay as to amusements. Never did we see less light from the sun, or a greater blaze of wax candles! The presence of the Duke of Mecklenburgh, the Queen’s youngest brother, has given occasion to many balls and assemblies. The Queen has not an evening drawing-room: they have sometimes balls at St. James’s; but in general their Majesties spend their time in private, or at Leicester-house, where the Princess Dowager hardly keeps up the air of a court. The D. of Y—— makes himself amends for want of princely pastimes by very familiarly frequenting all the public diversions; and has shared in the amusements of the ghost at Cock Lane. As all are equal in the grave, a ghost may be company for the Grand Seignior, without disparagement to human grandeur! Our young Queen has a polite address; and even her civilities in the circle seem to flow from good humour. She is chearful, easy, and artless in her manners, which greatly charms the King, who,
by

by his situation, is surrounded by solemnity, ceremony, &c.

"I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Pitt, that you and my brother were in good health. You had a great loss in Mr. Pitt's* leaving Naples: he shines first amongst his young countrymen, even here. He is to dine here to day with Mrs. Lyttelton: and the Bishop of Carlisle, † a new bishop, but who has long had every qualification to grace the Reverend Bench!

"You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley. When Nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, Time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved, when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory, which perhaps is unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her, because her husband and mine were cousin-germans; ‡ and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband, and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one, who neither thinks, speaks, acts, or dresses, like any body else.

* I presume, the first Lord Camelford.

† This Bishop was Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

‡ Lady Mary's husband, Wortley Montagu, was son of Sidney Montagu, 2d son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He died 22 Jan. 1761, aged 80. Mrs. Montagu's husband, Edward Montagu, was son of Charles Montagu, 5th son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He was of Sandleford in Berks, and Denton in Northumberland, and died 1775. His sister Jemima married Sir Sydney Meadows.

Her domestic is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss; and the Swiss to a Polandier; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expence of an Act of Parliament.*

"My father, brother Morris, and brother Charles, are in town. My brother Robinson has been in Kent most part of the winter. I made my sister a visit at Bath-Easton just before the meeting of the Parliament

* In another letter dated the 8th Oct. following, Mrs. Montagu writes thus. "Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper, the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June; and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowzy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, might possibly have saved her.

"She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself at one time to Rabbinical learning; and then travel all over the east the great itinerant savant of the world. One has read, that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man, who has been rapacious and cunning, does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf. But I believe my poor cousin in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all unsuccessfully enough. His dispute with Mr. Needham has been communicated to me by a gentleman of the Museum; and I think he will gain no laurels there. But he speaks as decisively, as if he had been bred in Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius."

in.

in November. I had the happiness of finding her in better health than usual. Lady Bab Montagu is much recovered of late. I am surprised she did not try, what a change of climate would do in her favour.

"I own I have such a spirit of rambling, I want nothing but liberty to indulge it, to carry me as far as Rome. I believe, I should make it the limit of my curiosity. Its ancient greatness, and its present splendor, make it the object most worth one's attention. I hope his Holiness would pardon a heretic for reverencing the curule, more than the papal, chair. One must however own, that if imperial Rome was unrivalled in greatness, papal Rome has been unparalleled in policy. I leave to heroes and statesmen to dispute, whether force or cunning is the most honourable means to establish power. One calls violence valour; the other civilly terms fraud wisdom: (plain sense and plain honesty cannot reverence either.)

"I am very sorry that you have lost Sir Francis Eyles: an agreeable friend is greatly missed in all situations; but must be particularly so in a foreign country. I envy you the opportunities you have of getting a familiar acquaintance with the Italian language. I should be much obliged to you, if you could get me all the works of Paulus Jovius in Latin; Thucidides's History, translated into Italian by Francisco di Soldo Strozzi, a quarto edition, 1563; History of Naples by Angelo di Costanza, a folio, 1582; the best translation of Demosthenes; the poetical works of Vittoria Colonna; of Carlo Marrat's daughter; and *La Conquista di Granada*; all Cardinal Bembo's works; the History of the Incas by Garcillessa de la Vega in Spanish. If you could any where pick up the old
French

French Romance of Perce Forest, I should be glad of it; and also L'Histoire du Port Royal. I should be glad of the life of Vittoria Colonna; but do not know in what language it is written.

"The town is now in a great uproar from an outrageous piece of gallantry, as it is called, of the young Earl of ***, who has carried off Miss *** ***, as it is said, to Holland. He wrote a letter to his wife, one of the best and most beautiful women in the world, to tell her he had quitted her for ever; that she was too good and too tender for him; and he had so violent a passion for Missy, he could not help doing as he did. It will not be long, before

the maid

Will weep the fury of her love betray'd.

His affections are as uncertain, as they are unlawful, and ungenerous. Nothing more than a total want of honour, and honesty, is necessary, to make a man follow the dictates of a loose unbridled passion. But what could prevail on the unhappy girl to quit her parents, country, reputation, and all her future hopes in life, one cannot imagine! One should hardly imagine too, that a girl, who has flirted for some years with the pretty men in town;

Has been finest at every fine shew,
And frolick'd it all the long day,

should be taken with the simple passion of some village nymph, single out her shepherd, and live under a mountain by the purling of a rill, contentedly,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

"It

"It seems Miss *** was a great lover of French novels; and much enamoured of Mr. Rousseau's Julie. How much have these writers to answer for, who make vice into a regular system, gild it with specious colours, and deceive the mind into guilt, it would have started at, without the aid of art and cheat of sentiment. I have wrote the names of the delinquents very plain, as God forbid their crime should be imputed to any innocent person. There is danger of that, if one does not explain oneself.

"I believe one may affirm, though it is not declared in form, that our young Queen is in a way to promise us an heir to Great Britain in a few months. Lady Sarah Lennox is very soon to be married to Sir William Bunbury's son; and Lady Raymond, it is said, to Lord Robert Bertie. Mr. Beauclerk was to have been married to Miss Draycott; but, by a certain coldness in his manner, she fancied her lead-mines were rather the objects of his love than herself; and so, after the licence was taken out, she gave him his congè. Rosamond's pond was never thought of by the forsaken swain. His prudent parents thought of the transmutation of metals, and to how much gold the lead might have been changed; and rather regret the loss.

"I am very glad you have the good fortune to have Sir Richard Lyttelton, and the Duchess of Bridgwater, at Naples. I know not any house, where the sweet civilities of life are so well dispensed, as at theirs. Sir Richard adds, to elegance of manners, a most agreeable vivacity and wit in conversation. He was made for society, such as society should be. I shall be glad, when you write, to hear of the Duchess of Bridgwater's health;

health; and the recovery of Sir Richard's legs: though he sits smiling in his great chair with constant good humour, it is pity he should be confined to it! I wish you would present my compliments to him and my Lady Duchess.

"In the way of public news, I should tell you, Lord Halifax is adored in Ireland."

ART. XVII. *The Idol of the Clownes, or Insurrection of Wat the Tyler, with his fellow Kings of the Commons, against the English Church, the King, the Lawes, Nobility and Gentry, in the fourth Yeare of King Richard the Second, Anno 1381.*

Nulla Tyrannis vel quæta est vel diuturna.

London. Printed in the Year 1654.

This curious little volume details some events, exactly resembling those dreadful scenes, which took place in France during the revolution: and the reflections of the writer, after what has passed in our days, carry with them peculiar force.

"To the Reader.

[Extract from the conclusion.]

"What I relate here (to speak something of the story) I collect out of Sir John Froissart, a Frenchman, living in the times of King Edward the Third, and his grandchild, K. Rich. who had seen England in both reigns, was known and esteemed in the court, and came last over after these tumults were appeased; and out of Thomas of Walsingham, a monk of S. Albans

Albans, in Henry the Sixth's dayes: who (sayes Bale, in his Centuries, of him) writes many the most choice passages of affairs, and actions, such as no other hath met with. In the main, and to the substance of things, I have made no additions, no alterations. I have faithfully followed my authors, who were not so historically exact as I could wish, nor could I much better what did not please me in their order. No man (sayes Walsingham,) can recite fully the mischeifes, murders, sacriledge, and cruelty of these actors; he excuses his digesting them upon the confusion of the combustions flaming in such variety of places, and in the same time. Tyler, Litster, and those of Hartfordshire, take up the most part of the discourse; Westbrome is brought in by halves; the lesser snakes are onely named in the chronicle: what had been more, had not been to any purpose; those were but types of Tyler the idol, and acted nothing but according to the Original; according to his great example, they were Wolves alike, and he that reads one knows all; Thomas of Becket, Simon of Montfort; the English Catiline, Thomas of Lancaster; Rebels and Traitors of the former yeares, are canonised by the Monks (generally the enemies of their kings.) Miracles make their tombs illustrious, and their memories sacred. The Idoll and his Incendiaries are abhorred every where, every history detests them. While Faith, Civility, Honesty and Piety, shall be left in the World, the enemies of all these must neither be beloved, nor pittied."

I. S. C.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Boscobel, or the compleat History of His Sacred Majesties most Miraculous Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, 3 Sept. 1651. Introduced by an exact Relation of that Battle; and illustrated with a Map of the City. The Third Edition with Additions.*

Hear this, ye old men, and give ear all ye inhabitants of the land: has this been in your days, or in the days of your fathers?
JOEL i. 2.

London. Printed by M. Clark, and to be sold by H. Brome, and C. Harper, at their shops in S. Paul's Churchyard and Fleetstreet, 1680. 12mo. 1st Part. 81 Pages. The Second Part, styled the second stage of the Royal Progress, is dated 1681. 90 Pages.

This volume, which is dedicated to the King, by Tho. Blount, Esq. is ornamented with (1.) an engraving of his Majesty by Van Houe. (2.) An exact Ground Plot of the City of Worcester, as it stood fortify'd 3 Sept. 1651. (3.) View of Boscobel House, White Ladies, the Royal Oak, &c. &c. (4.) Engraving of arms, in which the Royal Oak is introduced, (*proper, in a field Or, a fess gules, charged with three regal crowns of the second; by the name of Carlos. And for his crest, a civic crown, or oaken garland, with a sword and scepter crossed through it saltier-wise*) granted by the King to Colonel William Carlis, who was born at Brom-hall in Staffordshire, within two miles of Boscobel. (5.) Frontispiece to the second part by Van Houe, representing some of the principal events.

events. Subjoined is a small treatise of 90 pages, entitled *Clastrum Regale Reseratum*, or the King's Concealment at Trent, published by A. W. 1681.

I. S. C.

This account was first published 1660, in 8vo. and translated into French and Portuguese; the latter by Peter Gifford, of White Ladies in Staffordshire, a Roman Catholic.

Thomas Blount, the author, was son of Myles Blount of Orleton, in Herefordshire, and was educated to the law in the Temple, where he became a Barrister. He published several other works, of which one has been already mentioned in the Second Vol. of the *GENERA LITERARIA*, p. 162, and the rest are recorded in A. Wood's *Ath.* II. 73. He died at Orleton, 26 Dec. 1679.

Full extracts from this BOSCOBEL are given in the ADDENDA to Lord Clarendon's History, on which account they are omitted here.

ART. XIX. *Poems upon divers emergent occasions*, by James Howell, Esquire. London. Printed by Ja. Cotterel, and are to be sold in Exchange Alley neer Lombard Street. 1664. 8vo. pp. 127.

This volume, of that copious compiler James Howell, is allotted a place here from its uncommonly rare occurrence; and on that account will be allowed more room, than its intrinsic worth would justify. It was edited by Payne-Fisher, of whom a full memoir may be found in Wood's *Ath.* II. 899.

The

The dedication to Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, says, that “besides those severe and highly-solid studies which attend theological speculations, wherein your Lordship is eminent even to admiration, ’tis evidently known, my Lord, that you have not only a profound judgment, but also a sublime genius in poetical compositions. Now, my Lord, ’tis upon good record, that poets were the first divines and philosophers; and as a great wit well observeth, poetry is the clearest light to prove that man hath an intellectual soul, and ray of divinity shining in him.”

“To the Reader.

“Not to know the author of these poems, were an ignorance beyond barbarism, as ’twas said of a famous person in France: yet I held it superfluous to prefix his name in the title-page, he being known and easily distinguished from others by his genius and style, as a great wit said lately of him,

Author hic ex calamo notus, ut ungue leo.

“He may be called the prodigie of his age, for the variety of his volumes: for from his *Δενδρολογία*, or Parly of Trees, to his *Θηρολογία*, or Parly of Beasts, (not inferiour to the other) there hath pass’d the press, above forty of his works on various subjects; useful not onely to the present times, but to all posterity.

“And ’tis observed, that in all his writings there is something still new, either in the matter, method, or fancy, and in an untrodden tract. Moreover, one may discover a kinde of vein of poesie to run through the body of his prose, in the concinnity and succinctness thereof all along.

“He

"He teacheth a new way of epistolizing; and that Familiar Letters may not onely consist of words, and a bombast of complements, but that they are capable of the highest speculations and solidst kind of knowledge.

"He chalks out a topical and exact way for Foreign Travel, not roving in general precepts onely.

"In all his histories, there are the true rules, laws, and language of History observed.

"What infinite advantages may be got by his Dictionaries and Nomenclature by all professions and nations!

"How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the Royal Right in divers learned tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad, as well as at home! &c.

"Touching these poems, most of them nere saw publick light before; for I got them in Manuscripts, whereof I thought fit to give the reader an advertisement.

P. FISHER."

Then follows a panegyricall Latin poem by Fisher of 226 hexameters, allusive to all Howell's numerous publications.

The poems are here enumerated. 1. The Progress of the Human Soul: or the whole History of Man. 2. A Speculation. 3. Of some pious Meditations, when prisoner for the King in the Fleet. 4. A Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness of human knowledg. 5. A prophetic poem, partly accomplished, to his present Majesty, then Prince, 1640. 6. A Rapture upon Delia. 7. Of the true Observation of Lent. 8. Before the History of Lewis the XIII.

VOL. III.

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(with

(with his Cardinal Richlieu) called "*Lustra Ludovicæ*."

9. Before *Londinopolis: or a new History of London;* parallell'd with the greatest cities on earth.
10. Upon Bishop Andrews's most holy Meditations and Prayers.
11. Before that large and elaborat work, called "*The German Diet*."
12. *Axioma*.
13. Before my Lord of Cherberry's *History of King Henry VIII.*
14. An Analytical Character or Dissection of *Hen. VIII.* [*prose.*]
15. Of Translations, upon rendering into English a choice Venetian Romance, called "*Eromena*" by Mr James Howard.
16. The dedication to Great Britain, of that voluminous work, *Lexicon Tetra-glotton: or an English-French-Italian-Spanish-Dictionary.*
17. Of the original of the English Tongue, and her Association with the Italian, Spanish, and French, &c.
18. Before a great volume of Proverbs in five languages.
19. Of the strange vertu of words, before the great *Nomenclatura*; wherein are the proper terms in four languages belonging to *Arts Mechanical and Liberal.*
20. Upon the great *Drammatical Work* of B. and Fletcher, publish'd 1646.
21. To his late Majesty, at the dedication unto him of *Dodona's Grove*; or the *Vocal Forest.*
22. To her Majesty, now *Queen-Mother.*
23. To Prince Charles, now King.
24. Before the *Vocal Forest: To the Knowing Reader*, touching the progress of Learning.
25. To the *Common Reader.*
26. To the *Critical Reader.*
27. Touching the vertu and use of *Familiar Letters.*
28. To the *Sagacious Reader.*
29. Upon a rare and recent *Persian Tragy-History*, 1655.
30. An *Elegie* upon Edward late Earl of Dorset, 1651, who died about the time of voting down the House of Peers.
31. An *Epithalamium* upon the nuptials of that princely pair, *Henry Lo. Marquiss*

Marquiss of Dorchester, and the Lady Katherine, daughter to the late heroik Earl of Darby. 32. A poem heroique, presented to his late Majesty for a New Year's Gift. 33. Before the History of Naples, called Parthenope, or the Virgin-city. 34. Of the most curious gardens, groves, mounts, arbours, &c. contrived, and lately made by the Lord Viscount Kilmorrey, at Dutton-Hall, in Cheshire. 35. Before that exquisit large peece, a Survey of the city and signory of Venice. 36. A fit of mortification. 37. A lover's protestation. 38. Upon himself, having been buried alive for many years in the prison of the Fleet, by the State, or Long-Parliament, for his loyalty. 39. A gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the honour of the holy name of God. 40. Upon a beautiful Valentine. 41. Upon black eyes, and becoming frowns. 42. Upon Clorinda's Mask. 43. Upon Dr. Davies British Grammar. 44. Upon Christmas Day. 45. Upon my honoured friend and f. Mr. Ben. Johnson. 46. For the admitting Mistris Anne King to be the tenth Muse. 47. A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity. 48. A short Ejaculation. 49. A Hymn of Mortification. 50. A holy Rapture. 51. An Ejaculation to my Creator. 52. Upon a fit of discónsolation, or despondency of Spirit. 53. Upon the most noble work of the Lo. Marq. of Winchester, by rendering the French "Gallery of Ladies," into English. 54. Upon the untimely death of the Lord Fra. Villars, kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames. 55. Upon the Holy Sacrament. 56. A divine Ejaculation. 57. Of the scene and ingenious composure of a Florentine Tragi-comedy.* 58. Upon the poems of Dr. Aylet, an ancient

* Geo. Gerbier D'Ouilly's False Favourites. See QUER. LIT. II. p. 75.

Master in Chancery. 59. The description of a Morning Expergefaction, after an unusual dream, or vision, 1656. 60. To Mrs. E. B. upon a sudden surprisal. 61. Upon the Nativity of our Saviour, Christmas-Day. 62. To my dear mother, the University of Oxford, before Mr. Cartwright's poems of Christ-Church, 1650. 63. To the rarely ingenious Mrs. A. Weemes upon her Supplement of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. 64. A sudden Rapture upon the horrid Murthering of his late Majesty. 65. An Epitaph upon Charles the First. 66. Upon a Cupboard of Venice-glasses, sent for a New Year's gift to a choice lady. 67. A passionate elogy upon his long-endeared friend Daniel Caldwell, Esq. 68. An elegie upon his tomb in Horndon-Hill church, erected by his wife. 69. Sent with a prayer-book to a pious lady. 70. To Delia. 71. A sudden Speculation beyond the seas. 72. Of Female Hypocrisie. 73. Of some, who blending their brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses choicest sons and servants, Sir Will. Davenant, Knight and poet. 74. Upon Mr. Cleveland. 75. Upon Dr. Howel, Lord Bishop of Bristol, who died a little after the putting down of Episcopacy. 76. Before the Second Part of Dodona's Grove. 77. The conclusion of the Second Part of Dodona's Grove. 78. To my most endeared R. Altham, Esq. 79. Upon a new-fashioned table-book, sent him for a token from Amsterdam. 80. Upon Easter-Day. 81. A parallel twixt angels and men. 82. To my choice and most endeared Mr. R. A. in answer to a poem of his. 83. Upon this rare Erotic subject, The Master-piece of Love, by Mr. Love-day. 84. To his worthy friend, Mr. Willan, upon the view of his Astræa. 85. A pregnant Vow for a safe
and

and seasonable delivery to the excellent lady, the Lady Katherine, Marchioness of Dorchester. 86. Upon his Majesties return with the Dukes of York and Gloucester. 87. Before *Θηρολογία*, or The Parly of Beasts, 1658. 88. An Eucharistical Rapture, with a gradual Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy. 89. The Hymn. 90. Upon the exquisit Romance of the Bishop of Bellay, made English out of the French, by Serjeant Major John Wright. 91. To Mr. Nath. Johnson, upon his Version of Pyramer. 92. Upon Mr. Benlowes Divine Theophila. 93. On Doctor Charleton's learned piece, by proving that Stonehenge is a Danish Monument, in his New Survey. 94. Of Mrs. Diana Bill, born and baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood, hard by High-gate. 95. Upon her Majesties thirty one days sayling from Lisbon to England. 96. Upon the Posthume poems of Lovelace. 97. Upon the grand Climacterik year, 63.



As little can be said in favour of Howell's poetry, one specimen from the best will be sufficient.

(No. 4.) *A Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness of human knowledge.*

1.

If of the smallest star in sky
We know not the dimensity;
If those pure sparks that stars compose,
The highest human wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow man, can'st thou
The Maker of these glories know?

T 3

2. If

2.

If we know not the air we draw,
 Nor what keeps winds and waves in awe;
 If our small skulls cannot contain
 The flux, and saltness of the main;
 If scarce a cause we ken below;
 How can we the supernal know?

3.

If it be a mysterious thing,
 Why steel should to the loadstone cling;
 If we know not why jet should draw,
 And with such kisses hug a straw;
 If none can truly yet reveal
 How sympathetic powders heal;

4.

If we scarce know the earth we tread,
 Or half the simples that are bred,
 With minerals, and thousand things
 Which for man's health and food she brings;
 If Nature's so obscure, then how
 Can we the God of Nature know?

5.

What the bat's eye is to the sun,
 Or of a glow-worm to the moon;
 The same is human intellect,
 If on our Maker we reflect:
 Whose magnitude is so immense,
 That it transcends both soul and sense.

6.

Poor purblind man, then set thee still;
 Let Wonderment thy temples fill:
 Keep a due distance: do not pry
 Too near, lest, like the silly fly,
 While she the wanton with the flame doth play,
 First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

ART.

ART. XX. *Certain Selected Odes of Horace, Englished; and their Arguments annexed. With poems, antient and modern, of divers subjects, translated. Whereunto are added, both in Latin and English, sundry new Epigrammes, Anagrams, Epitaphes. London. Printed by H.L. for Richard Moore; and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleetstreet, 1621. 4to. pp. 96.*

This early translation of part of Horace, of which copies do not frequently occur, was by John Ashmore, as appears by the dedication and commendatory verses. Of the personal history of the translator I know nothing. He seems to have belonged either to Yorkshire or Cheshire, by the names which are recorded in his book.

The Odes translated are Lib. I. Odes 1, 5, 13, 22, 23, 26. Lib. II. Odes 10, 14, 16, 18. Lib. III. Odes 9, 30. Lib. IV. Odes 3, 7, 8. Epode 2. I will give one specimen, which I select as the shortest.

“ Ad Melpomenen. (Lib. IV. Ode 3.)

Whose birth Melpomeney
Thou smiling look'st upon,
No toyle in Isthmos him can make
A famous champion.

No stately steeds shall draw,
Contending for the prize,
His conquering charet going on
With joyfull shouts and cryes.

Nor good successe in warre

To th' Capitoll him brings

Adorn'd with bayes, because the threats

He batter'd of proud kings.

But waters that their course

By fertill Tiber take

And woods with leaves thick-clad shall him

Renown'd by verses make.

The Gallants of great Rome

Amongst the crue recite me

Of lovely poets : Envie now,

With venim split, less bites me.

O Muse, that guid'st the strings

Of the sweet warbling lute ;

O thou, that, if thou wilt, canst give

Swans notes to fishes mute !

It's thy free gift, that me

Her Poet Rome doth call :

It's by thee, that I breath, and please,

If ought I please at all."

At p. 29 is the following new title-page. *Epigrammes, Epitaphes, Anagrammes, and other Poems of divers subjects; in Latine and English. London. Printed &c. as before.*

This is followed by the ensuing dedicatory verses to Sir George Calvert, [afterwards Lord Baltimore.]

" Excerptos variis ex hortis undique flores,

Naribus afflantes qui placuere meis,

Eque meo paucos collectos nuper agello

Connexosque, unum in do tibi fasciculum :

Quais

Quæ si læta tui spiraverit aura favoris,
 (Ambrosii quæ illis roris ad instar erit,)
 Mista rosis noster calathis tibi lilia plenis
 Hortus, et hyberno tempore, pulchra dabit."

The first of the poems is "A Speech made to the King's Majestie comming in his Progress to Rippon, the 15 of Aprill 1617, in the person of Mercurie." The rest are principally short addresses or epigrams to several of the author's patrons and friends, except a few more translations at the end, dedicated to Sir Thomas Wharton, son and heir of Philip Lord Wharton. The principal of which is "The Praise of a Country Life" from the second book of Virgil's Georgics. I will transcribe the last, not only because it is short, but because it has some poetical merit.

Ex M. Antonio Flaminio, ad Agellum suum. Sic incipit "Umbra frigidula," &c.

"Cool shades, air-fanning groves,
 With your soft whisperings,
 Where Pleasure smiling roves
 Through dewy caves and springs,
 And bathes her purple wings:

With flowers enamel'd ground,
 Nature's fair tapestry,
 Where chattering birds abound,
 Flickering from tree to tree
 With change of melody:

Sweet Liberty and Leisures,
 Where still the Muses keep,
 O! if to those true treasures,
 That from your bosoms peep,
 I might securely creep:

If

If I might spend my days,
 Remote from public brawls,
 Now tuning lovely lays,
 Now light-foot madrigals,
 Ne'er check'd with sudden calls:

Now follow Sleep that goes
 Rustling i' th' greenwood shade!
 Now milk my goat, that knows
 With her young fearful cade,
 The pail i' th' cooly glade;

And with bowls fill'd to th' brims
 Of milky moisture now,
 To water my dried limbs,
 And t' all the wrangling crew
 Of Cares to bid adieu!

What life then should I lead!
 How like then would it be
 Unto the gods, that tread
 I' th' starry gallery
 Of true felicity!

But you, O virgins sweet,
 In Helicon that dwell,
 That oft the fountains greet,
 When you the pleasures tell,
 I' th' country that excell!

If I my life, though dear,
 For your far dearer sake,
 To yeild would nothing fear;
 From city's tumults take me,
 And free i' th' country make me!"

After

After this there are still appended six pages, of small translations, with a dedication to Sir Richard Hutton, Judge of the Common Pleas.

Sir Thomas Hawkins of Nash, in the parish of Boughton Bleau, Kent, published a Translation of Horace's Odes, in 1638.*

ART. XXI. *Opusculum plane divinum de Mortuorum resurrectione, et extremo judicio, in quatuor linguis succincte conscriptum. Authore Joanne Clerco. Latine, Englyshe, Italian, Frenche. Imprynted at London, in Aldersgate Street, by Joannes Herforde, Anno 1545. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

It offers itself (je m'en vay au tres illustre Seigneur &c.) in a short dedication, in French, to Henry Howard Earl of Surry, which is followed by as short an address in Latin to the reader. It is neatly printed (the Latin and Italian in the Roman character, the English and French in black letter) in double columns, so that two opposite pages always give the text in the four languages. It contains 61 pages. I will copy, as a specimen, the first two English paragraphs of the book.

"Albeit the cōtinuall sighte of the Godhed permytted not that y^e most holy soule of oure Saviour and very Messias sholde be fro the tyme of cōceptiō of his carnall body in any wyse destitute of y^e celestial glorie, yet neverthelesse y^e diuine wil so totally deprived his body from the tast therof, as beyng hym-

* Wood's Ash. II. 264,

selfe wyllingly made a sacrifice for man's offences, suffered cruell death in the crosse: passible in fleshe, impassible in deitie; very God and very man in either nature, and under one onely personne most perfecte: as beyng only God he could not die, so, beyng onely man, he coude not ryse agayne.

“The lively and eternal diuinitie dyd suscitate y^e dede humanitie; and, as that most holie body, hauynge already suffred, and beyng efishones unite to the soule, reuiued and rose by the only diuine vertue above the rules of man's nature, so every one, both good and yll, by vertue of his resurrection, shall in the mome't and twinke of an eye in his commyng reuiue and ryse; suche as dyd good, to the enheritaunce of immortal lyfe; agayne, such as comytted yll, to the eternall ponishment of death. Albeit this earthly matter wherof the flesshe of mortal men is made, after that the soule shall be seporate from the body, be conuerted into any of thelementes of this worlde wherof all thinges are made, or into the meat of men or beastes, and so be consumed as not the leaste parte thereof remained to be seene, which yll is scen many tymes to have happed, yet neuerthelesse the hoole naturall substance of the body, the same membres, and the same joyncture, totally perfecte, shall in the commyng of Christ to the terrible iugemente retourne to the soule by the diuine prouidence in y^e poynt of a tyme. We cannot dystruste all that herafter to succede in us, byng the membres of Christ (in whome is a portion of the flesshe and bloud of every one of us) whiche we knowe to have ben accomplyshed in hym our head. Where our portion reygne'th, where our flesshe is glorified, there we beleve we shall reygne and shalbe glorified;

fied; our substaunce requireth it, and the communion of nature doth not repell it."

The book once belonged to the typographical antiquary Herbert, whose autograph is on the page before the title. There is a loose MS. leaf in it, which I presume to have been extracted, or at least compiled, from him, or Ames, and written by some subsequent possessor of the book. It is as follows.

"This very scarce book does not appear in the Catalogues of any of the celebrated libraries that have been sold in this country. Even the Bibliotheca Harleiana, that was enriched with such a great collection of the early productions of the British press, had not a copy of this work in it: neither had Dr. Ratcliffe, that celebrated collector of old English literature, a copy. It has escaped the researches of all the bibliographical antiquaries, except Mr. Herbert, and this was the identical copy he described it from, in his edition of Ames's typographical antiquities, Vol. I. page 577, which circumstance is substantiated by his autograph in the leaf preceding the title-page, and its corresponding in every respect with the description he has given of it. The printer of the book, John Hertford, Hertford, Herforde, or Hereford, printed at St. Albans before he printed at London, and, by the earliest dates of his books, probably was the first who set up a press there, after the so long cessation thereof, that is from 1486 to 1537: the Reformation taking place, and not finding business among the Monks, he came and dwelt in Aldersgate Street, London, and served other persons besides himself. This was the second book of his printing that Herbert met with: in addition to its rarity, it is curious on account of some of the speculations

lations it contains, but, above all, as it affords a comparative view of the orthography and idiom of the English, French, and Italian languages at that period."*

ART. XXII. *The XIII Bukes of Eneados of the famos Poete Virgile Translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish Metir bi the Reverend Father in God Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, and Unkil to the Erle of Angus. Every buke having his perticular Prologe. Imprinted at London, 1553.*†

Engraved title-page, and black letter, except the three first lines, and printer's date.

There is a preface in verse, of eight pages. The book is a small thick quarto, containing 382 pages.‡

The beginning of the First Book.

"The battalis, and the man I will describe,
Fra Troyis boundis, first that fugitive
By fate to Italie came, and wist lavyne
Over land and se, cachit with meikill pyne
Be force of goddis above, fra every stede
Of cruel Juno," &c,

The description of Fame in the fourth book, and of Dido and Æneas retiring into the cave in the storm, are wholly omitted; probably from the good Bishop's

* The Editor is indebted for the favour of this article to Lord Astor, through his friend Mr. Lodge.

† Herbert I. 357, says "By William Copland; and adds that the title is "in a neat compartment of a garland, or chaplet of flowers. At the bottom is a tablet supporting a boy at each end, holding Roman ensigns in their hands." *Editor.*

‡ Qu? Herbert says: "ccc lxxx leaves."

delicacy;

delicacy; for in a very long prologue to this book he gives many exhortations to young women, in this manner:

“ *Echawe, young virgins, and fair dampcellis,
Furth of wedlok for to disteyne your kellis,
Traist not all talis, that wantoun womaris tellis,
You to defloure,*” &c.

Probably there is an older edition; for he says it was written in eighteen months, and finished in 1513. The work ends with the Translator’s Rebus.

“ *To know the name of the Translator.*

“ The gaw unbrokin mydlit with the wine
The dow ioned with the glas, richt in ane lync,
Qnba knowis not the translaturis name;
Seik no farther, for, lo, with lytil pyne
Spey leile this vers, men clepis him sa at hame.”

M. P.

Warton says “ This translation is executed with equal spirit and fidelity: and is a proof that the lowland Scotch and English languages were now nearly the same. I mean the style of composition; more especially in the glaring affectation of anglicising Latin words. The several books are introduced with metrical prologues, which are often highly poetical; and shew that Douglas’s proper walk was original poetry. The most conspicuous of these prologues is a Description of May.”*

This translation was reprinted in folio at Edinburgh,

* Wart. Hist. E. Poetry, II. 281.

King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley, and the rest,
 Adieu!—To arms, to arms, to glorious arms,
 With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
 Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
 To propagate religious piety;
 And hew a passage with your conquering swords
 By land and sea; where ever Phœbus' eye,
 Th' eternal lamp of heaven lends us light:
 By golden Tagus or the western Inde,
 Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
 The wealthy ocean main, the Tyrrhene sea,
 From great Alcides' pill branching forth
 Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
 Ther to deface the pride of Antichrist,
 And pull his paper walls and popery down.
 A famous enterprise for England's strength,
 To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
 And cleanse Augeus' stalls in Italy.

To arms, my fellow-soldiers! sea and land
 Lie open to the voyage you intend:
 And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
 Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
 Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,
 To Afric's shore or rich America,
 Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
 Sail on:—pursue your honours to your graves.
 Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
 And every climate Virtue's tabernacle.

To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!
 Hoist sails; weigh anchors up; plow up the seas,
 With flying keels; plow up the land with swords.
 In God's name venture on: and let me say
 To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
 Striving with Neptune's hills—' You bear (quoth he)

Cæsar

"Caesar and Caesar's fortune in your ships."
 You follow them, whose swords successful are :
 You follow Drake by sea, the scourge of Spain,
 The dreadful Dragon, terror to your foes :
 Victorious in his return from Inde :
 In all his high attempts unvanquished.
 You follow noble Norris, whose renown
 Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
 Spreads by the gates of Europe, to the courts
 Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
 You fight for Christ, and England's peerless Queen,
 Elizabeth, the wonder of the world !
 Over whose throne the enemies of God
 Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
 O ten times treble happy men, that fight
 Under the cross of Christ and England's queen;
 And follow such as Drake and Norris are.
 All honours do this cause accompany;
 All glory on these endless honours waits.
 These honours and this glory shall he send,
 Whose honour and whose glory you defend."

T. P.

ART. XXIV. *The Parliament of Bees; with their proper characters: or a Bee-hive furnished with twelve honey-combs, as pleasant as profitable: being an allegorical description of the actions of good and bad men, in these our daies. A Masque, by John Day. 1640. 4to.*

This author, says Mr. Reed,* had been a student in Caius College, Cambridge, and by the date of his

* Biogr. Dramatica, I. 119.

works must have flourished in the reigns of James and Charles the First: but the precise time of his birth and death are not known. He wrote two dramatic pieces in conjunction with Marlow and Decker, and published six of his own; among which the *Parliament of Bees* is numbered in the old catalogues; but with little propriety, since it consists of what never could be adapted for theatrical representation,—a succession of twelve satirical colloquies in rhyme, without any continuity of character. The book is inscribed “To the worthy gentleman Mr. George Butler, professor of the arts liberal, and true patron of neglected poesie:” the following is perhaps its fairest specimen.

“ The Booke to the Reader.

“ In my commission I am charg’d to greet
And mildly kisse the hands of all I meet,
Which I must do, or never more be seene
About the fount of sacred Hippocrene.
Smooth-socket Thalia takes delight to dance
I’ th’ schools of art; the door of ignorance
She sets a cross on; detractors she doth scorne,
Yet kneels to censure, so it be true-born.
I had rather fall into a beadle’s hands
That reads, and with his reading understands,
Than some plush-Midas, that can read no further
But *Bees*!—whose penning?—Mew, this man doth
murder
A writer’s credit; and wrong’d poesie,
Like a rich diamond dropt into the sea,
Is by him lost for ever. Quite through read me,
Or ’mongst waste paper into pastboard knead me;
Presse me to death: so, though your churlish hands
Rob me of life, I’le save my paper lands

For

For my next heire, who with poetick breath
May in sad elegie record my death.
If so; I wish my epitaph may be
Only three words—*Opinion murdered me!*

T. P.

ART. XXV. *The true and perfecte Newes of the woorthy and valiaunt exploytes, performed and doone by that valiant knight Syr Frauncis Drake: not only at Sancto Domingo and Carthagena, but also nowe at Cales and uppon the coast of Spayne. 1587. Printed at London by J. Charlewood for T. Hackett. Colophon: Finis quoth Thomas Greepe.*

Greepe, in his epistle dedicatory to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, speaks of himself as a rude countryman, brought up many years in husbandry; and therefore possessing more knowledge in culturing of land than in describing the conquests of countries. A plain narration adapted to the vulgar sort of people, was what he designed, and this he evidently accomplished. The following is his matter-of-fact report of the English squadron.

The Bonaventure, a shyp royall,
Cheefe admirall then of the fleete
Sir Frauncis Drake chiefe-generall,
As by deserte, he was most meete.
Most worthy captaynes of hand and hart,
In thys boon voyage then tooke hys part.

The Primrose next, vice-admirall
 Appointed by theyr best devise,
 Captayne Frobisher vice-generall,
 A valiant captayne, ware and wise.
 Captayne Carell they did ordayne
 Liefetenant-generall on the mayne.
 The Ayde, a royall shyppe and botte,
 The Gallien wyll convict her foes,
 The Sea-Dragon she spares no shott,
 The Talbot barkes where ere she goes;
 The Whyte Lyon her foes will smart,
 And all the rest wyll take her part.
 At Plimmouth they remayned a space,
 Till all their ships were furnished;
 Then government, good fame, and grace,
 Throughout the realme is published:
 Their sayles displaide, the seas t' atchive,
 September, anno eighty-five."

A short letter is subjoined from Sir F. Drake, to his
 very good friend, Mr. John Fox, preacher of the Word
 of God: Dated "from aboard her Majesties good
 ship the Elizabeth Bonaventure."

ART. XXVI. *A Skeltonical Salutation
 Or condigne gratulation,
 And just vexation
 Of the Spanish nation;
 That in a bravado,
 Spent many a Crusado,
 In setting forthe an Armado
 England to invado.*

Imprinted at London for Toby Cooke. 1589. 4to.
 Such

Such is the title to this national pasquinade, in commemoration of the failure of Spain by her invincible naval armament. The iteration of metre is all that approaches in it to the style of Skelton; as the commencement may serve to shew.

O King of Spaine!
 Is it not a paine
 To thy heart and braine,
 And every vaine,
 To see thy traine
 For to sustaine,
 Withouten gaine,
 The world's disdain;
 Which despise
 As toies and lies,
 With shoutes and cries,
 Thy enterprise;
 As fitter for pies
 And butter-flies
 Then men so wise?
 O waspish King!
 Where's now thy sting,
 Thy dart, or sling,
 Or strong bow-string,
 That should us wring,
 And under bring;
 Who every way
 Thee vex and pay,
 And beare the sway
 By night and day,
 To thy dismay,
 In battle array,
 And every fray?

O puffe with pride !
 What foolish guide
 Made thee provide
 To over-ride
 This land so wide,
 From side to side;
 And then untride
 Away to slide,
 And not to abide;
 But all in a ring
 Away to fling ?" &c.

T. P.

ART. XXVII. *Barclay his Argenis, or the Loves of Poliarchus and Argenis, faithfully translated out of Latin into English by Kingsmill Long, Esq. The second edition, beautified with pictures, Together with a Key præfixed to unlock the whole story. London. Printed for Henry Seile at the signe of the Tygres Head in Fleetstreet neere the Conduit 1636. Sm. 4to. pp. 719.*

This volume is adorned by a print of Barclay, natus 26 Jan. 1582, obiit 12 Aug. 1621:—peaked beard, and whiskers; hair turned up from the forehead; a ruff flying off from the shoulders, and flower'd vest. "D, du Monstier pinx. C. Melton sculp."

"Gente Caledonius, Gallus natalibus hic est,
 Romam Romano qui docet ore loqui." H. GROTIUS.

M. P.

John

John Barclay, the author was son of William Barclay, a learned and eminent Scotch civilian, who was born at Aberdeen 1541, and died about 1605. The son is said to have had considerable employments under King James, and particularly to have been made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to him. He quitted London in 1617, and went to Paris; and afterwards to Rome, at the invitation of Pope Paul V. where he died.

The *Argenis* is his most celebrated work. It was first printed at Paris in 8vo. in 1621. It has since passed through many editions, and been translated into several languages. The first English translation was published in 4to. in 1628, by Sir Robert Le Grys, at the command of King Charles I. The poetical part was translated by Thomas May, Esq. The translation by K. Long, here registered, was the second. Another appeared as late as 1772, in four volumes, 12mo. under the following title.

“*The Phoenix; or, The History of Polyarchus and Argenis, translated from the Latin by a Lady*” In the Preface to this, it is observed, that “the Editor has made use of both the former translations occasionally, and whenever a doubt arose, had recourse to the original.”

Barclays’ Latin style, in his *Argenis*, has been much praised, and much censured. It is said that Cardinal Richlieu was extremely fond of reading this work, and that from thence he derived many of his political maxims. It is observed, in the Preface to the last English Translation, that “Barclay’s *Argenis* affords such variety of entertainment, that every kind of reader may find in it something suitable to his own taste and disposition:

disposition: the statesman, the philosopher, the soldier, the lover, the citizen, the friend of mankind, each may gratify his favourite propensity; while the reader who comes for his amusement only, will not go away disappointed." It is also remarked of this work, in the same preface, "that it is a romance, an allegory, and a system of politics. In it the various forms of government are investigated, the causes of faction detected, and the remedies pointed out for most of the evils that can arise in a state." In this political allegory, "By the kingdom of Sicily, France is described, during the time of the civil wars under Henry the Third, and until the fixing the crown upon the head of Henry the Fourth. By the country over against Sicily, and frequently her competitor, England is signified. By the country formerly united under one head, but now divided into several principalities, the author means Germany; i. e. Mergania. Several names are disguised in the same manner, by transposing the letters." As to the principal persons, designed, "By Aquilius is meant the Emperor of Germany, Calvin is Usinulca, and the Huguenots are called Hyperephanii. Under the person and character of Polyarchus, Barclay undoubtedly intended to describe the real hero, Henry of Navarre, as he has preserved the likeness even to his features and complexion. By his rivals are meant the leaders of the different factions; by Lycogenes and his friends, the Lorrain party, with the Duke of Guise at their head. Some features of Hyanisbe's character are supposed to resemble Queen Elizabeth of England; Radirobanes is the King of Spain; and his fruitless expedition against Mauritania is pointed at the ambitious designs of Philip the Second and his invincible Armada. Under
Meleander

Meleander the character of Henry the Third of France seems intended; though the resemblance is very flattering to him."*

ART. XXVIII. *The play of the Wether. A new and a very mery enterlude of all maner wethers; made By John Heywood. Large 4to. bl. letter. 1533.*

The players names.

Jupiter a god.
 Mery Reporte the vyce.
 The gentylman.
 The marchaunt.
 The ranger.
 The water myller.
 The wynde myller.
 The gentylwoman.
 The launder.
 A boy the lest that can play.

In "The play of the Wether" the first person who makes his appearance on the stage is Jupiter; he, after the manner of a chorus, explains to the audience the plan and occasion of the drama: this originates in the various misfortunes and inconveniences which arise from the contrary dispositions of "Saturne, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phebe;" who being cited before the cloud-compelling deity, each makes complaint against the other, and all agree in declaring that notwithstanding their several endeavours to promote the benefit of mankind, they are constantly thwarted by the ac-

* Biogr. Brit. I. 389.

tions of their companions in power. Saturn first accuses Phœbus, who, by the heat of his morning rays melts the frost, and thus renders the labour of the night useless: to this charge the god makes no reply, but joined by his late opponent Saturn exclaims against Phebe, whose showers they find alike prejudicial to frost and heat: she in return is silent, and all three then fall upon poor Eolus, who, say they,

“ When he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
Suffereth neyther sone shyne, rayne, nor snow.”

To remedy these evils they propose investing Jupiter with their command, who determines to call together such mortals as may have suffered, and hearing their petitions, act accordingly.

Thus far Jupiter himself leads us. When we are introduced to Mery Reporte, who, after some facetious discourse, is appointed messenger to declare the intention of the deity to every nation: he departs, and here, I conceive, ends the first act.*

Mery Reporte, having executed his commission, returns, and informs us of the numerous places he has visited: then appears the first petitioner, who proves to be “ the gentylman;” after some conversation with “ the Vyce” not of the most delicate nature, he entreats for

—————“ Wether pleasaunt,
Drye and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll,
That after our boundes yournynge so meryly,
Chasyng the dere ouer dale and hyll,
In berynge we may folow, and to comfort the cry.”

* Jupiter speaks seven lines after “ Mery report goeth out.” The stage direction in the margin says, “ At thende of this staf the god hath a song played in his tronc, or Mery Report come in.”

After

After this personage we have the remaining characters, who all differ in their requests, which are thus, afterwards, related to Jupiter by Mery Reporte.

" The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere,
 A gentylman desyrynge wether clere,
 Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
 For hurt in hys huntynge; and then, as ye know,*
 The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde,
 For wether clere and mesurable wynde,
 As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede;
 And streyght after thys there came to me in dede
 An other man, who namyd hymself a ranger,
 And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunger
 For lacke of lvyngge, whyche chiefly ys wyndefall,
 But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al;
 Wherefore he desyreth for encrease of theyr fleesys
 Extreme rage of wynde trees to tere in peces;
 Then came a water-myller, and he cryed out
 For water, and sayde the wynde was so stout,
 The rayne could not fall, wherfore he made request
 For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest;
 And then syr there came a wyndemyller in,
 Who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyn.
 The water he wysht to be banyshd all,
 Besechynge your grace of wynde continuall;
 Then came there an other that wolde banysh all this,
 A goodly dame an ydyll thyngge i wys,
 Wyn to rayne nor froste nor sonshyne wold she haue,
 But fayre close wether her beautye to saue;

* Jupiter himself was present during the conversation with the gentleman, and merchant; he then leaves Mery Report to interrogate the remaining suppliants, who are not all on the stage together, one entering as the other withdraws.

Then

Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry,
 Whomuste haue wether hote and clere here clothys to dry;
 Then came there a boy for froste and snow contynual,
 Snow to make snowballys and frost for his pytfale,*
 For whyche god wote he seweth full gredely."

Having thus enumerated the desires of the mortals, Jupiter sends for and addresses them; he promises to fulfil every request at due seasons, by which means all occupations may prosper without one retarding the other: he continues

"Now on the tother syde yf we had graunted
 The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
 And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
 Yet who so hadde obtayned, had wonne his owne wo;
 There is no one craft that can preserue man so,
 But by other craftes of necessitye
 He muste haue myche parte of his commodyte.

All to serue at ones, and one destroy a nother,
 Or ellys to serue one, and destroy all the rest,
 Nother wyll we do the t'one, nor the tother,
 But serue as many or as few as we thynke best;
 And where or what tyme to serve moste or lest,
 The dyreccyon of that doutles shall stande
 Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherefore we wyll the hole worlde to attende,
 Eche sort on suche wether as for them doth fall,
 Now one, now other, as lyketh vs to sende,

* This pytfale, by the former part of the play, I conceiue to be a decoy to entrap birds.

"And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges,
 In the pytfale I say yt passeth all thynges."

Who that hath yt ply it, and suer we shall
 So gyde the wether in course to you all,
 That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
 In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne."

At this determination each petitioner is satisfied, and returns thanks for the mildness and clemency with which he has been treated. And here, as I suppose, the play ends: the copy from which I have written the above wants about the last page: seven out of the eight have expressed their gratitude, and the boy is the only one remaining, whose speech, if it accords with those of his companions, takes up two lines: we may then suppose either Jupiter or Mery Reporte address the audience by way of epilogue, and that it concludes with "Imprinted by W. Rastell, 1533—Cum privilegio." P. B.

Additions by the Editor.

John Heywood was born at North-Mims, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and was educated at Oxford. He was a familiar friend of Sir Thomas More, and is said to have been a favourite with Hen. VIII. He was certainly patronized by Q. Mary.*

"His pleasant wit" says Oldys, "saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edw. VI. See Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. He was so entangled with some of the Popish party, that he narrowly

* That Heywood had been introduced to Princess Mary, is ascertained by a poem complimentary to her person, in the MSS. of Brit. Mus. and lately printed in Vol. I. of the *Royal and Noble Authors*. T. P.

escaped

escaped being noosed; but the Muses were his advocates."

The following story is extracted from Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie," 1589, p. 230.

"Some Speech may be, when it is spoken, very undecent, yet the same having something added to it, may become pretty, and decent, as — hapned on a time at the Duke of Northumberlandes board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the table's end. The Duke had a very noble and honourable mynde alwayes to pay his debts well; and when he lacked money, would not sticke to sell the greatest part of his plate: so he had done a few dayes before. Heywood, being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cupboard, and said, 'I find great misse of your Grace's standing cups.' The Duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said somewhat sharply, 'Why, Sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your Grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your man so often to call for it.' This pleasant and speedy reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter againe, whereupon the Duke became very pleasaunt, and dranke a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should alwayes be standing by him."

"I have seen," says Oldys, "A brieft Balet touching the Traytorous takynge of Scarborow Castle," subscribed at the end, "I. Heywood." Imprinted at London by Thomas Powell, on a broad-side of two columns, bl., letter. (It is among the Fol. Vol. of Dyson's

Dyson's Collections in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries.) Thomas Stafford, who took that castle; 23 April 1557, and proclaimed himself Protector of the Realm, was beheaded 28 May following, and three of his accomplices were hanged."

"This Heywood also printed "A Balade of the meeting and marriage of the King and Queen's Highness. Imprinted by W. Ryddel on one side of a large half sheet." *

ART. XXIX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

1. *The Mirror of Mutability, or principall part of the Mirror for Magistrates, describing the fall of divers famous princes and other memorable personages. Selected out of the sacred Scriptures, by Antony Munday; and dedicated to the Earle of Oxenford. Imprinted by J. Alde. 1579. 4to.*

This work is divided into two books, and contains the Complaints of King Nabuchodonozer, Herod, Pharaoh, David, Dives, Judas, Jonas, Absalon, Triphon, Achab, Jephthab, Sampson, Solomon, Ammon, Adonia, Ptolomey, Jesabel, and Zedekiah; whose vices are characterised under the heads of Pride, Envy, Wrath, Lechery, Gluttony, Avarice, Sloth, Beautie, Crueltie, Wickedness, Rashness, Magnanimitie, Sapience, Incontinency, Voluptuousness, Vain-glory, Vanitie, and Wilfulness. Each poem has a prose introduction by the author.

2. *A Fig for Momus: Containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles. By T. L. [Thomas Lodge] of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.*

* Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine.

This book is dedicated to William Earle of Darbie: and the preface is dated 6 May, 1595. Different poems are severally inscribed to Master E. Dig[bie], To reverend Colin [qu. Spenser?], To happie Menalcas [forsan Watson], To Rowland [f. Drayton], To Master Samuel Daniel, To W. Bolton, and to Michael Drayton.

3. *Devoreux. Vertues Teares for the losse of King Henry XI. of Fraunce, and the death of Walter Devoreux, who was slaine before Roan in Fraunce. First writtten in French by the most excellent and learned gentlewoman, Madam Genuiefere, Peter Maulette: and paraphrastically translated into English by Jervis Markham. At London. Printed by J. Roberts, for Tho. Millington, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, under saint Peters church. 1597. 4to.*

This poem has many creditable passages, and is inscribed by Markham to Dorothy, Countess of Northumberland, and Lady Penelope Rich, the sisters of Walter Devoreux.

Two Sonnets are prefixed by R. Allot, the reputed editor of England's Parnassus, and two others by E. Guilpin, a writer whose name appears in that work.

4. *Discours of the present troubles in Fraunce, and Miseries of this tyme. Compiled by Peter Ronsard: Translated by Thomas Jeney, gentilman. Printed at Andwerpe, 1568. 4to.*

A specimen of very indifferent versification: dedicated to Sir Hen. Norris.

5. *A prophesie of Cadwallader, last king of the Brittaines: containing a Comparison of the English kings, with many warthy romanes: from Willm. Rufus till Henry the fift. Henry the fift, his life and death. Foure battels betweene the houses of Yorke and Lancaster. The Field of Banbery.*

The losse of Elizabeth. The praise of king James. And, lastly, a poeme to the young Prince. London. Printed by T. Creed for R. Jackson. 1604. 4to.

The dedication to this historical miscellany is addressed to "the no less virtuous than honourable gentleman, Sir Philip Herbert, Knight of the Bath, and is signed Wm. Herbert: who thus apostrophizes Elizabeth.

"Bright gem of honor! Albion's glorious starre!
The cytosure of England's hemisphære!
Princess of peace! Cytherean queen of warre,
Rides through the clouds on her celestial bier,
Conquering Death's ebon dart and sharpest speare:
Fathers of peace, put on triumphant weedes;
A gracious King a gracious Queen succedes."

6. *Times Anatomie. Containing the poore man's plaint, Brittons trouble and her triumph. The pope's pride, Rome's treasure, and her destruction: affirming that Gog and Magog both shall perish, the church of Christ shall flourish, Judea's race shall be restored, and the manner how this mightie worke shall be accomplished. Made by Robert Pricket, a souldier: and dedicated to all the Lords of his Majesties most honourable privie councill, 1606, 4to.*

At the end of this long poem, is "a Song of rejoycing for our late deliverance," i. e. from the gunpowder plot.

7. *A Souldier's Wish unto his Sovereign Lord, King James. By Robert Pricket. 1603. 4to.*

This military poet, Robert Pricket, published a prose tract also, in 1603, entitled "The souldier's resolution," which he dedicated to James the first: and he appears to have excited another congenial versifier to puth forth the following:

8. *An Epitaph or briefe Lamentation for the late Queen [Elizabeth] by Robert Fletcher; Yeoman purveyor of carriages for remooves of our sayde late soveraigne Lady the Queene. 1603. 4to.*

On the same occasion the following laments were also published.

9. *Anglorum Lacrymæ, in a sad passion, complayning the death of our late Queene Elizabeth; by Richard Johnson. 1603. 4to.*

10. *Atropoion Delion; or the Death of Delia, with the Teares of her Funerall: a poetical excursive discourse of our late Eliza: by Thomas Newton. 1603. 4to.*

11. *An Elegie upon the Death of Queen Elizabeth, by J. L. 1603. 4to.*

12. *The poore's Lamentation for the death of Quecn Elizabeth: with their prayers to God for the high and mightie prince James, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. 1603. 4to.*

13. *Threno-Thriambeuticon: and Sorrowes Joy. On the death of Elizabeth and succession of James. 1603. 4to.*

These were university collections from Cambridge; and have been reprinted in Vol. 3 of the Royal Progresses. So has the following.

14. *A Chaîne of Pearle: or a Memorial of the peerless graces and heroick vertues of Q. Elizabeth, of glorious memory. Composed by the noble lady Diana Primrose. 1603. ib.*

These pearls consist of cardinal virtues, poetically strung together by a lady, of whom any biographical notices would be singularly acceptable. T. P.

15. *The life and acts of the most famous and valiant Champion, Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerstie, Maintainer of the Liberty of Scotland.*

Cicera

Cicero 2 De Finibus.

Laudandus est is, qui mortem appetit pro
Republica, qui doceat chariorem esse patriam
Nobis, quam nosmetipsos.

Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit, habet.

*Edinburgh, Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be sauld at
his buith on the 70th syde of the gait a litle beneath the
crosse. Anno Dom. 1611. 4to. pp. 317.*

This is not among the several editions mentioned by
Pinkerton. S. E. B.

**ART. XXX. Chronological Catalogue of Writers on
English Heraldry.**

[CONTINUED FROM P. 98.]

Art. 15. *The Art of making Devises, from the French, by
Thomas Blount, &c. 1646, and 1650, 4to.*

See Cens. Lit. Vol. H. p. 162.

Art. 16. *Honor Redivivus, &c. by Matthew Carter, 1655,
1660, 1673, 8vo.*

See Cens. Lit. Vol. I. p. 165.

Art. 17. *A Discourse and defence of Arms and Armory,
shewing the Nature and Rises of Arms and Honour in
England, from the Camp, the Court, the City, under the
two later of which are contained Universities and inns of
Court. By Edward Waterhous, Esq.*

*Doctores bonos secutus est, qui sola bona quæ honesta, mala
tantum quæ turpia, potentiam, nobilitatem, cæteraque extra
animum neque bonis neque malis annumerant. Tacitus Hist.
l. 4. de Helvidio Prisco.*

Τολμή δίκαια καὶ θεὸς συλλαμβάνει. MENANDER.

London, Printed by T. R. for Samuel Mearne in Little Britain. 1660,* 8vo. pp. 232.

Opposite the title page are the author's arms with eight quarterings and two scutcheons of pretence. The late ingenious Mr. R. Paget, in a letter in *Gent. Mag.* LXII. p. 988, says he "had never been able to meet with this book either in the Bodleian, or any other collection." The same person also wrote the following volume, which has some connection with this subject.

Art. 18. *The Gentleman's Monitor ; or a sober inspection into the virtues, vices, and ordinary means of the rise and decay of men and families. With the author's Apology and Application to the Nobles and Gentry of England. Seasonable for these times. By Edw. Waterhous, Esq. London, Printed by T. R. for R. Royston, Bookseller to his most Sacred Majesty, 1665, 8vo. pp. 493, besides dedication, &c.*

This is dedicated from Syon College, Feb. 5, 1664, to Gilbert, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. † Prefixed is a portrait of the author by A. Hertochs. As this pedantic, but not unlearned, book is little known, I cannot refrain from copying a short specimen of it.

* See the next note.

† At the end is the following list of the author's publications. I. An Apology for Learning and Learned Men in 8vo. printed 1653, for Mr. Bedle at the Temple-gate. II. A discourse of the Piety, Policy, and Charity of elder times and Christians, in 12mo. printed 1655, by Mr. Miller in Paul's Churchyard. III. Two Contemplations of Magnanimity and Acquaintance with God, in 8vo. printed 1653. IV. A defence of Arms and Armory, 8vo. printed for Mr. Bedle, Mar. 1, 1659. See the text. V. Fortescutus Illustratus, or a Commentary on Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chancellor to Henry 6. his book, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, in Folio, printed 1663. VI. *The Gentleman's Monitor*, now printed 1664 in 8vo. Wood says he also published "A Narrative of the Fire in London;" Lond. 1667. 8vo. and that he died near London, 1671. Wood attributes to him the works published in the name of Sylvanus Morgan, but see *Gent. Mag.* ut. *supr.*

"To

* To have a clear reputation, and great power; wife, daughter, sons, nephews, dutiful and virtuous, a number of choice friends, and all this with a chaste and unviolated conscience, is, that which but few Romans, besides Corellius Rufus, had. Nor of many English men can that be said, which our learned Camden writes of the Earl of Wiltshire, Treasurer to King Edward the Sixth, who well understood the different times he lived in, and was to steer his course by: that he was raised, not suddenly, but by degrees, in court; that he built noble and princely buildings; was temperate in all other things; full of years, for he lived ninety-seven years; fruitful in his generation, for he saw one hundred and three issue from him by his wife: I say, though God leave these instances, and such like, to assert, and make good, the imperativeness and privilege of his pleasure, yet mostly it is otherwise: statues do not ~~more~~ gather moss, and moulder away with weather, nor vegetables fade and die by the currency of their season, and the aridness of their root, the decay of whose succulency appears in the contraction and cessation of the flower, than men and families do by time, which has swept away with its besom, and carried down its current, kingly, peery, and gentry families, and set them, and their honours on shore in that Terra incognita, wherein they are extinguished. Yea, in our own nation, how has the same career and fate mortified the quondam being and greatness of name in the British and Saxon families; yea, and in the families from the Conquest, by name, Albini, Fitz-bugh, Montacute, Montfort, Beauchamp, Brewier, Camois, Bardolf, Mortimer, Valtort, Botereaux, Chaumond, Curcey, De la Beche, Carminow, Brewire, Fitzlewis, Marmion, Deincourt, Burnell, Plantagenet, all right and noble and knightly families in their times, but now either wholly erased, or couched under families, who married their heirs, and, with their lands and blood, carry their names only in their title: I say, this vulture, and

vehemence, in time, tells us, that, as here there is no permanency, so here good and brave men must expect rather to be deplorable objects of desertion and poverty, than the favourites of credit and abundance; nor do I observe the lines of life crosser, and the channels of prosperity lower, to any than to these. Envy, or some other mischievous accident either calming their design, so that they can make no port before they are ruined; or else the surges of the storms, in which they, and their honest projects ride, suffering them never to be happier, than a shipwreck of all can make them; and the breaking of their hearts for grief superadded, can by it detriment the world in their loss. This I the rather introduce, to turn men and myself upon rumination of God's proceedings herein, more abstruse than the nature of man is capable to submit to, or patient to acquiesce in. Nor is there any thing that I know, wherein the carnal heart and inquisitive wit, more covets to fathom, than God's wrapping of himself up in the cloud, executing the pleasure of his will in this, which our dwarfy reason, and insolent ignorance, terms, with reverence I write it, the *hysteron proteron* of divine Sovereignty, which, by what we call an inconsequence of cause and effect, ratifies his great authority, and ineffable wisdom, "whose judgments are past searching, and his ways not to be found out; because it is a way in the sea, and a path in the great water, whose footsteps are not known."* (*Psal. lxxvii. 19.*) &c.

Art. 19. *The Sphere of Gentry: deduced from the Principles of Nature. An Historical and Genealogical work of Arms and Blazon; in Four Books, entitled*

The	{	Gentleman	{	Adam's Shield	{	Nobility	{	Native
		Esquire		Joseph's Coat				Darive
		Knight		Vulcan & Minerva				Atchieved
		King		Fountain of Honour				Created

* Pp. 29, 30, 31.

In

In which is contained, The Genealogies of the Patriarchs and Heroes; Standards of the Jews, Hieroglyphicks of the Egyptians, Symbols of the Grecians; Antiquities of the Romans; Arms and Ensignes of the English Nation: accommodated with lively cuts on Copper, as well for Aaron's brest-plate as Ariadne's Crown. Drawn down to King Charles II. By Sylvanus Morgan. London. Printed by William Leybourn, for the author, living at the City Coat, on the back side of the Royall Exchange. 1661. Fol. pp. 120, & 118, & 120, & 116, besides dedication, epistle to the Reader, indexes, &c.

Art. 20. *Armilogia, sive Ars Chromocritica, the language of Arms by the colours and metals: being analogically handled according to the nature of things, and fitted with apt mottoes to the heroical science of Heraldry in the Symbolical World. Whereby is discovered what is signified by every honourable partition, ordinary, or charge, usually born in coat-armour, and mythologized to the heroical theme of Homer on the shield of Achilles. A work of this nature never yet extant. By Sylvanus Morgun, Arms-Painter.*

Est aliquid prodire tenus, si non datur ultra,

London. Printed by T. Hower for Nathaniel Brook at the Angel in Cornhil, and Henry Eversden at the Greyhound in S. Paul's Churchyard. 1666. 4to. pp. 239, besides tables, &c.

This book is dedicated to Edward Earl of Manchester, whose arms are on the back of the title-page. See a Memoir of the author and his works in *Gent. Mag.* Vol. LXVI, p. 367.

Art. 21. *Calliope's Cabinet opened, &c. London 1665, 8vo. By James Salter.*

In

In this book is a treatise concerning the significations of changes, device, &c. in coat-armours, &c.

A Brief Historical Discourse of the original and growth of Heraldry; demonstrating, upon what rational foundations, that noble and heroick science is established. By Thomas Philipot, Master of Art; and formerly of Clare-Hall in Cambridge. London. Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, and are to be sold by Tho. Passinger, at the three Bibles on London Bridge, 1672. 8vo. pp. 143, besides ded. and pref.

This pedantic little volume is dedicated to John, Earl of Bridgewater.

• Art. 22. *Catalogus in certa capita, seu classes, alphabetico ordine concinnatus, (tam antiquorum quam recentiorum) quasi de Re Heraldica Latine, Gallice, Italice, Hispanice, Germanice, Anglice scripserunt: interspersis hic illic, qui claruerunt in Re Antiquaria, et Jure Civili, et saltem parte, quæ HERALDRIÆ facem accendit. Unde viris nobilibus, necnon omnibus aliis rei Heraldicæ studiosis innotescat de insignibus gentilitiis: Heraldis: de Principum Nobiliumque genealogiis: Baptismatibus: Nuptiis: Inaugurationibus: Conviiviis: Coram Colloquiis: Fœderibus: Triumphis, &c. Quorum pleniorum et luculentiorum Lectori rationem, Elenchus Capitum qui præfationi libelli hujus subnectitur, exhibet. A Thoma Gore, Armig.*

Hieronymus Epist. 89.

Non sunt contemnenda quasi parva, sine quibus constare magna non possunt.

————— in magnis voluisse sat est.

Oxon. Typis Leon. Lichfield, Acad. Typog. et prostant venales apud Ric. Davis, 1674. 4to. pp. 138. besides preface, &c.

This was first published at Oxford 1668, in four sheets and a half, and now enlarged. It is a very curious and useful

useful little book, forming such a guide as is desirable in every art and science. It would have been still better, had it contained a few remarks, and given, sometimes at least, characters as well as titles. I believe it to be by no means of common occurrence. See farther Gent. Mag. ut supr. p. 522.

Art. 23. *The Academy of Armory, or a Storehouse of Armory and Blazon. Containing the several variety of created Beings, and how born in coats of arms, both Foreign and Domestic. With the instruments used in all trades and sciences, together with their terms of Art; also the etymologies, definitions, and historical observations on the same, explicated and explained according to our modern language. Very useful for all gentlemen, scholars, divines, and all such as desire any knowlege in arts and sciences.*

“Every man shall camp by his standard, and under the ensign of his father's house.” NUMB. ii. 2.

“Put on the whole armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the assaults of the Devil; above all take the shield of Faith.” EPHES. vi. 11, 16.

By Randle Holme, of the City of Chester, Gentleman Sewer in Extraordinary to his late Majesty King Charles II. And sometimes Deputy for the King of Arms. Chester. Printed for the Author. 1678. Fol. pp. 1105.

See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXII. p. 715, 523.

Art. 24. *Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam. An Essay to a more correct Blazon in Latine than hath formerly been used. Collected out of approved modern authors, and describing the arms of all the kingdoms of Europe and of many of the greatest princes and Potentates thereof: together with many other illustrious and ancient Houses both of England, and other Countries. No work of this nature extant in our English*

English tongue, nor, (alsit gloriari) of its method and circumstances in any foreign language whatsoever. Authore Johanne Gibbono, Armorum Servulo, quem a Mantelio vocant Cæruleo. London. Printed by J. M. for the author, and are to be sold by J. Crump at the Three Bibles in St. Paul's Churchyard by B. Billingsley at the printing press in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange; and by A. Churchill at the Black Swan in Ave-Mary Lane, 1682. 8vo. pp. 168, besides preface, &c.*

John Gibbon was of the same family with the celebrated Historian. See Gent. Mag. ut supr. p. 523.

Art. 25. *The ancient usage in bearing of such Ensigns of Honour, as are commonly called Arms. With a Catalogue of the present Nobility and Baronets of England. By Sir William Dugdale Kt. Garter Principal King of Arms. To which is added a Catalogue of the present Nobility of Scotland and Ireland, &c. The second edition corrected. Oxford. Printed at the Theater for Moses Pitt, and sold by Samuel Smith at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. 1682. Duod. pp. 193.*

This instructive little book contains the republication of Wyrley's very valuable tract on the same subject, and is followed by extracts not only from Camden and Spelman, but from a MS. Discourse "De origine et antiquitate Armorum" by Robert Glover, Somerset Herald, "whose great abilities in this kind of learning," says Dugdale, "I cannot sufficiently extol; his most elaborate and judicious work, entitled *The Catalogue of Honour*, published after his death by Mr. Thomas Milles, his executor, in 1610; and the voluminous collections from our public records, and sundry choice old manuscripts, as also from original charters, and

* Bluemantle.

evidences of note, which I myself have seen, but which are now dispersed into sundry hands, sufficiently setting forth his great abilities therein."

Art. 26. "*A Synopsis of Heraldry; &c. with coats of nobility and gentry.*" London. Printed for L. Curtis, near Fleetbridge, and T. Simmons at the Princes Arms in Ludgate Street. 1682. duod.

This was the predecessor to those pocket introductions to Heraldry, which almost every year now produces in the booksellers' shops in London.*

Art. 27. "*An Essay of the ancient and modern use of Armories; shewing their origin, definition, and division of them into their several species. The Method of composing them, and marshalling many coats together in one shield. Illustrated by many examples and sculptures of the armorial ensigns of noble families in this and other nations. To which is added an index, explaining the terms of Blazon made use of in this essay.*"

————— In perpetuum per Gloriam vivere
Intelliguntur. D. JUSTINIAN.

By Alexander Nisbet, Gent. London. Printed and sold by A. Bell in Cornhill, R. Robinson in St. Paul's Churchyard, W. Taylor in Paternoster-Row, J. Graves in Pall Mall, and F. Clay without Temple Bar. 1718. 4to. pp. 240.

A very learned and satisfactory treatise, full of curious research, and sound historical knowledge. This was published preparatory to the author's very copious Treatise of Heraldry Speculative and Practical in two volumes Folio, 1722; which having become very scarce was lately reprinted.

* Sir George Mackenzie published a learned Treatise of Precedency at Edinburgh, 1680, with another of Heraldry.

The author says also in his Preface that he had many years before given to the public "An Essay on additional figures and marks of Cadency," the most intricate part of the science, of which he "may say without vanity, that nothing of this nature so perfect had been hitherto published."

Art. 28. *London and Middlesex illustrated; by a true and explicit account of the names, residence, genealogy, and coat-armour of the nobility, principal merchants, and other eminent families, trading within the precincts of this most opulent city and county: (the eye of the universe:) all blazoned in their proper colours, with references thereunto: shewing in what manuscript books, or other original records of the Herald's Office, the right of each person, respectively, may be found. Now first published. In justification of the subscribers, and others who have been encouragers of the new map of London and Middlesex, whose arms are engraved therein: and at the same time to obviate the symbolical or heraldical mystery, so industriously circulated by some heralds, that trade and gentility are incompatible, until rectified in blood by the Sovereign touch of Garter King of Arms's Sceptre. By John Warburton, Esq. Somerset Herald, F.R.S.*

Spe labor levis.

London. Printed by C. and J. Ackers in St. John's Street for the author, and sold by R. Baldwin, Junr. at the Rose in Paternoster-row. 1749. 8vo. pp. 163.

This publication originated from a command of the Deputy Earl Marshal (at the instigation of Mr. Anstis, Garter,) to Warburton, to prove the right of each person to the arms ascribed to him in the author's Map of London and Middlesex; "it having been," says he, "maliciously and unjustly represented to the Earl Marshal, that the greatest part of those 500 coats of arms, were either fictitious,

titions; and without owners; or otherwise not the right of the persons to whom they are ascribed.

"It is well known," he adds, "that the citizens of London consist chiefly of descendants from the younger sons of the best families in the kingdom. And as the ancientest arms are the most difficult to be proved, occasioned by their evidences being lost or destroyed, it is no wonder, that so many of them at this time, are necessitated (*in obedience to the Earl Marshal's authority and power*) to apply for grants of new arms; as the difficulty of joining themselves to their old family stock, through the want of Visitations, often proves more expensive to them. I mention this the more particularly, to shew the absolute necessity there now is for a revival of Visitations of Counties, by the Heralds, as of old: an affair indeed worthy of the Legislature's regard, as the rights of inheritance, to all estates, are more or less affected by it. And this want is at present so great in many counties, that notwithstanding a person's right may be ever so good to the coat-armour or genealogy of his ancestors, it is not possible to make the same appear to the satisfaction of any law, or other judicial, court, by the Register-Books of the Herald's-College.

"Some counties, particularly Devonshire and Cornwall, have not been visited since the year 1620; being near one hundred and thirty years; others not for one hundred; and in a few years more, if some speedy expedient is not found out to prevent it, time will terminate all proofs to family arms and pedigrees, and also bury in oblivion the births, marriages, issues, and deaths, of all distinguished families in the kingdom; and consequently, their rights of inheritance to their paternal and maternal estates."

It has not been my intention to pursue the list of heraldic writers regularly below the reign of Charles II. I shall now add only one or two modern works, too well known to be dwelt upon.

Art.

Art. 29. *A Complete Body of Heraldry, &c. &c.* By Joseph Edmondson, F.S.A. Mowbray Herald Extraordinary. 1780 Two Vols. Fol.

The first of these volumes contains an elaborate Historical Enquiry into the origin of Armories, and the Rise and Progress of Heraldry, considered as a science. The second consists of an Alphabet of Arms, which includes upwards of 50,000 coats. In the first the author is supposed to have had the assistance of the late Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart. F.A.S. a learned antiquary.

Among much curious matter, he is very severe on the mode of constructing new coats, which, owing to the predominance of one or two ignorant and stupid Heralds, has of late years obtained in the College of Arms.

"Modern heralds" says he, "have stuffed several of the new-purchased coats, with such a multitude and variety of charges, and introduced such a medley of new and extraordinary bearings, that the escutcheons become crowded, confused and unseemly, and consequently are inadequate to the purposes for which coat-armour was originally instituted; nay the descriptions which they give us of those very arms are so loose and defective, that such arms cannot with certainty and exactness be drawn from their blazon, as they stand worded in the grants.

"It may be difficult to ascertain the reasons which have induced our modern heralds to deviate from their predecessors in thus forming of arms. Possibly they are desirous of giving good pennyworths, and think that as purchasers now pay forty guineas for a grant of arms, the coat ought to be fuller, and to contain a greater number of bearings, than are placed in those coats, which were granted when the expenses of obtaining them amounted to no more than five guineas. That this practice of filling arms to oblige the purchaser, and the defective descriptions given of the several

mal charges they contain, puts it out of the power even of a very good herald to draw new arms from their blazons is evident." &c.

"Allusive arms, which are often like Rebuses, should be very cautiously admitted; and should never be granted as memorials of common events; but only as tesseræ of some very particular and important personal valour, or transaction, whereby either the Crown, or the public had been benefited. How then could we approve of a grant of arms, wherein we should find, *a troubled ocean, with Neptune rising therefrom, and holding in his hand part of the wreck of a ship*, in order to indicate that the grantee had been cast away in a ship, and in great danger of being drowned !!!"

Art. 30. *Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of Heraldry, &c.* By James Dallaway, A.M. 1793, 4to.

Art. 31. *A Summary View of Heraldry, in Reference to the Usages of Chivalry, and the general Economy of the Feudal System; with an Appendix respecting such distinctions of Rank, as have place in the British Constitution.* By Thomas Brydson, F.A.S. Edinb.—Edinburgh, Printed for Mundell and Son. 1795. 8vo. pp. 319.

I am informed that this book, for I am not acquainted with it myself, is a work of uncommon ingenuity; and deserves to be called "the Philosophy of Heraldry." And I

* I have often heard the present Garter blamed and ridiculed for the strange and absurd coats of this sort, which he has granted—but it seems he is not to be censured—for he only does, as he would be done by—as this is the very coat which some years ago he granted to himself under the following description: "*A. a Neptune crowned with an eastern crown of gold, his trident sab. beaded or, issuing from a stormy ocean, the left hand grasping the head of a ship's mast, appearing above the waves as part of a wreck, all proper; on a chief azure, the arctic polar star of the first, between two water bougets of the second.*" Granted to Isaac Heard, Lancaster Herald, 1760." To be sure these are more like hieroglyphics than arms!

YOL. III.

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farther learn, that the author is about to republish it with large additions.

For this reason I will venture to borrow some extracts from the account given of it by the *British Critic* (Vol. VII.) p. 247,) because that account was written by one whose authority is decisive on the subject.

The Critic says, "It may perhaps be but justice to declare, that the ingenious author of the work has comprized, in the space of an 8vo. volume, all that is worthy of general promulgation on the subject of Heraldry. To those superficial students of the science, who mean to content themselves with blazoning arms and sketching pedigrees, his book will be useless. It will neither enable them to detect the owner of a single coach; nor will it add one alliance to their store of genealogical information; but the historian and the poet, nay the lawyer and the politician, will peruse it with pleasure, while the most careless reader, who, pursuing none of the regular paths of literature, steps occasionally into all, will be equally gratified and surprized when he finds that heraldry has some relation to all sciences, is connected with every branch of civil polity, and influences in a considerable degree the general manners of society."

**** "It is a pleasing circumstance to find elegance and liberal information thus happily connected with a science usually perplexed, as Heraldry is, by technical terms and grotesque figures. Mr. Brydson's book may be recommended to intelligent readers of all descriptions, who will find in it much that is amusing and instructive, without any unpleasing mixture." *

* A. Wood mentions a book of Heraldry, 1682, 8vo. by *Payne Fisher*. This author died 2 April, 1693.

Addenda

Addenda to the List.

Art. 32. *The Worthy Tract of Paulus Jovius, containing a Discourse of rare inventions, both military and amorous, called Imprese; whereunto is added a Preface containing the Arte of composing them, with many other notable devises. By Samuel Daniell, late Student in Oxenford. London. Printed by Simon Waterson, 1585, 8vo.*

Art. 33. *Blome's Art of Heraldry, 1685, 12mo.*

ART. XXXI. *Brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 224]

19. MRS. WRIGHT, (Poetess.)

(Extracted from a MS. Letter of Mr. Wm. Duncombe, to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, 1752.)

"You desire some account of Mrs. Wright. She was sister to Sam. Charles, and John Wesley. The first was Under-Master at Westminster School, and died Master of Tiverton School in Devonshire. Charles and John are eminent preachers among the Methodists. If you have read the Bishop of Exeter's Letter to the former of them, Charles, you will not think very favourably of his morals. Her father also was a clergyman, and author of a poem, called the Life of Christ. It is a pious book, but bears no character as a poem. But we have a volume of poems in quarto by Sam. Wesley, which are ingenious and entertaining. He had an excellent knack at telling a tale in verse. I suppose you must have seen them. I think she told me that her father had 18 children, if

not more, who lived to be men and women. Mr. Highmore, who knew her when she was young, told me she was very handsome. When I saw her, she was in a languishing way, and had no remains of beauty, except a lively piercing eye. She was very unfortunate, as you will find by her poems; which are written with great delicacy; but so tender and affecting, they can scarce be read without tears. She had an uncle a physician, and a man midwife, with whom she was a favourite. In her bloom he used to take her with him to Bath and Tunbridge, &c. And she has done justice to his memory in an excellent poem.

“Mr. Wright, her husband, is my plumber, and lives in this street; an honest laborious man, but by no means a fit husband for such a woman. He was but a journeyman, when she married him; but set up with the fortune left her by her uncle. She has been dead two or three years. On my asking, if she had any child living, she replied, ‘I have had several; but the white lead killed them all.’ She was then just come from Bristol, and was very weak. ‘How, Madam,’ said I, ‘could you bear the fatigue of so long a journey?’ ‘We had a coach of our own,’ said she, ‘and took short stages; besides, I had the King with me!’—‘The King! I suppose you mean a person, whose name is King!’—‘No; I mean my brother Charles, the King of the Methodists!’—This looked like a spice of lunacy.

“She told me, that she had long ardently wished for death; ‘and the rather,’ said she, ‘because we, (the Methodists) always die in transports of joy!’ I
am

am told, that she wrote hymns for the Methodists, but have not seen any of them.

"It affected me too much to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits. Mr. Wright told me, she had burned many poems, and given some to a beloved sister, 'which he could never recover. As many as he could procure, he gave me. I will send them to you speedily.

"I went one day with Mr. Wright to hear Charles Wesley preach. I find his business is only with the heart and affections. As to the understanding that must shift for itself. Most of our clergy are in the contrary extreme; and apply themselves only to the head. To be sure, they take us all for stoics; and think, that, like a young lady of your acquaintance, we have no passions.

20 Nov, 1752.

"W. DUNCOMBE."

20. MISS SYMMONS.

On June 1, 1803, died Miss Caroline Symmons,* aged 14, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Symmons, well-known in the literary world, and author of a *Life of Milton*, lately published. This lovely girl exhibited the most affecting traits of early poetical genius; and her disposition was as delightful, as her talents were admirable. Mr. Wrangham, at the end of his *Poem*, entitled "*The Raising of Jairus's Daughter*," 1804, 8vo. has preserved some specimens of her poetry, and accompanied them by a short *Memoir* of her, which it is impossible to read without the deepest interest,

* See a beautiful character of her brother Charles Symmons, who died 23 May, 1805, æt. 22, in *Gent. Mag.* LXXV. p. 584.

and astonishment at her wonderful endowments. At twelve years old, she produced the following exquisite lines :

The Flower-Girl's cry.

" Come, buy my wood hare-bells ; my cowslips come buy ;
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet ;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
Ah ! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat.

" O ye, who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my sad woes ;
Ah ! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose.

" Yet once were my days happy, sweet, and serene,
And once have I tasted the balm of repose ;
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose.

" Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips come buy ;
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet ;
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
Ah ! snatch'd, like myself, from their native retreat !"*

21. DEAN MILLES.

In the church of St. Edmund the King, Lombard Street, London, on a monument executed by Bacon, is the following inscription.

" In memory of Jeremiah Milles, D.D. Dean of Exeter, Rector of these united parishes, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, who died Feb. 13, 1784, aged 70 years ; and of Edith his wife, daughter of the

* See Brit. Crit. Vol. XXIV. p. 384.

most Rev. Dr. John Potter, late Archbishop of Canterbury, who died June 9, 1761, aged 35 years. Amongst the scholars of his time he was conspicuous for the variety and extent of his knowledge: and to the cultivation of an elegant and correct taste for polite literature, superadded the most judicious researches into the abstruse points and learning of antiquity. His public character was distinguished by an unremitted zeal and activity in most stations, to which his merit had raised him. In private life, he was beloved and respected for the natural sweetness of his disposition, the piety of his manners, and integrity of his conduct. Blessed with a consort worthy of himself, amiable, affectionate, and truly pious, they mutually fulfilled every domestic duty with cheerfulness and fidelity: and their grateful children have the fullest confidence, that they are gone to receive in a more perfect state the certain and final rewards of their exemplary lives upon earth."

Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 480.

22. MRS. BRERETON.

Jane, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughes of Bryn-Griffith near Mould in Flintshire, by Anne Jones, his wife, was born in 1685; and being observed to be endowed by nature with a great capacity, her talents were assiduously cultivated by her father, who was himself a person of excellent parts. Mr. Hughes however dying when she was only sixteen, she soon lost these advantages; but requiring little from art, she early dis-

covered a turn for poetry; which her acquaintance encouraged.

On 20 Jan. 1711, she married Mr. Thomas Brereton, at that time a Commoner of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, only son of Major Brereton, son and heir of William Brereton, Esq. of Cheshire. Her husband soon run out his fortune, and went over to Paris; and some time after this, a separation having taken place, she retired, 1721, to her native country, Wales; where she led a solitary life, seeing little company, except some intimate friends.

About this time Mr. Brereton obtained from Lord Sunderland, a post belonging to the Customs at Park Gate near Chester: but in Feb. 1722 was unfortunately drowned in adventurously crossing the water of Saltney, when the tide was coming in; and his body being found, was decently interred in Shotwick chapel belonging to his relation Thomas Brereton, Esq. M. P. for Liverpool.

Mrs. Brereton then retired to Wrexham in Denbighshire for the benefit of her children's education, where she died 7 Aug. 1740, aged 55, leaving two surviving daughters, Lucy and Charlotte. She was amiable in every relation of life; and possessed some talents for versification, if not for poetry, which she displayed for some years as a Correspondent *to the Gentleman's Magazine* under the signature of **MELISSA**: where she had a competitor who signed himself **FIDO**; of whose treachery her Editor complains; and whom I suppose to have been a suicide, who is recorded in the Obituary of the *Gent. Mag.* Vol. VII. p. 316, in the following words:

May

May 17, 1737, died "Mr. Thomas Beach, Merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, *suddenly*. He was master of a fine genius, author of *Eugenio*, a poem, just published, and some other poetical pieces."*

After Mrs. Brereton's death, were published *Poems on several occasions: by Mrs. Jane Brereton. With Letters to her friends; and an account of her life. London. Printed by Edward Cave at St. John's Gale. 1744. 8vo. pp. 303.*

From the above account this memoir is taken.

23. DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

Dr. Sneyd Davies was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Rector of Kingsland in Herefordshire, in his own patronage; and Archdeacon of Derby, and Prebendary of Lichfield, by the gift of his friend Dr. Cornwallis, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a man of amiable character, and died 6 Feb. 1769.

His poems, scattered about in various collections, exhibit proofs of great genius, as well as learning.

In Dodsley's volumes are to be found I. *Vaccina*. II. *Epithalamium*. III. On John Whaley† ranging pamphlets. IV. To a Gentleman on the Birth-day of his son. V. On two friends born on the same day. VI. To the Hon. and Rev. F. Cornwallis, against Indolence; a beautiful poem. VII. To the Rev. Thomas

* I think in some of Boswell's volumes on Johnson this person is mentioned.

† John Whaley, A.M. an intimate friend of Dr. Davies, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and author of a Collection of "Original poems and translations, 1745," and of another volume which was published after his death. See *Nichols's Collection*.

Taylor,

Taylor, D.D. VIII. To Charles Pratt, Esq. IX. At seeing Archbishop Williams's Monument in Carnarvonshire.

In Duncombe's Horace are several of his Imitations.

In Nichols's Collection are, X. A scene after Hunting at Swallowfield in Berks. XI. To the Queen of Hungary. XII Rhapsody, to Milton. XIII. A voyage to Tintern Abbey in Monmouthshire from Westminster in Gloucestershire. XIV. A Night-Thought. XV. Imitation of Horace, B. I. Ep. I. To Mr. Whaley. XVI. Song of Deborah, Judges, chap. v. XVII. The Nativity. XVIII. To the Spring. XIX. Imitation of Horace, B. I. Ep. xi. XX. On the death of Mrs. M. H. XXI. On Old Camden's Picture, at Lord Camden's in Kent. XXII. On Miss Wyndham dancing a Louvre at Bath with Lord Cadogan, 1738. XXIII. On one, in love with a negro woman.

24. REV. PETER WHALLEY, LL.B.

This learned Editor was of an ancient family in Northamptonshire, and received his education at Merchant Taylor's School, and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he was some time Fellow. He was at first Vicar of St. Sepulchre, Northampton; then Rector of St. Margaret Pattens, London; to which he afterwards added the Vicarage of Horley in Surrey. In 1768 he took the degree of LL.B. and was chosen Master of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital, which he resigned in 1776, and accepted that of St. Olave; and became a Magistrate in the Borough.

He died at Ostend, 12 June, 1791, æt. 69; Rector of the united parishes of St. Gabriel Fenchurch and St. Margaret Pattens, and Vicar of Horley.

He

He was author of, I. An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare, with remarks on several passages of his Plays, 1748, 8vo. II. A Vindication of the Evidences and Authenticity of the Gospels from the objections of the late Lord Bolingbroke, in his Letters on the Study of History, 1753, 8vo. III. An edition of the Works of Ben Jonson, with notes, 1756, in 7 vols. 8vo. IV. V. VI. Three Sermons, 1758, 1763, 1770. VII. The first volume of Bridges's Northamptonshire, about 1762, fol. and the first part of the Second, 1769. VIII. Verses prefixed to Hervey's Meditations.

An imprudent matrimonial connexion involved his affairs, and driving him abroad, embittered the latter period of his life.

From Gent. Mag. Vol. LXI. pp. 588, 773.

ART. XXXII. *Literary Obituary.*

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

To pay to rank or riches the reverence that is due to genius, is one of the meanest acts of a weak and degraded mind. For this reason I have never stained the pages of a work intended to preserve the memory of literary excellence by intermixing in my Obituary the names of those, who had no other pretensions to celebrity than their titles and estates. In this age of fierce extremes, of overbearing, and ill-assorted aristocracy, or furious, and malignant democrats, it has been my fate to be at once accused of an adulatory love for station and honours, and of an envious hatred of greatness. The cause is obvious: I have not been
insensible

insensible to the brilliant union of illustrious descent with personal merits, while I have venerated genius in the cottage or the hovel.

Under these impressions, it is with a melancholy mixture of regret and admiration, that I honour this register with the name of Charles James Fox, who died 14 Sept. 1806, æt. 57. His political character is too well known to admit any delineation of it here. On the rectitude of his political principles there will always continue to be a great diversity of opinions: but, in a life of political warfare, it was his glory to have constantly cultivated his brilliant talents for literature, which at once softened and enlarged his mind, and gave a grace to his elocution inferior only to that of his master and competitor, Burke.

The loss of such a man can only be estimated by persons of cultivated and extensive understandings. A "presiding mind" like his, by copiousness and pathos of sentiment, by force of reason, and eloquence of language, enlightens and elevates the passing topics of morals and politics. Not that this power is confined to those who lead in public assemblies: it was as much possessed and exercised by Cowper in his humble closet at Olney or at Weston, as by Fox, or Burke, at the poll-table, or in the Senate.

A minister, from corrupt or personal motives, can make a man of rank out of the meanest and basest of the people. God only can make a man of genius. How superior is Mr. Sheridan to ministers, and peers, and men of princely estates, while uttering the following noble sentiments in his sublime eulogium on his departed friend, addressed to the Westminster Electors.

"I have followed that great and illustrious character,
step

step by step, through the whole of his political life ; and in all those measures which recommended him to your reverence and affection. I was honoured with his friendship, and in the closest intimacy with him. That friendship was the first pride and glory of my life. I felt more pleasure, and considered it as more glorious to share in his exclusion from power, and live in intimacy with him, than in partaking of any honours that kings or governments could bestow. And, gentlemen, were I to live my life over again, I should have thought it more honourable to share in that exclusion and exile, than to have been most successful in servility ; than to have been loaded with titles, pampered with honours, covered with distinctions, and gorged with wealth, obtained by the plunder of the people. After what I have already said, my most anxious wish is, that whilst the corpse of our revered friend remains unburied, nothing should be done to produce discord ; no contest should arise to foment divisions among the electors of Westminster. The remedy against this might now be in my retiring ; but it might be said, as it has been most scandalously thrown out, that I shrunk back, afraid of risking my official situation. I should have thought my life would have been an answer to such a charge. But if any minister expects to find me a servile vassal, my place shall be at the service of that minister. I am independent ; independence may be in the poor, and not in the rich. I am not rich. Independence is not in wealth ; is not in honours ; it is not in high birth ; but independence is in the mind of man, or it is no where. This is the conduct I have ever, and shall pursue to the end of my

life; and although I might be stripped of my office, yet I cannot be stript of my own self-esteem; I cannot be deprived of the good opinion of the public." *

Charles Fox was a man of birth; but on that extrinsic advantage he scorned to place any reliance; and he very early shook off the Tory principles, in which he had been educated. In the heat of opposition to measures, which he deemed inimical to the liberties of his country, he carried both his opinions and his conduct farther than many of his warmest panegyrists can defend. But who is there without faults or errors? And a candid judge will see in those very excesses the same traits of generous warmth, as at other times produced the best emanations of his comprehensive and exalted mind.

He was a man justly dear to those, who owed more to the gifts of Nature than to the distinctions of artificial society; and justly dear to the people, whose interests on all occasions he incessantly watched; and boldly and ably defended. At a time, when all antient institutions were threatened, and factious demagogues seemed on the point of gratifying their restless ambition, it cannot be denied that those powers and propensities were somewhat dangerous. But such days are past: the contrary scale preponderates: and every thing ought to be thrown to that side, where the counterbalance is wanted. I do not allude to any increase of the power of the Crown, but of a numerous, (and not less dangerous, because equivocal) Aristocracy.

* I take these words from the Globe Newspaper of Friday, Sept. 19, 1806. That paper must answer for their accuracy.

Under

John W. ...

Under these circumstances, the death of a man of the talents, temper, station, and experience of Charles Fox, is a loss of which the public have not yet appreciated the extent. May he, who can best pretend to the powers of mind, and magnanimity of heart, of this departed statesman; may Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to whom his mantle has descended, be long preserved to us!

1805. Nov. . Died Joseph Shaw, Esq. of Epsom, Barrister at Law, aged 85, author of "Shaw's Justice of Peace, and Parish Officer," and of an "Abridgement of the Poor Laws."

1806. March 30. The Duchess of Devonshire. *— See, first —*

June 6. Thomas Bernard, LL.D. Bishop of Limerick; a Member of the Literary Club; and friend of Johnson, Burke, &c.

June 8. Thomas Velley, Esq. F.L.S. eminent for his skill in Botany.

June 24. At Tunbridge Wells, Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. elder brother of R. B. Sheridan, and eminent for his talents both in history, and political controversy. He was at one time Under-Secretary for the War Department in Ireland; and was author, according to Reus's Catalogue, of the following publications. 1. A History of the late Revolutions in Sweden, 1778, 8vo. 2. Letters of a Dungannon Volunteer, respecting the Expediency of a Parliamentary Reform. 3. Observations on Blackstone's Doctrine respecting the extent of the power of the British Parliament, particularly with regard to Ireland, 1774, 8vo.
4. Review

4. Review of the three great National Questions, relative to a Declaration of Right; Poyning's Law; and the Mutiny Bill, 1781, 8vo.

Aug. 1. Thomas Newte, Esq. Tourist, æt. 56.

Aug. . Capt. James Colnett, late Commander of H. M. S. Glatton, and author of a Voyage to the South Atlantic, 1793, 4to.

Sept. 11. Rev. John Brand, F.A.S. Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, author of "Newcastle upon Tyne," &c. aged 63.

Sept. 18. Hayman Rooke, Esq. F.R. and A.S.S. æt. 84.

Oct. 3. Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph.

Literary Intelligence.

I understand that the Public will be gratified in a few days by the publication of Mr. Park's Edition of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, illustrated by numerous portraits. The great additions made to this work, with the various specimens of the productions of the writers, many of them derived from the most scarce and recondite sources, will render this work an invaluable acquisition to the lovers of curious research.

To Correspondents.

Several favours received too late for this Number shall appear in the next.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XII.

[Being the Fourth Number of Vol. III.]

ART. I. *A Musicall Consort of heavenly Harmonie
(compounded out of manie parts of Musicke) called
Churchyard's Charitie. Imprinted at London, by
Ar. Hatfield, for William Holme. 1595. 4to.*

THE industrious historiographer of Oxford informs us, * that he had taken much labour to recover the titles of Churchyard's pieces: the present however appears to have eluded his research. In the additions to Herbert's Typographical Antiquities, † the title may indeed be traced; but the tract itself will vainly perhaps be sought after in the libraries of those, who have been most successful in treasuring up the relics of our early vernacular poetry. The copy, now employed, was freely imparted by a gentleman, whose slightest claim it is to national celebrity, that he possesses the most complete dramatic library in the kingdom.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 318.

† Vol. III. p. 1808.

Churchyard's Musical Consort is thus inscribed :

“ To the right honorable Robert Devereux, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley, Borchet, and Lovaine, Master of the Queenes Majesties horse, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of hir Majesties honourable privie counsell; Thomas Churchyard wisheth increase of all wished honor, happiness of life, world's good will, and everlasting fame.

“ A greater boldnes cannot be committed, (right honorable) than to present pamphlets and poetrie to noble counsellors, that governes a publike state; though in all ages reasonable writers, that kept an orderly compasse, were suffered in verse or prose, (so their inventions were not farced full of vanitie) to shew good will in the dedication of some honest labors to such honorable personages, as was woorthie of any good volumes, or in the woorth of vertue excelled the waight and value of numbers, that neither merits laudation, nor shew no sufficiency to be saluted with a booke. But what I see, and the world reports, of your lordship, makes me somewhat hardie to offer a present: yet simplenes of spirit, and want of profound learning, hath so muffled my Muses, that they dare not speake, nor I presume to write. Nevertheless, thinking on your twenty-fold honorable Father,* my great good Lord, matchlesse in our world; that caried in his breast the feare of God, and wan with his life the love of men; (so noble was his minde!) I stood nothing discouraged; bicause a soldier-like noble sonne of his is left aliue, to follow

* Walter, Earl of Essex, and Ewe, and earl marshal of Ireland, where he died, in 1576.

the steps of so stately a father, and to shine above and beyond the course of thousands in this time, or is likely to come after to this age. To treat of particulars in that behalfe, I should presume too far, and unadvisedly come too short of matter fit for this cause. Wherefore I am to leave those deepe considerations; and drop into the shallownes of mine own studies; that brings forth a booke of the coldnes of Charitie, because a great noble man told me, this last wet sommer, 'the weather was too colde for Poets.' On which favorable words I bethought me, that Charitie in court, and all the world over was become so cold, that neither hot sommer, fervent fire, nor heat of sunne, could make warme againe, in that comfortable sort as our forefathers have felt it. So, my good Lord, following that onely theame of cold weather; (being apt to take any theam to write on, in as sweete a phrase and termes as I may devise) putting in the praise of poets withall: I smoothly passe over (without bitter speeches) the corruption of this world, and disguised maners of men, riding by the new fanglenes of a multitude, and not dashing any one's infirmitie with blot, or disgrace, or blemish of credit: hoping the best sort shall stand pleased with, howsoever the worst (happily may be touched) do of meere malice wrest awry the honest meaning of a plaine writer. For the dutifull regard towards the purchasing of your L.'s favor hath so sifted every word and sentence, that no one verse or line shall bee offensive to a sounde judgment and good construction. And for that now (by reason of great age) my wits and inventions are almost wearied with writing of bookes, (this being one of the last) I tooke this taske in hand, at large to dilate somewhat of Charitie, which

would to God I had as great power to revive, as the world hath occasion to remember. Thus over-bold to trouble your L. so long with the reading of so simple an epistle, I proceed under your honorable supportation, to my purposed matter, wishing your L. everlasting fame, credit, and honor,

“Most humbly at commandement,

“THOMAS CHURCHYARD.”

After the dedication, follows a metrical address “To the generall readers” on two pages, in which he re-asserts * his title to be considered as the legitimate author of those compositions, which had been published in his name, and particularly of the legend of Jane Shore. Hence he declares—

“Both beast and bird their yong ones do defend,
So shall my Muse maintaine *that* I have pen'd:
Then bring *Shore's Wife* in question now no more,
I set her forth, in colours as she goes.”

To which he adds this attestation: “Sir Rafe Bowser, a worshipfull Knight, witnesseth where and when I penned *that*.”

Another address of “the author to his Booke” occupies nearly three pages; and conveys the instructions of sage experience. After much cautionary advice, he thus recommends an adherence to courtly patronage.

“The goodlie floures of court thou needs not feare,
For they are sweete, and meeke of nature throw:
There wisdom will with writer's humor beare,
If humbly stil thou canst behave thee now.

* See Cens. Lit. II. 310.

Thy master's pen hath purchast favour there
 Among the dames of faire Diana's traine,
 Where beautie shines, like silver drops of raine
 In sunnie day: O booke! thou happy art
 If with those nimphes thou maist be entertain'd;
 If any one of them take in good part
 A verse or word, thou hast a garland gain'd
 Of glorie great; for fame hir selfe must sound
 Out of their voice; looke what they do pronounce,
 Like tennis-ball, aloft it doth rebound."

The main poem, entitled "Churchyard's Charitie," next commences, and runs on to 23 pages, comprising 90 seven-line stanzas; a short specimen of which may be acceptable: and those passages become most interesting in our ancient poets which in the moderns are censured as egotistic. Churchyard thus closes his very desultory work.

"You, whose cleer speech doth loud as trumpet sound,
 And may command the world, the skies, and stars,
 And rules at beck the massie earth so round,
 Sets orders downe, and can make peace and wars,
 And hath the force to breake big iron bars;
 Call Charitie, for love, once home againe,
 That shee may beare hir people poore complaine!

My breath but bores a hole within the aire,
 My date, neer done, calls for a shrouding sheet;
 My darke dim daies lookes* for no weather faire,
 Mine eies can scarce look to my stumbling feet;
 My wounded Muse forsakes my drowping spreect:
 My bookes and scroules, and all that I have wrot,
 Hides now their heads, as I were cleane forgot.

* Churchyard commonly uses the verb in the singular, though governed by a plural antecedent: and such is still the provincial usage in Suffolk.

When aged yeeres shoves death amid my face,
 My words are of small credit in this plite;
 My hap and hope is in a better place,
 Wherefore of world I plainly speake and write;
 And, ere I goe, discharge my conscience quite,
 To win the wise, and loose the fonder sort,
 That unto quicke nor dead yeelds good report.

The wise, well won, weighs ech thing as it ought,
 Mistakes no terme, nor sentence wrests awrie;
 The fond will read awhile, but cares for nought,
 Yet casts on ech man's works a frowning eie:
 This neither treats of matters lowe nor hie,
 But finds a meane, that ech good meaning might
 In all true meanes take Charitie aright."

A second ornamented title-page now makes its appearance, with the following addition:

*A Praise of Poetrie. Imprinted at London, by Ar.
 Hatfield for William Holme. 1595.*

- The origin of this production will be sufficiently explained, by the second title it bears; nor will the length of it (though printed on 17 pages) deter me from copying the whole: since I much doubt whether any of our elder bards have transmitted a more curious relique, or have afforded a more pleasing testimony of liberal attention to the professors of the art they cultivated. Such notes of personal illustration, &c. as appear unsigned at the bottom of the page, were printed on the margin of the poem.

"A praise

*"A praise of Poetrie: some notes therof drawen out
of the Apologie,* the noble-minded knight, Sir
Phillip Sidney, wrate.*

"When world was at the very woorst,
And vice did much abound,
And for offence the earth was curst,
Yet charitie was found.

Among the wise and woorthie sort,
Who ever had good chance,
With treble fame by their report
True vertue did advance.

The poets and philosophers
Stept first on stately stage,
And plaid their parts with hazards great
In every world and age.

In every age while wits of men
Could judge the good from bad,
Who gat the gift of toong or pen,
Of world great honor had.

Good poets were in hie esteeme
When learning grew in price;
Their vertue and their verse did seeme
A great rebuke to vice.

With blunt, base people, of small sence,
They fall now in disdaine;
But Sydneys booke in their defence,
Doth raise them up againe:

* Sydney's "Apologie for Poetrie," was printed in 1590, and the title was afterwards altered to "a Defence of Poesie." This might arise from Sir John Harrington's having called his critical Essay an "Apology for Poetry," which he prefixed to his Translation of Orlando Furioso, in 1591.

And sets them next divines in ranke,
 As members meete and fit
 To strike the world's blinde boldnes blanke,
 And whet the bluntest wit.

Heere followes histories' good store,
 That much thereof shall tell;
 If paines may purchase thanks, therefore,
 My hope is answerd well.

Amphyon's gift and grace was great
 In Thebes, old-stories saie,
 And beasts and birds would leave their meate
 To heare Orpheus* plaie.

In Rome were three † of peereles fame,
 That florisht in their daies,
 Which three did beare the onely name
 Of knowledge, skill, and praise.

In Italy of yore did dwell
 Three men ‡ of spechall spreete, •
 Whose gallant stiles did sure excell,
 Their verses were so sweete.

In France three § more of fame we finde,
 Whose bookes do well declare—
 They beautifide their stately minde
 With inward vertues rare.

In England lived three great men, ||
 Did poetrie advance,
 And all they with the gift of pen
 Gave glorious world a glance.

* Amphion and Orpheus, poets and excellent musicians.

† Livius, Andronicus, and Ennius. ‡ Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarche.

§ Marot, Ronsard, and du Bartas.

|| Gower, Chaucer, and the noble earle of Surrye.

In Scotland finde we other twaine *
 Were writers of good woorth,
 Whose studies through their poets vaine
 Brought many verses forth.

In Ireland, to this present time
 Where learning is not mich,
 With poetrie, in verse or rime, †
 Their language they enrich.

In Wales ‡, the very remnant yet
 Of Brittain bloud and race,
 They honor men of speshall wit,
 And gives a poet grace.

Albinus, || long that rained here,
 Made verses in his youth;
 And in his age, as doth appeere,
 With verse avancst the truth.

Among the savage Indians § still,
 (Who knowes no civill thing)
 They honor writers of some skill,
 Their parents' lives to sing.

Among the anshent noble Danes, **
 And Saxons, long ago,
 We read of many poets' names
 Whose woorthy wits did flo.

* Davy Lindsey and Buckanasse.

† They honor, and make much of their rimers.

‡ In Wales they call their rimers Bards. || Albinus loved poetrie much.

§ The rude Indians make much of their rimers.

** The Danes and Saxons had many poets among them.

The

The grave, wise, learned men of Greece, *
 Durst never shew their art,
 Till those philosophers presum'd
 To plaie the poets part.

Some † sang, in verse, their naturall
 Philosophie, we finde;
 And in sweete songs heroicall
 Exprest their secret minde.

So morall counsels uttred were
 In that same selfe sweete sort:
 Thus poets ‡ flourish'd evry where,
 As stories makes report.

And marshal matters, in those daies,||
 Were sung and set aloft;
 So some the art of warre did raise,
 Unto the skies full oft.

Sibilla's propheties in verse
 Were alwaies uttred well;
 The oracles of Delphos to,
 In verse would woonders tell.

In pollicies wise Solon § plaid
 The poet, sundrie waies;
 Good things were better soong than said,
 Which gain'd immortall praise.

Plato ** tooke Solon's works in hand,
 And plaid the poet right,
 And set that Atlantike island
 Full plaine before our sight.

* In Greece their best philosophers at the first became poets.

† Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides. ‡ Pythagoras and Phocylides.

§ Tyrtæus. § Solon wrote the fable of the Atlantick island.

** Plato, a divine philosopher, did stoop to poëtrie.

The booke of Herodotus bore
 A famous title fine,
 Yea, such as none did give before,
 Of all the Muses nine.

Domitian * was a poet rare,
 And did therein excell;
 So many princes now there are,
 That loveth poetrie well.

Three conquerours of mightie powre†
 Gave poets such a grace,
 That they would never frowne nor lowre
 On them in any case.

As Plutarke saith, a tyrant wept ‡
 A tragedie to heare,
 Who sawe his murdering minde thereby
 As in a glas full cleere.

Amid a great revolt in Rome
 A woorthie poet || stood,
 And told of bodie and the minde
 A tale that did much good.

Two poets §§ turn'd a tyrant's hart
 From rigour unto ruth;
 And wrought him, with their wits and art,
 To favour right and truth."

T. P.

[To be continued.]

* Vespasian's sonne, as Pliny saith, was an excellent poet.

† Alexander, Cæsar, and Scipio.

‡ Alexander Phereus wept at a tragedy.

|| Menenius Agrippa, a philosopher, made peace among the people in their uproar.

§§ Simonides and Pindarius made Hiero a just king.

ART.

ART. II. *The Double Descent. A Poem. London.*
Printed for D. Kean. 1692. 4to.

This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
 Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
 And all the colour of your life depends
 On this important *now*.

DRYDEN'S SPANISH FRYER, Act 4.

This production, we are told by Dunton, the eccentric bibliopolist, * was put forth "at a time when the French talked big of invading England, and we were making ready for a descent upon their coasts." Its anonymous author, we are further informed, was "Mr. Ames, originally a coat-seller, who had always some *yammerings* upon him after learning and the Muses, and had written almost as many pretty little pleasant poems as Taylor the water-poet." † As a similar chance seems to have preserved this memorial of the author and a copy of his bombastic poem, it may gratify literary curiosity to subjoin a specimen of the composition.

* An account of whom may be seen in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1785, p. 287. Pope in his *Dunciad* stigmatizes him as "a broken bookseller and abusive scribbler."

† Dunton adds, respecting this prolific pen-man,—“You might engage him upon what project you pleased, if you'd but conceal him; for his principles did never resist in such cases. Wine and women were the great bane of his life and happiness. He died in an hospital: but I hope he was truly penitent; for a little before his decease, he said to me, with a great deal of concern, ‘*Ab, Mr. Dunton, with what another face does the world appear, now I have death in view!*’”

Dunton's *Life and Errors*, 1705, p. 247.

“See

" See on the coast of Normandy
 Upon the beach and on the sand,
 The gasping troops all wond'ring stand,
 Of rabble rout a mighty host,
 Could they but fight as well as they can boast:
 But by perpetual slavery
 Their minds so spiritless are grown,
 Don Quixote, who with lifeless puppets fought,
 Not sooner could a victory obtain,
 Than could of men a handful o'er this mighty train.
 Alas! their souls are not their own,
 Their all is for a trifle bought;
 And they 've exchange'd their liberty
 For welcome bonds, and doubly welcome poverty.

Behold, upon the British waves appears
 (Some few men's hopes, but no man's fears)
 A Gallick fleet, which calls the yielding stream,
 As if she proudly came to claim
 By force, the English diadem.
 Ah, foolish France! how plainly shall we see
 How silly thy pretences be,
 To aim at universal monarchy!
 See how the very elements conspire,
 And winds and waves, in closest league,
 Combine to frustrate thy desire;
 To mar thy whole design, and spoil thy grand intrigue.

But should they land! and that's a grand suppose:
 What then will be their fate—who knows?
 If causes by effects we guess,
 To Delphick oracles we need not go;
 Of this Descent th' event we know,
 And, without magick, tell the whole success.
 So quick a slaughter would be made
 Of those, who durst our shore invade,

One

One man would scarce be left alive,
 (Who, by good luck, did all the rest survive)
 With sorrow, passion, and regret,
 In France to tell his fellow-soldiers' fate.

Suppose they should, through clouds of fire and smoke
 Sent from our fleet, those thund'ring sons of oak,
 Rush through, and make a bold attempt to land;
 Not only horse and foot, a numerous band,
 Their proud usurping force would quell;
 But women, ignorant in arms,
 Dreadless of dangers and of harms,
 With kitchen-weapons, spit and fork,
 Would do a deal of murth'ring work.

Had the Descent (so much the town's discourse)
 Intended been for any land but our's,
 What consternation would it not create?
 What great convulsions in the state?
 Whereas, altho' the threat'ning danger's near,
 No face puts on the livery of fear.
 Gay are our days, and pleasant all our hours,
 Plenty and pleasure all our care;
 But preparations yet are made
 The foe to welcome, if he should invade:
 For 'tis a truth on record still,
 And own'd by all the sons of sense,
 'Tis lawful to use self-defence,
 Let non-resistance-sparks say what they will."

The contemptuous tone which this poem breathes
 against a threatened invasion in 1692, is, unhappily,
 far from being sanctioned at the present awful period,
 by passing events.

F. P.

AAT.

ART. III. *The pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the Weast India, now called new Spayne, atchieved by the worthy Prince-Hernando Cortes, Marques of the valley of Huaxacac, most delectable to reade: Translated out of the Spanishe tongue,* by T. N. Anno 1578. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, 1578. 4to. pp. 405. besides dedication, table, &c.*

This translation, by Thomas Nicholas, which at the present crisis of our foreign acquirements, has a more than usual claim upon attention, is thus dedicated,

“To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham, Knight, principall Secretary to the Queenes most excellent Majestie, and one of her Highnesse most Honourable privie Counsell.”

“Whilest I abode, right Honorable, in the isle of Palma, in affaires of merchandize for the worshipfull Thomas Lock deceased, and his company, time then permitted me to have conference with auncient gentlemen, which had served in the conquest of the Weast India, now called New Spaine, under the princely Captaine Hernando Cortes. By whom, as present witnesses of many of the actes herein contained, I was credible informed, that this delectable and worthie Historie is a most true and just report of matter past in effect: wherefore I did the more willingly turne over and peruse the same, which is a mirrour and an excellent president for all such as shall take in hand to governe new Discoveries: for here they shall behold, how glory, renowne, and perfit felicitie, is not gotten

* Of Bernal Diaz de Castillo. See the useful Catalogue of Voyages and Travels appended to Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery, p. 186.

but

but with great paines, travaile, peril and daunger of life: here they shall see the wisdom, curtesie, valour, and pollicie of worthy Captaines; yea, and the faithfull hearts which they ought to beare unto their prince's service. Heere also is described how to use and correct the stubborn and mutinous persons, and in what order to exalt the good, stout, and vertuous souldiours, and chiefly how to preserve and keepe that beautifull Dame, Ladie Victorie, when she is obtained. And where it was supposed, that the golden mettall had his beginning and place in the East and West India, neare unto the hote Zoan, as most learned writers held opinion, it is now approoved by the venterous travelour and worthie Captaine Martin Frobisher, Esquier, yea, and also through the great paines, procurement, and first invention of the worshipfull Michael Locke, merchant, that the same golden mettall dooth also lie incorporate in the bowels of the north-west parties, environed with admirable towers, pillars, and pinacles, of rockes, stone, and ise, possessed of a people both straunge and rare in shape, attire, and living; yea such a countrey and people, as al Europe had forsaken and made no account of, except our most gracious Queene and her subjects, whom undoubtedly God hath appointed not onely to be supreame princesse over them, but also to be a meane that the name of Christ may bee knowne unto this heathenish and savage generation.

“ Not long since, right Honourable, I happened to travell from the famous citie of Toledo in Spaine, towarde high Castele, and by fortune overtooke an auncient gentleman, worshipfully accompanied, unto whom I was so bolde as to approach, beseeching his Worship
to

to advertise me of his journey: who, after hee had behelde my white head and beard, answered full gently, that his intent was to travell unto the King of Spaine's court; and welcomed me unto his companie. In short space, that we had journeied together, and communed of each other his countrey, it pleased him to say as followeth: 'My good friend, if you knewe my sute unto the King's Majestie, you would judge, that I were a madman; and therefore to shorten our way, I will declare my attempted sute unto you. You shall understand, that I am a gentleman of threescore and ten yeares of age, and sometimes I served in the civill warres of Pirru, where I was wounded in diverse parts of my bodie, and am now therby lame in one of my legges and shoulder. I have neither wife nor childe, and at this present, God be praised, I have in the Contractation-House in the citie of Sivell, in golde and plate, the summe of thirty thousand duckets: and I have also in Pirru in good landes and possessions the yearely rent of twelve thousande duckets, which rentes and readie money is sufficient to mainteine a poore Gentleman. But al this notwithstanding, I do now sue unto the King's Majestie to have a licence and authoritie to discover and conquer a certaine part of India, which adjoyneth with Brazile, and is part of the empire of Pirru. I pray you nowe declare what you think of my sute.' 'By my troth, sir,' quoth I, 'I trust your worship will pardon a rash and suddene judgement, which you now demaund at my hand.' 'Yea, truly,' quoth he, 'say what you list' 'Then,' quoth I, 'my opinion is, that you are not well in your wit; for what would you have? Will not reason suf-

fice you? Or els would you now in your old daies be
 an emperor, considering that your sepulchre attendeth
 for you.' 'Now truly I thank you,' quoth he, 'for
 of your judgement are most men: but I say unto you,
 considering that all flesh must finish, I seek for no quiet
 rest in this transitorie life: yea, the wise and Christian
 doctors doe teach and admonish, that every true
 Christian is born, not for his own private wealth and
 pleasure, but rather to help and succour others his
 poore brethren. Likewise do I consider the great
 number of gentlemen yonger brethren, and other
 valiant persons, who, through want of living, doe fall
 into many disorders. Wherefore to accomplish my
 dutie towarde God and my prince, and to relieve such
 poore gentlemen, doe I now attempt this journey, with
 the adventure of my bodie and goods; and for that
 purpose I have in readines foure tall ships, well-fur-
 nished, in the port of S. Lucar de Barrameda, hoping
 assuredly, that before the life depart out of my bodie,
 to heare these valiant yong gentlemen, whom now I
 mean to have in my company, say, 'Oh happie day,
 when old Zarate, for so is my name, brought us from
 penury; yea, and from a number of perils, that we
 were like to fall into!' I hope also, that the royall
 estate of my Prince shall bee by my paines, and poore
 service, enlarged: belceve you me, this is the onelie
 sumptuous tumbre that I pretend to build for my poore
 carkas. But yet I know there are some, unto whom I
 may compare the bore that lieth wallowing in the stie,
 who will not let to say; 'what need we any other
 world, honour, or kingdoms? Let us be contented
 with that we have.' Who may easily be answered,
 'Sir Glutton, your panch is full; and little care you for
 the

the glorie of God, honour of your Prince, neither the need and necessitie of your poore neighbours.' With this conclusion the gentleman ended his tale; the judgement whereof I leave to noble gentlemen, his peeres, to be determined.

"And where our Captaine Hernando Cortes, of whose valiant acts this Historie treateth, hath deserved immortal fame, euen so doubtlesse I hope, that within this happie realme is nowe liuing a gentleman, whose zeale of trauell and valiant beginning doth prognosticate great, maruellous, and happie successe: for perfection of honour and profit is not gotten in one day, nor in one or two voyages, as the true histories of the east and west conquests by Spaniardes and Portingals doe testifie. And calling to remembrance the great zeale and good will which your honour hath alwaies extended to good and profitable attempts, and especially in the proceedings of the new discoveries, your honor hath not only used liberality in your adventures, but also taken great paines in court to aduance and further the voiage, a number I say of gentlemen, mariners, and other artificers, shall have great cause to pray for your honour. And where I for my part have tasted of your honor's goodnes sundrie waies, I am now most humblie to beseech your honor to accept this poore gift, the which I have translated out of the Spanish tongue, not decked with gallant colours, nor yet filed with pleasant phrase of Rhetorike, for these things are not for poore merchant trauellers, but are reserued to learned writers: yet I trust the author will pardon me, because I haue gone as neare the sense of this historie, as my cunning would reach unto. I also craue, that it may please your honour, when your great and

When he perceives Don Cortes here 'so pert,'
May well be mindful of his own desert.

Then yield we thanks to Nicholas for his toil,
Who strings the lute that putteth us in mind
How doting days have given us all the foil,
Whilst learned wits in foreign lands do find,
That labour bears away the golden fleece,
And is rewarded with the flower of Greece.

Lo! here the trump of everlasting fame,
That rends the air in sunder with his blast,
And throws abroad the praises of their name,
Which oft in fight have made their foes aghast.
Though they be dead, their glory shall remain,
To rear aloft the deeds of haughty Spain.

Lo! here the traveller, whose painful quill
So lively paints the Spanish Indies out,
That English gentlemen may view at will
The manly prowess of that gallant rout:
And when the Spaniard vaunteth of his gold,
Their own renown in him they [will] behold."

These lines appear to me to possess merit for
day. They are followed by these in Latin:

*"In Thomæ Nicholai occidentalem Indiam Stej
Gosson.*

Sordescant Cræsi radiantia tecta Pyropo,
Et jaceat rutili pompa superba Mydæ.
Aurea felici volvuntur sæcula cursu,
Pactoli assidue flumina vera tument.
Terra ferax pandit, sua viscera plena metallis
Præguans, divitias parturit illa suas.
India luxuriat, locupleti prole triumphat,
Pingue solum gemmis, fundere gestit opes.

O vos, qui patriæ cupitis fulcire ruinam,
 Et dare mella bonis aurea, mentis ape,
 Cortezi hos animo capide lustrate labores,
 Postque, reluctanti credite vela salo."

ART. IV. *Polemo-Middinia. Carmen Macaronicum. Autore Gulielmo Drummondo, Scoto-Britanno. Accedit Jacobi, id nominis Quinti, Regis Scotorum, Cantilena Rustica, vulgo inscripta "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Recensuit, notisque illustravit E. G. Oxonii à Theatro Sheldoniano An. Dom. 1691. 4to.*

These pages, the earliest editions of two humorous poems, the one by the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, the latter by Scotland's poetical monarch, James the Fifth, were a juvenile publication of Bishop Gibson, the subsequent editor of Camden; and, though not topographical in their subject, were honest harbingers of his future services in literature, and will remain a monument of his early proficiency in languages, and his talent for pleasantry.

Whether the language of burlesque was known to the ancients, is a subject which has divided the learned as much as the undecided question of early rhyme. No very long time anterior to the appearance of this volume, Vavassor had published his treatise, "*de Ludicra Dictione*," and the work and fame of that learned and accomplished Jesuit were then

Rife and perfect in the listening ear.

The opportunity was tempting to an unfledged and ardent scholar, and Gibson entered the lists of argu-

ment in a preface replete with wit and learning. If Vavassor had the advantage in erudition and elegance of style, the balance in point and humour was on the side of his opponent.

Of Vavassor, be it remembered, Gibson always speaks with respect. "Quantum debetur eruditioni Vavassoris, nemo nescit: neque vero is ipse sum, qui ei quidquam detractum velim," But when he contends that the macaronic style is offensive to language and morals, Gibson thus defends it: "Quod ad bonos mores spectat, si quid ratio ista momenti habeat, à Rep. literaria arcendi protinus Satyrici omnes, sive è Græcia, sive è Latio, seu quavis alia regione oriundi quos tamen, nec satis castratos, etiam in Scholis Jesuitarum legere est; (quibus curæ videtur fuisse, ut hoc obiter moneam, quod in castimonie leges peccaret, expungere; reliqua, quæ virtutem in aliis officii partibus plus nimis læderent, intacta præterire) quosque semper credidi haud illud in animo habuisse, ut docerent vitia, sed carperent, objurgarent, exploderent; plus enim obscæni occurrat in una Juvenalis celebratissimi satyra, quam in poematiis omnibus, quæ quidem vidi, Macaronicis.

"Plurimum enim distat inter ridicula, et ea certe quæ in mores peccant. Apud cælites, Deos Vulcanum naso suspendentes adunco inducit Homerus. Mortales inter, cum cætera Philosophorum turba morose, et severius virtutis præcepta frustra, (quod fatetur ipse Vavassor)* inculcare solerent, Æsopum quis vetuit *ridentem dicere verum*? cui ipsa natura, forinam dederat ad risum faciendum comparatam, εἶθος ἀξίον γελωτός.

* Vavassor, p. 32.

Et quidem si nihil hac in causa, quod ego video differunt dictio et actiones, quid de Democrito Abderite, quid de virorum sapientissimo Socrate sentiendum est, cujus etiam *vita universa ironiam habere videbatur*, teste Quintiliano. Et cum Comædiam ipsam philosophari nemo negat, quid aliud agit soccus, nisi το γελοῖον προστησάμενος, Dionysio Halicarnasæo iudice?"

This mode of reasoning is continued through a variety of observations on the Greek poets, supported with equal humour and learning, more particularly directed against Vavassor; from whence he descends to infer the practice of mingling exotic phrases in the Roman satirists.

"Satyricæ Græcorum Poesi affines sunt fabulæ Romanorum Attellanæ, Tabernariæ, et Mimi, in quibus *dominans* seu palam obscæna dictio, simulque inurbana et incompta, teste Horatio:

Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum
Verbaque, Piones, Satyrorum Scriptor, amabo.

Et ipsius Lucilii (quem Plinius primum *condidisse stylum nasi* asserit) loquendi habitus à Comædiæ socco non alienus, humilis fuit, inaccuratus et populo accommodatus; neque hunc dedecuit Græca Latinis miscuisse, sed eodem Horatio iudice,

———magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit.

"Ita Plautus non respuit voces Punicas; neque Græcas Cicero in Epistolis ad Atticum; neque Punicas S. Augustinus in sacris suis sermonibus ad populum Hipponensem habitis; nec ipse Aristophanes."

Having thus ingeniously deduced his examples from
olden

olden time, he thus laconically addresses his reader on the subject of burlesque language, before he quits the authorities of Greece and Rome to descend to the writers thereof in the lower ages.

“Linguam igitur Macaronescam (ita vocat Merlinus Coccaius)* tibi, studiosæ lector, ediscendam mandamus; quæ semper vetabitur, et semper retinebitur, neque unquam ad tenebras damnanda est.”

The first, perhaps, says Gibson, who wrote with success in this style in the later ages was Martin Coccaie (whose real name was Theophilus Folengio of Mantua, a Benedictine monk of Cassino in Italy) who in 1520, and again in 1530, “edit *Macaronicorum poema* sub auspiciis *grossarum camænarum*; cui cum amicus Baldus objecerat scribendi genus istud,

Scilicet ignorans, quod sis parlare Latinum,
Unde Macaronica dicier arte cupis?

Extemplo respondit Merlinus :

Nil mihi diversæ stimmat opinionio turbæ,
Sum Macaronus ego, sic Macaronus ero!

If, as it should seem, 1520 was the earliest appearance of Folengio’s satire, he was preceded by the laureat Skelton, whose works were printed in 1512,† who was himself anticipated by the great genius of Scotland, Dunbar, in his “Testament of Master Andro Kennedy;” and the last must be considered as

* Folengio thus explains it “ars ista poetica nuncupatur ars Macaronica, a *Macaronibus* derivata: qui *Maccarones* sunt quoddam pulmentum, *farina*, *caseo*, *butyro* compaginaturn; grossum, rude et rusticanum. Ideo Macaronica nil nisi grossedinem, ruditatem, et Vocabulezzos, debet in se continere.” Apologetica prefixed to *Phantasie Macaronicæ*.

† So says Wood; but the earliest known edition is dated 1523. *Editor*.

the reviver or introducer of macaronic or burlesque poetry. The example thus proposed was adopted and extended by various imitators. Antonius de Arena, is censured by Vavassor, as being in conjunction with Folengio, the chief authors of that species of poetry. They were followed by Rabelais, Gaurinus Capella, and others, till the practice became prevalent in England, France, and Italy. The characteristic peculiarities in which they differed, a matter of no great moment, are, however, thought worthy of being distinguished by Gibson; though his account of the early writers of it is far from perfect.

About a century after the appearance of Coccacie's work, the Polemo-Middinia of Drummond was written, "which," says Ritson, (in his zeal for depreciating Warton's History) "is undoubtedly the first regular imitation of Folengo, I mean the first macaronic poem by a native of Great Britain, now known." If the language of burlesque is to be understood as confined to poetry continued through an unbroken succession of verses, the reasoning of Ritson may be valid; but the practice in detached poems and in numerous prose works had been adopted in various intermediate instances. Indeed the word *regular* in Ritson's case is indefinite, and is as "great a peace-maker" as Touchstone's celebrated *if*: the remark was only made by that cynical compiler for the purpose of extenuating Warton's merits, whom he excelled in industry and abuse, as much as the former was his superior in eloquence, liberality and learning.

A MS. note in the copy under my hands suggests the example of Nash's attack on Harvey as an earlier specimen than the Polemo-Middinia; it is not, indeed,

deed, a *regular* imitation, nor is it a poem; but it is a piece of satirical *badinage* in uncouth language, chequered with barbarous terms, and ridiculously intermixed with ludicrous phrases in derision of Harvey's writings, and not greatly dissimilar to the outlandish jargon of the pedantic star-gazer at whom it was levelled. Whether he was acquainted with this tract, or whether it would have been acknowledged the precursor of Drummond by Ritson, it is now vain to inquire, as "he has rested from his labours, and his works do follow him."

It is time to give a few specimens of the poem, which I conjecture was written while the poet was on a visit to his brother-in-law at Scotstarvet, after his travels in France and Italy, where he might have met with the prototypes of which we have spoken. The bloodless combat therein described was probably founded upon some rustic dispute during his residence at Scotstarvet, which was bruited at the time, and the letters of the poet might, possibly, yet explain the real names of the opponents.

Polemo ^a *Middinia* inter ^b *Vitarvam* et ^c *Nebernam*.

Nymphæ, quæ colitis highissima monta ^d *Fifæ*,
Seu vos ^e *Pittenuema* tenet, seu ^f *Crælia* ^g crofta,
Sive ^h *Anstræa* domus, ubi nat *haddocus* in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, et ⁱ *fleucca* et *sketta* pererrant

Per

^a Middin, Sterquilinium. Sax. myxen-direg vel myke ding, ex Cimbris myke vel mykia, lætamen, finus et dyngia, acervus, rudera; ut sit Polemo-Middinia, prælium in Sterquilinio commissum, *forbrend æku dyngia*, acervus pulveris combusti, *Nebom*: 4. 2. Bibl: Island. ^b *The Lady Scotstarvet*. ^c *The Lady Newbarns*. ^d Montes peninsulae *Fife*, quæ quasi cuneata

Per costam, et scopulos. *Lobster* manifesto in undis
 Crepat, et in mediis ludit *Whitenius* undis:
 Et vos * *Skipperii*, soliti qui per mare breddum
 Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
 Linguite skellatas botas, shippasque ^l picatas,
 Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate blodæam,
 Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
 Banda Dèùm, quoque Nympharum Cockelsbelearum,
^m *Maia* ubi sheerpifeda, et ⁿ solgosifera ^o *Bassa*
 Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus ^p *Edenum*
 Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris.

* * * *
 * * * *

To this invocation succeeds a chasm (*hiatus, valde deflendus!*); but of the passage cited, to the copy under examination is affixed a translation, by the learned editor of the Complaint of Scotland, which I shall take the liberty to transcribe.

conecta inter duo æstuaria *Fortbam* et *Tæum* in ortum longius procurrat. In hac peninsula circiter sex milliaria ab Andæopolii commissa fuit prælium inter viragines *Vitarvæ*, et *Nebemæ*. * ^f *Pettenween & Crail* duo vicini pagi in *Fife*, prope æstuarium *Fortbam*, juxta quos certatum erat. ^g *Agel-lui*, apud Anglos Boreales et Occidentales *croftis*, Sax. *croft*, viculus, agellulus, prædiolum. ^h *My Lord Anster's boxe*. ⁱ Sax. *floc*, vel *floc*, platessa. Scoti et Angli Boreales, *fisch*. ^k Nautæ. Vox composita ex *æcip* navis et *per* vir, Euphonicè Skipper. Vide Grammat: Anglo-Sax. Cap. 3. Regul. 20. ^l *Pic* Sax. *bik* Cimbrice, *pitch*, Angl. ^m Insula in lucibus æstuarii, *Forbe* dicti, jacens ad litus *Fifæum*; totam ex *Oim*. *my*, muscarum cætus, et *cy* Insula; est enim locus, quem palustria animalcula *æmæ*, maxime infestant. ⁿ Macaronica contrahendi licentia pro Solangosifera. ^o Insula, seu potius rupes altissima, confragosa, et undique prærupta ad Lodenici litora ex adverso *Maizæ* in eodem æstuario objacens, in quam, tanquam in Gyrum, seditiosos deportant Scoti. Circa hujus oram *æmæres* marini dicti Solangeese in nudis cautibus ova ponunt, unde forsitan Insulæ nomen a Cimbrico vel antiquo Danico *bas*, quod loca inter cautes angustiora significat. ^p *Edenborough*.

"Ye

"Ye linkin lang-tramm'd limmers light
 O' Fife, far fam'd for kail,
 Wha bleach your claes by Pittenweem,
 Or clod the crafts o'Crail;

Or round auld Auster's gowsty wa's
 Gang platch a scrambling byke,
 To gump amang the rockweed clints
 For partan taes to pike.

For there the skelpin haddock scuds
 Wi' flat fish mony a scule,
 And womblin lobsters mony feet
 Houk out the howest pool.

Ye tally skippers unco pleas'd
 In skellat boats to hobble,
 Come lilt wi' me the dirdum dour
 Fra ilka tarry coble.

Hey! whistle up some gathering tune
 To join the loud deray,
 Hark how the din has deaved the Bass
 And cowed the gaits in May.

The mermaids crown'd wi' cockleshells
 Heave a' their pows aboon,
 Even Sol wi' glee clinks on his boots,
 And aff for Embro' town."

The occasion of this bloodless combat is explained
 in the following lines. *

"Muckrelum ingentem turbam *Vitarva* per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,

* The notes appended to the former extract will be sufficient examples of
 the editor's learned illustrations.

**Ite hodie armati grippis, drivare caballos
 Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
 Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
 Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.**

Hic aderant *Geordy Akinhedius* et little *Johnus*
 Et *Jamy Richæus*, et stout *Michael Hendersonus*,
 Qui gillatis pulchris ante alios dansare solebat,
 Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare boneas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvertus, et ejus
 Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque *Olmondus*,
 Qui plengham lango gaddo drivare solebat;
 Et *Hob Gyl* wantonus homo, atque *Oliver Hutchin*
 Et plouchy-fac'd *Waty Strang*, atque inkneed *Alisander*
Atkin,
 Et *Wily Dick*, heavy-arstus homo—

Insuper hic aderant *Tom Taylor* et *Henry Watsonus*,
 Et *Tomy Gilchristus* et fool *Jocky Robinsonus*,
Andrew Atshenderus, et *Jamy Thomsonus*, et unus
 Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anti-covenanter,
 Nomine *Gordonus*, valde black-mondus, et alter
 (Heu piget ignoro nomen!) slavry-beardius homo,
 Qui pottas diltavit, et assas jecerit extra."

Vitarva having thus mustered her forces, addresses
Geordy in the front of the ranks, whom she had
 chosen as her foreman, "et inter stoutissimus omnes,"
 and commands him and his attendants to yoke the
 horses to the muck-carts, and to drive them in the
 very front of the windows of Neberna:

"In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
 Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
 Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur
 In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito *fart jade*."

"The

"The march begins in military state," and the invaders are immediately assailed by the hastily collected inmates of Neberna. Vitarva is at first appalled at the numbers and threats of her opponent, but at length she recovers her courage, and the dirt begins to fly!

"O quale hoc hurly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
 Pipantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breikos
 Droppantes, hominumque hartas ad prælia faintas.
 O! qualis feris faire fuit, namque alteri nemo
 Ne vel foot breddum yardæ yieldare volebat;
 Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque bardhearta caterva!
 Tum vero é medio Muckdrivster prosilit unus
 Gallanteus homo, et grippam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
 Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
 Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
 Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
 Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit,
 Vaide procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum.
 Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum.
 Extemplo *Gilkeæ* ferox invadit, et ejus
 In faciem girnavit atrox. et Tigrida facta
 Roublentemque gripans beardam, sic dixit ad illum:
 Vade donum, filthææ nequam, te interficiabo:
 Tunc cum gerculeo manum fecit *Gilly* whippum,
 Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
 Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeriavit;
 Summe tibi hoc, inquit, sneesing valde operativum,
 Pro præmio swingere tuo, tum denique fleido
 Ingentem *Gilly Wamphra* dedit, validamque revellam
 Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
 Ambobus lugere ex oculis; sic *Gylla* triumphat.
 Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
 Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et *O fy!*

Per

Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam sæpe nisavit
 Disjunctumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
 Lausavitque supra, atque infra, miserabile visu,
 Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens
 Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
 Hæc *Neberna* videns yellavit turpia verba,
 Et fy fy ! exclamat, prope nunc victoria lossa est.
 Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira Canonem,
 Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
 Barytonam emisit veluti *Monsmegga* cracasset.
 Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
 Sumpserunt, retrosperit *Jackmannus*, et ipse
 Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.

Quod si King Spanius *Philippus* nomine, septem
 Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
 Batterare sluissam, sluissam dungasset in assam.
 Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
 Ingentes fartas ad mœnia *Montallana*,
 Ipse continuo townam dungasset in erdam.

Exit Cornegrevius wracco omnia tendere videns,
 Consiliumque meum, si non accipitis inquit,
 Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo.
 Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
 Partes stabbatus greitans lookansque grivate,
Barlophumle clamat, et dixit O Deus! O God!

Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
 Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruroris!"

James the Fifth's poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," has been so often reprinted that it is needless to say much in this place; but it may be observed that the language in this edition is so polished, and the orthography so changed, as to give it the air of a modern rather than an ancient Scottish poem.

The notes to both are curious and valuable; and if Drummond's poems are re-published, which I have been long taught to expect, it were prudent to retain them.

I have now only to add the three concluding lines of the preface before me: "Si hæc placeant bene erit, si non ἔτιως καλῶς; moriones enim æquemorantur scommata et plausus. Utere, fruiere, Lector, et salve."

O. G.

ART. V. *Ancient Prices of Books.*

The following curious items, relative to the prices of books, are extracted from an authentic Household Book of "the golden days of good Queen Bess."

Anno 1564.

Iteme, for booke of the dysease of horses,	iiij.d.
Iteme, for printing the xxv orders of honest men - -	xx.d.
Iteme, pd. for a Lytlton in English -	xij.d.
Iteme, for a Diologge betwine the cap and the heade - -	ij.d.
Iteme, pd. for the booke of the ij Englishe lovers - -	vj.d.
Iteme, for a French booke called the his- torye de noster temes -	xvj.d.
Iteme, pd. for iij French bookes, the on called Pawlus Jovius - -	xx.s.

WILLIAM HAMPER.

ART.

ART. VI. *The Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey the great Cardinall of England, containing his life and death; viz. 1. The originall of his promotion. 2. The continuance in his magnificence. 3. His fall, death, and buriall. Composed by one of his own servants, being his Gentleman-Usher. London. Printed for William Sheeres. 1641. 4to. pp. 118. With a print of Wolsey.*

ART. VII. *The life and death of Thomas Woolsey, Cardinal; once Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellour of England. Containing 1. The original of his promotion, and the way he took to obtain it. 2. The continuance in his magnificence. 3. His negotiations concerning the peace with France and the Netherlands. 4. His fall, death, and buriall. Wherein are things remarkable for these times. Written by one of his own servants, being his Gentleman Usher. London. Printed for Dorcas Newman, and are to be sold at the Chyrurgeon's Armes in Little Brittain, near the Hospital-gate. 1667. Duod. pp. 157. Dedicated to Henry, Marquis of Dorchester.*

The former of these is the first edition of Sir William Cavendish's Memoirs of Wolsey. It is not mentioned in Kippis's Biogr. Brit. III. 324, (Art. Cavendish) nor in Collins's account of Sir W. C. in his "Noble Families." The first impression, there registered, is that of 1667, printed for Dorcas Newman. It was again reprinted in 1707, duod.

A very fair and valuable MS. copy of these memoirs

is among the Harleian MSS. N^o. 428; much more large and correct than any of the printed copies, which abound with gross errors, and many omissions. It is my intention, if nobody anticipates me, to examine the above MS. the first opportunity, and produce a more accurate edition of this valuable memorial by an ancestor of whom I am proud.

ART. VIII. *Fragmenta Regalia. Written by Sir Robert Naunton, Master of the Court of Wards. Printed Anno Dom. 1641. 4to. pp. 49.*

There have been subsequent editions of this little tract, of which one was in 1694, 8vo. and one within these very few years.

Sir Robert Naunton was educated at Cambridge, where he was Proctor and Public Orator; and attracting the notice of King James, was brought to court. By the influence of Villiers he was promoted to be Secretary of State, 8 Jan. 1617; and afterwards Master of the Court of Wards. He died 163-^{*}.

These sketches of the characters of Queen Elizabeth's times and favourites by one, who had himself been in some degree admitted into the penetralia of courts, are very interesting †

^{*} See Fuller's Worthies, *Suff* p. 64.

† Several of these Memoirs are reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany; and in the late Selection from it in one vol. 4to.

ART. IX. *Sonnets to the fairest Cælia.*

Parve, nec invidéo, sine me liber ibis ad illam,
 Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo. TRIST. 1.

London. Printed by Adam Islip for W. P. 1594-4to.

W. P. for whom these sonnets are said to have been printed, was W. Percy, according to his preface, but whether any relative to the Percies* of Northumberland, and to the venerable editor of our Poetical Reliques, it may not be very practicable to ascertain. The following is his apologetical address

“ To the Reader.

“ Courteous reader, whereas I was fullie determined to have concealed my Sonnets, as things privie to my selfe; yet, of courtesie, having lent them to some, they were secretlie committed to the presse, and almost finished, before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore, making (as they say) a *vertue of necessitie*, I did deeme it most convenient to præpose mine epistle, onely to beseech you to account of them as of toys and amorous devises, and ere long I will impart unto the world another poeme, which shall be more fruitfull and ponderous. In the meane while, I commit these as a pledge unto your indifferent censures. London, 1594. W. PERCY.”

* Henry 9th Earl of Northumberland, who was imprisoned on account of the Gunpowder Plot, had a brother *William Percy*, whom Anth. Wood records to have been a man of learning and genius, and to have died single at Oxford, 1648. *Coll. Perc. II.* 407. G. Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, 1638, speaks of him as “ living obscurely in Oxford, and drinking nothing but ale.” *Strafford Letters, II:* 168. EDITOR.

His promised poem never seems to have been produced, nor will the mere poetical reader regret its non-appearance, from the specimen here given, which derives its almost only value from being considered as an unique copy. The sonnets are twenty in number, and these are terminated by a madrigal "to Parthenophil upon his Laya and Parthenophe," which Parthenophil may possibly be Barnabe Barnes, * whose equally rare collection of sonnets shall be noticed on a future occasion.

The following are not the most contemptible samples of Percy's Sonnettings.

SON. XVIII.

"I cannot conquer and be conquered;
 Then whole my selfe I yeeld unto thy favor;
 Behold my thoughts flote in an ocean battered,
 To be cast off, or wafted to thine harbor:
 If of the same thou wilt then take acceptance,
 Stretch out thy fairest hand as flag of peace;
 If not, no longer keepe us in attendance,
 But all at once thy fire shafts release.
 If thus I die, an honest cause of love
 Will of my fates the rigor mittigate;
 Those gracious eyne, which will a Tartar move,
 Will prove my case the lesse unfortunate:
 Altho' my friends may rue my chaunce for ay,
 It will be said—he dyde for Cælia."

* Barnes signs Parthenophil and Parthenope to a couple of sonnets in dispraise of Nash, printed with Pierce's *Supererogation* by Gab. Harvey, 1593. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says that Barnes published *Parthenophil* and *Parthenope* after 1591.

SON. XX.

"Receave these writs, my sweet and dearest friend,
 The livelie patterns of my livelesse bodie,
 Where thou shalt find, in hebon pictures pen'd,
 How I was meeke, but thou extreamlie blodie.
 I'll walke forlorne along the willow shades
 Alone, complaining of a ruthlesse dame;
 Where ere I passe, the rocks, the hilles, the glades,
 In pittious yelles, shall sound her cruell name.
 There I will waile the lot which fortune sent me,
 And make my mones unto the savage cares;
 The remnant of the daies which Nature lent me,
 Ile spend them all, conceal'd, in ceaselesse teares.
 Since unkind fates permit me not t' enjoy her,
 No more (burst eyes!) I mean for to annoy her."

T. P.

ART. X. *Four Paradoxes: of Arte, of Lawe, of Warre, of Service.* By T. S.

Cupias quodcunque necesse est.

*At London Printed for Thomas Bushell. 1602.
Small 8vo. 24 leaves.*

These paradoxes are poetical, and the only copy I have seen was formerly Major Pearson's. The name of the author is revealed by the following dedication.

"To the most honorable and more vertuous Lady,
the Ladie Helena, Marquesse of Northampton.

B B 4

"MADAM,

“MADAM,

“Your friend's send you jewelles; your tenants, the fruit of their store; and your servants, many good wishes; all of them, in their kinde, being testimonies of their loves and duties. I, that am too poore to present you with the two former; and too ambitious, to supply my wants with the latter, have presumed in another manner to expresse my humilitie; sending you, not the riches of my exterior fortunes, but the fruite and issue of my braine, in the begetting whereof I wasted much pretious time. Your Honor, in accepting it, shall expresse more true bounty, than I in writing can expresse ducty, though it be all the scope I levell at. The Lord have you in his protection, and send you many happy new-yeeres!

“Your duetifull and devoted servant,

“THOMAS SCOTT.”

This little volume exhibits an elegant specimen of minute typography: but its merits are not referable to the printer alone. There is much manly observation, forcible truth, apt simile, and moral pith in the poem itself; and it leaves a lingering desire upon the mind, to obtain some knowledge of a writer, whose meritorious production was unheralded by any contemporary verse-man, and whose name remains unrecorded by any poetical biographer. The following is his spirited introduction, divested of its obsolete orthography,

“Nor base intrusion, nor the hope of gain,
Nor adulation, nor vain-glorious pride,
Nor th' idle fancy of a fuming brain,
Nor any ill affected cause beside,

Begat

Begat these lines; but true respective * love,
Which all good meanings to one end doth move.

Nor think these rhymes scum'd from the froth of wit,
Nor loosely bound; but written with advise, †
When my sad soul did in true judgment sit
About th' invention of some rare devise;
When contemplation fill'd my flowing brain,
And serious study did my sense restrain.

Even then I wrote these lines, which shall bewray ‡
The faithful meaning of my constant soul,
Which time nor obvious chance shall wear away,
Nor fate convert, nor sovereignty controul;
For this is all the certainty I find—
No power can alter a resolved mind."

The entire poem is constructed in the same stanza,
and divided into four portions, which bear these appropriate mottos.

*"Artes irritamenta malorum.
Juris injuria.
Bellum perniciosissimum.
Omnis est misera servitus."*

Each portion contains 18 stanzas, and three additional ones close the whole, which the poet styles his "Resolution." The following selections will indicate the divisions of subject whence they are taken.

"Farewell, uncertain ART! whose deepest skill
Begets dissentions and ambiguous strife,
When, like a windy bladder, thou dost fill
The brain with groundless hopes and shades of life;

* i. e. respectful, considerate, cautionary.

† With deliberation.

‡ Betray, disclose, discover.

When

When thou dost set the word against the word,
And wound'st our judgment with opinion's sword.

Thou lend'st the guileful orator his skill
To plead 'gainst innocence, and to defend
The guilty cause; thou turn'st the upright will
To favour falsehood, and dost backward bend
The most resolved judgment; arming fools
With dangerous weapons and sharp-edged tools.

Thou art like gold, gotten with care and thought
Then brought to bribe the judge against the truth;
Or like a sword with all our substance bought
To kill a friend :—O thing of woe and ruth!—
Who with this gold th' oppressed doth defend?
Or who doth use this sword to save his friend?

Thou art not much unlike the fowler's glass,
Wherein the silly soul delights to look
For novelties, until the net doth pass
Above her head, and she unwares be took.
Thou common courtesan, thou bawd to sin,
Painted without, but leperous within.

Thou'rt a companion for all company,
A garment made for every man to wear,
A golden coffer, wherein dirt doth lie,
A hackney horse, all sorts of men to bear;
What art thou not?—faith, thou art nought at all,
For he that knows thee best, knows nought at all.

* * * * *

O Law! thou cobweb wherein little flies
Are daily caught, whilst greater break away:
Thou dear experience, which so many buys
With loss of time, wealth, friends, and long delay;
Thou endless labyrinth of care and sorrow,
Near hand to-day and far remov'd to-morrow.

Thou

Thou sweet revenge of craven-hearted hinds,
 Who never relish lov'd society,
 Nor harbour kindness in their currish minds,
 But barbarous beastly incivility:
 Thou nurse of discord; instrument of hatred,
 Whose power with vice hath all the earth o'erscattered.

Why should we not be good, without thy aid?
 And fear thy force less than deserved blame?
 Shall man forbear to sin, being afraid
 Of punishment? not of reproach and shame?
 So children learn their lessons, kept from meat;
 So asses mend their paces, being beat.

But man should bear a free unforced spirit,
 Uncapable of servile fear and awe;
 The guilty soul doth punishment demerit,
 Because he is not to himself a law;
 Let men, like men, love virtue and embrace her,
 Let men, like men, hate vice—the soul's detacer.

* * * *

O why should men in envy, pride, and hate,
 In swoll'n ambition, lust, and covetise,
 Usurp the bloody rule of death and fate,
 Becoming one another's destinies?—
 Is there not sea enough for every swan?
 And land enough to bury every man?

O bloody WAR! to th' unexperienc'd sweet;
 That rob'st and spoil'st and butcherest every sex;
 That tramples ail things with upheaved feet;
 And quiet states with civil broils dost vex;
 That sayst—"all things are just thou dost with might:"
 But to th' unable—"there remains no right."

That

That, like a wilful woman, run'st astray,
 In causeless enmity and deadly feud;
 Having for thy director, all the way,
 That many-headed beast—the multitude;
 Who, without all respect of wrong or right,
 Will do as others do, or flee or fight.

Thou art the instrument of stern revenge,
 Fore-plotted in the subtle scone of hate,
 And serv'st the spreading wings of youth to singe;
 A pretty drug to purge a gouty state,
 That swoll'n with poison'd surfeits, like to burst,
 Voids up those humours, to prevent the worst.

But as our private doctors, physic-learn'd,
 Kill more diseased persons than they cure:
 Yet think they justly have their wages earn'd,
 Teaching their patients torment to endure:
 Or as chirurgeons do more hurt than good,
 When with small ill they let out much pure blood:

So these sword-Paracelsians get such power,
 That oft they 'stroy when they should cure the state=
 And with confusion all things do devour,
 Making well-peopled kingdoms desolate:
 Much like a sprite, rais'd up by Art's deep skill,
 Which doth much hurt, against the bookman's will.

Even as we see, in marches and in fens,
 The careful husband, thinking to destroy
 The fruitless sedge, wherein the adder dens,
 Sets fire upon some part, with which to toy
 The northern wind begins, and burneth down,
 Spite of all help, the next abutting town:

So WAR, once set afloat, adds strength to strength,
 And where it was pretended to confound
 The foes of virtue, it proceeds at length,
 Virtue, the state, and statesman's self to wound ;
 And, like a mastiff hearted to a bear,
 Turns back, and doth his master's bowels tear."

The remaining portion of this poem "on Service" is so very excellent, that I propose to transcribe the whole, for insertion in a future Number.

T. P.

ART. XI. *Phylomythie, or Philomythologie: wherein Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, are taught to speake true English plainly.* By Tho. Scott, Gent.

Philomethus est aliquo modo philosophus: fabula enim exmiris constituitur.

The Second Edition much enlarged. London, for Francis Constable, at the White Lyon in Paule's Church-yard. 1622.

An earlier edition of this book was published in 1616, and a later in 1640. "A Præmonition to the intelligent reader" follows the title: and on the next leaf "Sarcasmos Mundo, or the Frontispiece explained;" which frontispiece is very neatly engraved by R. Elstracke; and comprizes birds, beasts, and fishes, in different compartments, surmounted by two figures surveying the opposite sides of a sphere, intended, it seems, to designate Æsop and a fictitious American philosopher. Yet the Grangerians choose to consider the former

former as a portrait of the author, in opposition to the testimony of the author himself, who has printed "a supply of the description of Monsr. Pandorsus * Wal-dolynnatus, that merry American philosopher, or the wise man of the new world; being antipode to Æsop, placed with him as parallel in the front," &c.

"As the East and West are opposite, so stand
These wise men in the front on either hand;
Æsop well known, an Eastern witty thing,
But our Pandorsus' Western fame I sing."

To the edition of 1622 is prefixed a metrical address "to the over-wise, over-wilfull, over-curious, or over-captious readers;" from which it appears, that under the figure of animals he had been understood to libel professions, and vent his private spleen against individuals. Hence he says,

"Æsop must make no Lyons roar, nor eagles
Shriek loud, nor wolves ravine, nor swift beagles
Yelp with their slavering lips after the fox;
Nor must he meddle with the ass or ox;
For feare some quirkle be found, to prove he meant
Under those shapes a private spleen to vent.
If *Spencer* now were living, to report
His Mother Hubbert's tale, there would be sport,
To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted
Up to the stars, and yet no star accounted," &c.

The poems themselves, which are of an obscure satirical cast, are veiled under the following titles:

1. Ibis. Dedicated to the religious knight Sir Edmund Mondeford, and his Lady, a true lover of learning.

* Quasi dorsus pandus.

2. **Venaticum Iter.** Dedicated to the example of Temperance, Sir Henry Bedingsfield, Knt. and to his Lady, the example of Love.
3. **Gryps.** Dedicated to the courtly and accomplished Knight, Sir Henry Rich, and his most equal Lady.
4. **Sphinx. Hyena.** Dedicated to the wise and valiant souldier Sir John Pooly, Knt. and his good Lady.
5. **Hippopotamus.** Dedicated to the magnificent Knt. Sir Hugh Smith and his worthy Lady.
6. **Phoenix.** Dedicated to the honorable Knt. Sir Robt. Riche, and his noble Lady.
7. **Unio.** Dedicated to the true lover of his country Sir Arthur Heveningham Knt. and his truly religious Lady.
8. **Struthiocamelus.** Dedicated to the vertuous Knt. Sir John Heveningham, and his charitable Lady.
9. **Onocratalus.** Dedicated to the right hopeful Knt. Sir Thomas Southwell.
10. **The Asse.** Dedicated to the learned and judicious Knt. Sir Hamond Le Strange.
11. **Curiale.** Dedicated to the good acceptance of Master Floyde, Admiral to the Queen's Magistie, and her Counsel.
12. **Solarium.** Dedicated to the absolute and open enemies of ignorance and darkness, and the true lovers and followers of light and knowledge, Sir John Crofts and his happy Lady. *

* By these dedications principally to Suffolk and Norfolk gentry, it is probable the author belonged to one of those counties. *Editor.*

A second title-page now follows, thus inscribed :

*Certaine pieces of this age parabolized. viz. 1. Duel-
lum Britannicum. 2. Regalis Justitia Jacobi. 3.
Aquignispicium 4. Antidotum Cecillianum By
Thomas Scot, Gentleman. Scire tuum nihil est.
London. Printed for Francis Constable, 1616.*

The first of these parabolisations is dedicated to the eternall memorie of that admirable combat performed by two valorous knights, Sir Robert Mansell, appellant, and Sir John Haydon, defendant, where both equally expressing fortitude and skill, in giving and receiving wounds, scaped death notwithstanding, by the only favour of Providence. This poem memorizes a duel between Sir Geo. Wharton and James Stewart, Esq. in which both parties fell, Anno 1709.*

Justitia Jacobi is dedicated to the grave, reverend, and judicious knight, Sir Robt. Gardiner, sometime Lord Justice of Ireland. This poem commemorates the equitable decision of King James in condemning Lord Sanquhar to death for the hired assassination of Turner, a fencing-master.

Aquignispicium is dedicated to the free and bountiful housekeeper, Sir Le Strange Mordant, Knt. Bart. This poem has reference to the Armada, Powder Plot, burning of Newmarket, &c.

Antidotum Cecillianum: dedicated to the Commonwealth, and to the honour of the illustrious family of the Cecils, one of whom is thus panegyricized.

“ O Cecill! lov'd of God, good men, the King;
Borne up, not by stolne imps, or borrowed plumes,

* See Memoirs of Peers of James I. p. 339. Also Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 199; and The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 123

Which

Which lets them fall, who with high flight presumes
 Neare the sun's scorching beames: thy native worth,
 Vertue and active knowledge, set thee forth
 This kingdomes pilot, where no storme or stresse
 Could make thee lose thy compass, or expresse
 A show of doubt; but firmly guide our state
 As th'adst been ruler both of chance and fate."

Next follow Satyra Aulica, dedicated to the right worthy Henry Doile, Esq.

An Irish Banquet, or the Mayor's feast of Young-hall: a satire hid under the mask of mythology.

A concluding apology "to all those knights, ladies, and gentlemen, to whom his dedications were made:" excusing himself from not having placed them in their due ranks of precedence, from being no herald.

A third title now presents itself, which announces

*The Second Part of Philomythie or Philomythologie.
 Containing Certaine Tales of true libertie, false
 friendship, power united, 'faction and ambition.
 By Thomas Scot, Gent. London Printed by John
 Legatt for Francis Constable. 1625.*

These are also dark parables or allegoric satires, and appear thus inscribed:

Monarchia. To all the worthy professors of the Law, who make not private wealth, but the good and peace of the commonwealth the end of their studies and practice.

The Cony-burrow. To the lovers of worth, and friends of vertue, who follow truth with a single heart, and speake it with a single tongue.

The House of Fame. To all the noble attendants of

royaltie in the camp of vertue, who fight for the honour of the church and commonwealth.

Satellitium To all that stand sentinell, that watch and ward in defence of this kingdome, especially to the strength and guard of the state.

The following favourable specimen is taken from the opening of **Satellitium**.

“ Who guarded round about with Parthian bows,
Or Spanish pikes, or hedg'd and dib'd with rows
Of sturdy Janisaries, or the shot
Of hardy Switzers, or the valiant Scot;
And, after these, with walls of steel and brass
Hem'd in so close that scarce the air may pass
Betwixt the cliffs—is not so free from doubt,
As is that King whom love doth guard about;
Whom subjects' love doth guard, because that he
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free
His noble favourers to desert and worth,
Spreading his valiant vertues frankly forth,
That both his own may find, and neighbours know
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow;
How sweet an odour justice sends to heaven,
How rare example is to princes given,
By vertuous deeds to stop the mouths of those,
Who, unreform'd, are reformation's foes.”

From the great disparity of merit between this and the preceding article, there is little reason to suppose them by the same author, though they bear the same name.

T. P.

ART.

ART. X. *Epigrams by H. P. Mortui non mor-
dent. Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to
be sould by John Helme at his shoppe in S. Dun-
stan's Churchyarde. 1608. 4to. 32 leaves.*

After the above title, some Latin lines are addressed
"Ad candidum Lectorem," and some English verses
"To the ungentilized Censurer;" The epigrams are
160 in number; and each has a Latin motto prefixed.
The following are among those that have most point.

EP. 100.

"Linguam vis nulla domabit.

Mun's skill in horses doth so much excell,
As no man living breaks them half so well:
But see one sillie shrew controls his art,
And, worse than all those horses, breaks his heart.

EP. 46.

Si nunquam cessat quo perdat perdere lusor.

Aske Ficus how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the tide (saith he) it ebbes and flows:
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good;
For all men knowe—'tis longer ebb than flood.

EP. 135.

Pudor est sua damna referre.

Peter hath lost his purse, but will conceal it,
Least she, that stole it, to his shame reveal it.

EP. 139.

Impar impares odit.

Sotus hates wise men, for himselfe is none:
And fools he hates, because himselfe is one.

Nil gratum, ratione carens.

Paulus a pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his lord, (" the fruites of idle time,")
Who far more careless than therewith content ;
Wished it were converted into rime ;
Which done, and brought him, at another season,
Said—now 'tis rime;—before, nor rime nor reason."

On first meeting with this publication, in the shop of the late worthy Mr. Sael, I had conjectured H. P in the title, to stand for Henry Peacham;* who put forth some epigrammatic trifles in 1620: but I have since ascertained that these initials belong to Henry Parrot, who printed, in 1613, a collection of epigrams in two parts; in which some of these coarse conceits make their re-appearance. Several of them may also be traced in the two previous collections, entitled :

1. *The Mouse Trap. Consisting of 100 Epigrams. Printed at London for F.B. dwelling at the Flower du Luce and Crowne, in Pauls Church-yard. 1606. 4to.*

The author's dedication " to his no little respected friend, little John Buck," is signed H.P. An address " to the plain-dealing reader," follows in prose; and to this succeed verses " ad Curiosum." A copy of this rare tract is in the British Museum. A copy of the following sold at Mr. Steevens' sale for 1l. 13s.

* Warton, I just observe, makes a query to the same effect, from having found one of the epigrams, with some little difference only, in Peacham's *Miscrva*. Hist. of E. P. iv. 74.

2. *The More the Merrier: containing three-score and odde headlesse epigrams, shot (like the Fooles bolt) amongst you, light where they will. By H.P. Gent.* 1608. 4to.

The following is the writer's apology for his indelicacies.

EP. 45.

"Be not agreeved, my humorous lines afford,
Of looser language, here and there a word:
Who undertakes to sweepe a common sinke,
I cannot blame him, though his besom stinke."

A more general collection, and apparently, compilation, was published under the title of

Laquei Ridiculosi: or Springes for Woodcocks. In 2 books. Caveat emptor. London. Printed for J. Busbie. 1613. 12mo.

In some title pages H.P. is added. Warton has printed a specimen in his 4th volume of Eng Poetry, p. 73, and remarks that "many of them are worthy to be revived in modern collections." Some of them have been so.

T. P.

ART. XII. *Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, first published 1590.**

I have been favoured with the following among many other literary obligations in the progress of this

* The first edition was in 4to. for W. Ponsonby, 1590.

Second ————— fol. Do. ————— 1593.

Third ————— fol. Do. ————— 1598.

Again ————— fol. Edinburgh ————— 1599.

work, by the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, whose very learned and laborious volume, "The Progress of Maritime Discovery," containing a vast fund of interesting information which was before almost inaccessible, must, in spite of the attacks of ill-directed talent, gradually win its way to its merited fame.* Perhaps there may be many, who will think, that the *Arcadia* is a book too common to justify its occupation of much room in these pages. But I do not profess totally to confine myself to rare books. There are many old volumes of frequent occurrence to which it may yet be desirable to call the public attention. And is this work at present much examined beyond its title? As the manners of chivalry have been forgotten, it would be vain to deny, that this romance is become unconquerably tedious. But for those, who study the progress of the English language, the *Arcadia* is a treasure, which ought to be frequently investigated. If, as a poet, Sydney does not exhibit that rare genius, which could rise above the faults of his age, he yet discovers most brilliant attainments, which, when we consider his active habits, his various other qualifications, and his very short life, entitle him to *permanent* celebrity among the most favoured in the Temple of Fame. I insert with pleasure therefore the following specimens, with the hope of recalling the public notice to a character, which I have always contemplated with admiration; though I cannot at present find room for all the extracts, which Mr. Clarke has, at the expense of

* It is no slight honour to have awakened all the fancy of Bowles, and to have given occasion to his very beautiful and touching poem on the same subject.

much.

much pains, had the goodness to select for my use from the numerous pages of the Arcadia.

Dec. 3, 1806.

The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the ninth time published, with a twofold supplement of a defect in the third book: the one by Sir W. A. Knight; the other, by Mr. Ja. Johnstoun Scotto-Brit. Dedicated to K. James, and now annexed to this work, for the reader's benefit. Whereunto is also added a sixth booke, by R B. of Lincolnes Inne, Esq. London. Printed for J. Waterson and R. Young. 1638. Folio. Pages 624, with the short Supplement.*

The dedication to this interesting work has been deservedly much admired.

“To my dear Lady and Sister, the Countesse of Pembroke.

“Here now have you (most deare, and most worthy to bee most deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine; which I feare (like the spider's web) will be thought fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes were wont to doe to the babes they would not foster) I could well finde in my heart to cast out in some desart of forgetfulness this childe, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to doe it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done only for you, onely to

* Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, a poet.

you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friends, who will weigh errorrs in the ballance of good will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it selfe it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare selfe can best witnesse the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In summe a young head, not so well staid as I would it were, (and shall bee when God will) having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not beene in some way delivered, would have growne a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in, than that they gat out. But his chiefe safety shall be, the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much good will doe not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know the vertue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so, or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuffe, than as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most most heartily prayes, you may long live to be a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

"Your loving brother,

"PHILIP SIDNEY."

Mr.

Mr. Hayley thus speaks of this dedication in the Life of Cowper. "If we turn to an early season of our epistolary language, we may observe, that the Letter of Sir Philip Sidney to his Sister, Lady Pembroke, (prefixed as a dedication to his Arcadia) is distinguished by tender elegance, and graceful affection."

The poetry in this work has not been sufficiently known, or admired, as the following extracts will prove.

The Madrigall that was sung by Basilius.

"Why dost thou haste away,
O Titan faire, the giver of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To western wights, what starres in east appeare?
Or dost thou thinke that here
Is left a sunne, whose beams thy place may use?
Yet stay and well peruse
What be her gifts, that make her equal thee;
Bend all thy light to see
In earthy clothes inclos'd a heav'nly spark:
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.
No no, thy motions be
Hast ned from us with barre of shadow dark,
Because that thou, the author of our sight,
Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with other's light." *

The Song of Basilius, as a fairing of his Contentment.

"Get hence, foule Griefe, the canker of the minde;
Farewell Complaint, the Miser's onely pleasure;
Away vaine Cares, by which few men doe finde
Their sought-for treasure.

* P. 368. Lib. 3.

Ye helpelesse Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,
 Teares drowne your selves, for woe (your case is wasted)
 Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
 My minde hath tasted.

But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart;
 Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse,
 Forefelt Desyre, begin to savour part
 Of comming gladnesse.

Let voice of sighes into cleare musicke run;
 Yes, let your teares with gazing now be mended,
 Instead of thought true Pleasure be begun,
 And never ended."*

[More extracts shall probably be inserted hereafter.]

The foregoing selection from Sir P. Sidney's poetry in the *Arcadia*, may best be concluded with the following passage from the close of his *Defence of Poesie*:

"But if (fie of such a but,) you be borne so neere the dul-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot heare the planet-like musick of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itselfe up to look to the skies of poetry, or rather by a certaine rustically disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then though I will not wish unto you the asses eares of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

I.S.C.

* P. 379.

ART.

ART XII. *Mischief's Myserie; or Treason's Master piece: the Powder Plot, invented by hellish malice; prevented by heavenly mercy; truly related, and from the Latin of the learned and Reverend Doctour Herring, translated and very much dilated by John Vicars.*

Underneath a wooden cut, representing King James with a crown on his head, sitting on a throne under a rich canopy, with his sceptre in one hand, and the other held out for a letter which an eagle has brought, and which Cecil is receiving, whereon are these lines.

“ The gallant eagle, soaring up on high
Beares in his beake treason's discovery.
Mount, noble eagle, with thy happy préy,
And thy rich prize to th' King with speed convey.”

*London. Printed by L. Griffin, dwelling in the Little Olde Bayly neare the signe of the King's Head.
In two parts. 1677. pp. 120.*

It is dedicated to Sir John Leman, Kt. Lord Mayor of London, and to Sir — Craven, Kt. Alderman and President of Christ's Hospital, with Mr Richard Heath, Treasurer, and all the Governors. He was induced to it by three motives; 1st. being the high-topt cedars of Lebanon, chief magistrates of the famous city of London, and pious professors of Christ's verity, they should have had no small part, yea, too great and insupportable a portion, and pondrous burden of sorrow and lamentation in this unparalkled project of the powder treason; the 2d. was, that he received his education in Christ's Hospital, of which they were the

the patrons; and the third motive was, that it might be received as a small pledge of his obliged duty; and as a symbol of his service, which was and ever should be wholly at their lordship's and worship's command.

To the poem is also prefixed a poetical address by the translator, and some commendatory verses by his friends, one of which was by a Thomas Salisbury, a M.A. of Cambridge; and another by Joshua Sylvester, with a short address to Momus, or the Carping Catholic.*

There is then another wooden cut, in the middle of which is a circle containing the view of a church with two crowned heads; and round it are the heads of a bishop and several figures blowing with all their force in vain against it. Underneath which are written six verses, beginning,

"Enclos'd with clouds of ignorance and error,
Rome, Hell, and Spain do threaten England's terror."

The character of Guy Fawkes may be considered ~~as~~
a fair and sufficient specimen of the poem.

"———A man to mischief prompt,
Swift to shed blood, and soon with treason stain'd;
With envy stufft, and puff'd; else malecontent,
Dissembling Simon, double-diligent;
Whose name he ever changeth with his place
Of residence, like Neptune Proteus,
His name and shame equal in his disgrace;
Foster sometimes, Johnson, and Brunius,
His name not nature, habit not his heart,
He takes, forsakes, as best befits his part."

* A. Wood says, another was by Nathan Chamber of Gray's Inn, &c.
Wood's Ath. II. 154. *Editor.*

Prefixed

Prefixed to the second part is another wooden cut, representing the Parliament House, with Guy Fawkes at the door with a key in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other. Several courtiers appear discovering him; and many stars are seen in the hemisphere.

"Infernal Fawkes with demoniacke heart,
Being ready now, to act his hellish part,
Booted and spurr'd, with lantern in his hand,
And match in's pocket, at the doore doth stand;
But wise Lord Knevet, by divine direction,
Him apprehends, and findes the Plot's detection."

There is a poetical dedication to Mr. Jay, Alderman of London, and Governor of Christ's Hospital; and at the end are several smaller poems; as a Paraphrase on the 123d Psalm; an Epigram against the Jesuits; epitaphs to the memory of Prince Henry; and some verses to the Queen with an enigmatical riddle.*

Aylesbury, 27 Oct. 1806.

J.H.

ART. XIII. *Old Spanish Historians of the Discovery of the New World.*

In the Note to a former article (p 351) I have ascribed the original of Nicholas's Translation of the Conquest of New Spain, to Bernal Diaz del Castillo: but I have since had reason to think I have committed an

* A. Wood says, that "Vicars afterwards making some additions to this translation, repaired to Dr. Sam. Baker, chaplain to Laud, Bishop of London, to have it licensed, but was denied for several reasons."

Vicars was a native of London; and died 1652, aged about 72. He was deemed a tolerable poet by the Puritans, but not by the Royalists, being, as they said, inspired "by ale or viler liquors." *Wood's Ath. II. 153.* EDITOR.

EDITOR.

error. I am unacquainted with Spanish literature, but recollecting that Col. Keatinge had lately translated that historian, I consulted the extracts in the account of that work in Brit. Crit. Vol. XVII. p. 27, 15 - 53; and found them, though, in some respects, coincident with Nicholas, yet in others materially variant; and on referring to Robertson's America, I find a fact which induces me to attribute the work to Gomara. When Cortez was first driven out of Mexico, Robertson says, that B. Diaz states his loss of Spaniards at 870 men, whereas Gomara states them at only 450. Now Nicholas, in p. 278, has the following paragraph on the subject.

"This sorrowful night, which was the tenth of July, in An. 1520, were slain about 450 Spaniards, 4000 Indian friends, and 46 horse, yea, and (as I judge) all the prisoners, which were in his companie" I cannot resist transcribing the remainder of this account.

"If this mishap," he proceeds "had fortun'd in the day-time, possible so many, and so great a number had not perished. But where it fortun'd by night, the noise of the wounded was sorrowfull, and of the victors horrible and fearful. The Indians cried "Victory," calling upon their divelish and filthie gods with joy and pleasure: our men, being overcome, cursed their unfortunate lot, yea, the hower and he that brought them thither; others cried unto God for succour; others said, 'helpe, helpe, for I stande in daunger of drowning.' I know not certainly, whether mo perished in the water or the lande, hoping to save themselves by swimming and leaping over the sluces and broken places, for they say that a Spaniarde was no sooner in the water, but an Indian was upon his backe. They have

have great dexteritie and skill in swimming, so that catching any Spaniard in the water, they would take him by the one arm, and carry him whither they pleased, yea and wold unpanch him in the water. If these Indians had not occupied themselves in taking the spoyle of those that were fallen and slaine, certainly one Christian had not escaped that day. But in fine the greatest number of Spaniards, that were killed, were those that went most laden with gold plate and other jewels; and those that escaped, were they that carried least burdens, and the first that with noble courage made way to passe through the troupe of Indians."

Having entered so far upon this subject, it may not be out of place to insert Robertson's Note, concerning the authors who wrote on the Conquest of New Spain, at length.

Account of the Spanish Historians of the Conquest of Mexico, by Dr. Robertson.

"Our knowledge of the events, which happened in the Conquest of New Spain, is derived from sources of information more original and authentic than that of any transaction in the history of America. The letters of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. are the most valuable of these, and the first in order of time. As Cortes early assumed a command independent of Velasquez, it became necessary to convey such an account of his operations to Madrid, as might procure him the approbation of his sovereign.

"The first of his dispatches has never been made public. It was sent from Vera Cruz, July 16, 1519. It must have come to the Emperor's hands, while he

was

was in Germany, as he left Spain on the 2d of May in that year, in order to receive the imperial crown. I have made diligent search for a copy of this dispatch, both in Spain and in Germany, but without success. This, however, is of less consequence, as it could not contain any thing very material, being written so soon after Cortes arrived in New Spain. The second dispatch, dated Oct. 30th, 1520, was published at Seville, A.D. 1522, and the third and fourth soon after they were received. A Latin translation of them appeared in Germany, A.D. 1532. Ramusio soon after made them more generally known, by inserting them in his valuable collection. They contain a regular and minute history of the expedition, with many curious particulars concerning the policy and manners of the Mexicans. The work does honour to Cortes: the style is simple and perspicuous; but as it was manifestly his interest to represent his own actions in the fairest light, his victories are probably exaggerated, his losses diminished, and his acts of rigour and violence somewhat softened.

“The next in order is the *Cronica de la Nueva España*, by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, published A.D. 1554. Gomara’s historical merit is considerable. His mode of narration is clear, flowing, always agreeable, and sometimes elegant. But he is frequently inaccurate and credulous; and as he was the domestic chaplain of Cortes after his return from New Spain, and probably composed his work at his desire, it is manifest that he labours to magnify the merit of his hero, and to conceal or extenuate such transactions as were unfavourable to his character. Of this Herrera
accuses

accuses him in one instance, Dec. II. Lib. III. c. 2. and it is not once only that this is conspicuous. He writes, however, with so much freedom concerning several measures of the Spanish Court, that the copies both of his *Historia de las Indias*, and of his *Cronica*, were called in by a decree of the council of the Indies, and they were long considered as prohibited books in Spain, though of late licence to print them has been granted. *Pinelo Biblioth.* 589.

"The Chronicle of Gomara induced Bernal Diaz del Castillo to compose his *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva Espagna*. He had been an adventurer in each of the expeditions to New Spain, and was the companion of Cortes in all his battles and perils. When he found that neither he himself, nor many of his fellow-soldiers were once mentioned by Gomara, but that the fame of all their exploits was ascribed to Cortes; the gallant old veteran laid hold of his pen with indignation, and composed his true history. It contains a prolix, minute, confused, narrative of all Cortes's operations, in such a rude vulgar style as might be expected from an illiterate soldier. But as he relates transactions of which he was witness, and in which he performed a considerable part, his account bears all the marks of authenticity, and is accompanied with such a pleasant naiveté, with such interesting details, with such amusing vanity, and yet so pardonable in an old soldier who had been, (as he boasts) in an hundred and nineteen battles, as renders his book one of the most singular that is to be found in any language.

"Pet. Martyr ab Angleria. in a *Treatise de Insulis nuper Inventis*, added to his *Decades de rebus Oceanis*

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& novo orbe, gives some account of Cortes's expedition. But he proceeds no further than to relate what happened after his first landing. This work, which is brief and slight, seems to contain the information transmitted by Cortes in his first dispatches, embellished with several particulars communicated to the author by the officers who brought the letters from Cortes.

"But the book towards which the greater part of modern historians have had recourse for information concerning the conquest of New Spain, is, *Historia de la Conquista de Mexico*, per D. Antonio de Solis, first published A. D. 1684. I know no author in any language, whose literary fame has risen so far beyond his real merit. De Solis is reckoned by his countrymen one of the purest writers in the Castilian tongue; and if a foreigner may venture to give his opinion concerning a matter, of which Spaniards alone are qualified to judge, he is entitled to that praise. But though his language be correct, his taste in composition is far from being just. His periods are so much laboured, as to be often stiff, and sometimes tumid; the figures which he employs by way of ornament, are trite or improper, and his observations superficial. These blemishes, however, might easily be overlooked, if he were not defective with respect to all the great qualities of an historian. Destitute of that patient industry in research, which conducts to the knowledge of truth; a stranger to that impartiality which weighs evidence with cool attention, and ever eager to establish his favourite system of exalting the character of Cortes into that of a perfect hero, exempt from error, and adorned with every virtue, he is less solicitous to discover what is true, than to relate what might appear splendid.

When

When he attempts any critical discussion, his reasonings are fallacious, and founded upon an imperfect view of facts. Though he sometimes quotes the *dispatches* of Cortes, he seems not to have consulted them; and though he sets out with some censure on Gomara, he frequently prefers his authority, the most doubtful of any, to that of the other cotemporary historians.

"But of all the Spanish writers, Herrera furnishes the fullest and most accurate information concerning the conquest of Mexico, as well as every other transaction in America. The industry and attention with which he consulted not only the books, but the original papers and public records, which tended to throw any light upon the subject of his inquiries, were so great, and he usually judges of the evidence before him with so much impartiality and candour, that his *Decades* may be ranked among the most judicious and useful historical collections. If by attempting to relate the various occurrences in the New World, in a strict chronological order, the arrangement of events in his work had not been rendered so perplexed, disconnected, and obscure, that it is an unpleasant task to collect from different parts of his book, and piece together the detached shreds of a story, he might justly have been ranked among the most eminent historians of his country. He gives an account of the materials from which he composed his work, Dec. VI. Lib. III. c. 19."*

* Robertson's Hist. Amer. 4to. Vol. II. p. 445. Herrera was translated by Stephens, 6 vols. 8vo. London. 1748.

De Bure only mentions two of these works in the following words:

"*Historia de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las islas y Tierra firme del Mare Oceano en VIII. Decadas, desde el anno 1492 hasta el de 1554, por Antonio de Herrera. En Madrid, en la Empronta Real, 1601—1615. 8 tom. en 4 vol. in fol.*"

"*Historia de la Conquista del Mexico de D. Antonio de Solis, en Madrid, 1684, in fol.*"

"*La Misma Historia de la conquista del Mexico de D. Antonio de Solis, con estampas y la vida del Autor, por Juan de Goyeneche. En Brusselas, 1704, in fol.*"

"Des deux Editions que nous indiquons ici de l'Histoire de la conquête de Mexique, la première est la plus estimée, parcequ'on l'a croit plus correcte; mais la seconde est plus communément recherchée, attendu qu'elle joint à l'avantage d'être ornée de figures, celui d'être beaucoup mieux exécutée. On peut conclure de là, que les deux Editions doivent être rassemblées dans un Cabinet choisi."* *De Bure, Bibl. Instruct. Histoire, II. 264.*

It seems that a collection of these original Historians entitled "*Historiadores Primitivos de las Indias Occidentales*, by D. And. Gonzal. Barcia," was published at Madrid in 3 vols. fol. 1749.

But a modern translation of one of these historians remains to be particularized, which, as it has received

* There was a French Translation "*Histoire de la Conquête du Mexique, ou de la Nouvelle Espagne, trad. de l'Espagnol de Don Antonio de Solis, en Francois par M. Cui de la Guette, Paris, 1691, in 4to. fg.*" *Ibid. p. 265*
the

the high praise of an eminent poet, deserves attention. This is

"The true History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the Conquerors. Written in the year 1568. Translated from the original Spanish, by Maurice Keatinge, Esq. 4to. pp. 514. London. 1800."

The Historian says he "brought his history to a conclusion in the loyal city of Guatemala, the residence of the royal Court of Audience, on Feb. 6. 1572."

It seems; from this authentic writer, as here exhibited, and indeed from other authorities, that Robertson represented the character of Montezuma in by far too unfavourable a light, while he has been too partial to that of Cortes. "The character of the Monarch," say the British Critics, "is highly amiable: frank, generous, and unsuspecting, he forms a perfect contrast with the gloomy, perfidious, sordid and cold-blooded Cortes, who is a traitor upon argument, and a murderer upon calculation. Dr. Robertson relates the seizure of the Prince; but he attributes it, with the Spanish historians, or rather the glossers over of Spanish enormities, to the news of the defeat of Juan de Esculante. The doctor had certainly read Diaz, and, to do him justice, makes good use of the old soldier on many occasions; how is it then that he did not consult him on this?"

These Critics conclude in the following words. "How it has happened that the cold, declamatory, and faithless narrative of Antonio de Solis should be naturalized in this country, while the invaluable pages of this honest veteran were only known by Dr. Robert-

son's extracts, we cannot take upon us to say. Possibly the rudeness of the style might repel the common reader; and indeed it required much knowledge of the Spanish tongue to fit the author for an English ear. This knowledge, however, the ingenious translator (Mr. Keatinge) possesses in an eminent degree; and while we warmly recommend "The true History of the Conquest of Mexico," to the notice of our readers, we cannot refuse our tribute of applause to the fidelity, spirit, dexterity, and judgment, with which so important a work has been justly made our own."*

In their last Review (Nov. 1806, p. 491) the same Critics add, that "in the energetic and glowing description of Bernal Diaz, we follow the real Conqueror of Mexico with trembling delight; we see his perils, and are animated by the prodigies of valour exhibited on every side."

Mr. Southey has also consecrated the original and his late translator, in a note to his *Madoc*. "The true History of the Conquest of Mexico," says he, "is indeed a delightful work, and the only account of that transaction, on which we can rely; yet because it appeared without any of those scandalous puffs which disgrace our presses, and teach our *litterati* how to think, it mouldered on the shelf."†

* Brit. Crit. Vol. XVII. p. 267.

† I intend hereafter, with the aid of De Bure, and the learned work of Mr. Clarke, to give an account of De Bry's invaluable collection, entitled "*India Orientalis, & Occidentalis*," in 7 vols. fol. of which complete sets scarcely ever occur; though Mr. White had one not long ago. A complete set has sold for 300 guineas.

ART.

ART. XIV. *Aluredus, sive Alfredus Tragicæ Comædia ter exhibita in Seminario Anglo um Duacens ab eiusdem Collegii Iuuentute, Anno Domini MDCXIX. Authore Gulielmo Drvico Nobili Anglo. Duaci, ex officina Ioannis Bogardi 1620. 18mo. pp. 158. With one page of errata.*

It appears from the dedication that the author (of whom I am unable to procure the slightest intelligence, and concerning whom I shall feel obliged to any intelligent correspondent who can inform me) was in 1618 with other catholicks in some place of confinement, from which, through the mediation of his patron, the count de Gondemar, he was liberated, and in gratitude to whom he writes this drama.

"DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

S. Cuthbertus.
Aluredus Rex Angliæ.
Edelutha Regina.
Osburga mater Regis.
Eduardus filius maior Aluredi.
Adeluoldus filius minor Aluredi.
Elfreda filia maior Aluredi.
Elgina filia minor Aluredi.
Humfredus Magister Equitum.
Athelredus Dut Pedixum.
S. Neothus Eremita.
Deneuulphus senex subulcus.
Crabula vxor Deneuulphi.
Strumbo filius Deneuulphi.
Milites. Saltatores.

Gothrunnus Rex Danus.
 Osberaus frater Gothrunni.
 Gormo Cognatus Gothrunni.
 Rollo Centurio.
 Miles gloriosus.
 Pimpo servus Militis gloriosi.
 Pipro. }
 Titmus. } Pueri Regii.
 Nuntii quatuor.
 Milites."

The plot is, as may be supposed, taken from our English history. Alfred, compelled by adverse fortune, seeks refuge in an obscure island, and is entertained at the hut of a cottager. Here, after many events, he is found by his faithful generals, and after making an excursion to the camp of the enemy, in order to gain intelligence of their motions, he regains his kingdom, and his adversary being converted to Christianity becomes his ally. The comic part consists in the cowardice of the Miles gloriosus, who, like another Bobadil is ever bravest when danger is at the greatest distance; with the quarrels of the rustic Strumbo, with his mother, and their ridiculous behaviour on being introduced at the palace. The soliloquy of Strumbo on the manners of the courtiers I shall transcribe.

" Jam sum ego trium literarum homo, vel scientiarum potius.

Scilicet aulicus, miles, rusticus: sed præter rusticum

Nihil adhuc didici. Arma hæc me dicunt militem:

Sed nescio pugnare, nec scire quidem cupio.

Hæ vestes me aulicum affirmant, sed nondum perfecte didici et

Aulicæ

Aulice mentiri, adulari, fœminas alloqui,
 Dormire in medium diem, jurare, pejerare, ludere,
 Amare, nugari, gesticulari, multum olere, simiam agere,
 Supertare, nauseare, pauperibus nihil dare,
 Et mille alia facere, quæ vix possum complecti memoria,
 Unum hoc solum meopte ingenio scio, et hoc
 Scilicet in multam noctem, atque etiam profundius
 bibere.

Iturus ego jam cum matre sum, ad Regis invisendam
 matrem et filiam.

Sed mallem ego quidem rusticari, quam tantas struere
 ineptias,

Quantas Aulici solent."

I should have said that "Alfredus" takes up only
 96 pages; it is followed by "Mors Comœdia." The
 Dramatis Personæ of which are,

"Chrysocangrio, senex.

Scombrio, adolescens.

Cræncus, servus.

Grampogna, venefeca.

Gringo, filius veneficæ.

Frangicostionides, miles,

Mors.

Granbufo, diabolus.

Judex.

Apparatores.

Cœqui.

Musici."

ARGUMENTUM.

"Avaro Mortem in famulum adoptat Patri
 Scombrio, et subornat illum ut interficiat;
 Spondetque certis sub conditionibus

Hæc

Huic se futurum deinde dediturum.
 Diabolus interea superveniens
 Bona se daturum in manus promittit Patris,
 Si sibi in prædam Scombris post mortem cederet.
 Acceptat ille. Mox, non invento sene,
 Uterque ab illo jus, et æquum postulant,
 Sed ejus una et servi illusi dolis
 Uterque causa ex judicis dicto cadunt."

To this is added "De venerabili Eucharistia ab
 Apibus inventa, et mirabiliter servata, de qua scribit
 Cæsar, lib. 9. cap. 8. Carmen Elegiacum." This
 contains 176 lines, and concludes the volume.

P. B.

ART. XV. *Historical Memoires of the reigns of
 Queen Elizabeth and King James. By Francis
 Osborn, Esq. 1658. 8vo.*

Also in his works, of which the seventh edition ap-
 peared in 1673, 8vo.

ART. XVI. *The Court and character of King James,
 written and taken by Sir A.W. being an eye and
 eare witnesse. Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit reg-
 nare. Published by authority. London. Printed
 by R.J. and are to be sold at the King's Head in
 the Old Bailey 1650. Duod. pp. 197.*

Again, 1651, 8vo. "dedicated to Lady Elizabeth
 Sedley, to which is added 1. The Court of King Charles,
 continued unto these unhappy times. 2. Observations,
 instead of a character upon this King from his child-
 hood.

hood. 3. Certain Observations before Q. Elizabeth's death."

ART. XVII. *Aulicus Coquinaris, or a Vindication in answer to Sir Anthony Weldon's Pamphlet, called "The Court and Character of King James," &c.* London. 1650. 8vo.

This is attributed to William Sanderson. For a full account of Weldon and Sanderson, and these two volumes, see "Memoirs of King James's Peers,"* p. 106, &c.

Francis Osborn was born in 1558. He was descended from the Osborns of Chicksand in Bedfordshire, now represented by General Sir George Osborn, Bart. On the breaking out of the civil wars he sided with the parliament. He died Feb. 11, 1659, aged about 70.†

ART. XVIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue. List of Authors on Gardening, &c.* By the Rev. J. S. Clarke.

Art. 1. *The Profitable Arte of Gardening, now the third tyme set fourth: to whiche is added much necessary matter, and a number of Secrettes with the Phisick helpes belonging to eche herbe, and that easie prepared. To this annexed, two propre treatises, the one entituled The marueilous Government, propertie, and benefite of the Bees, with the rare Secrets of the Honny and Ware. And the other, The Yerely Coniectures, meete for husbandmen to knowe: Englished by Thomas Hill Londiner. Ars naturam adiuvans. Imprinted at Lon-*

* Lond. 1802, 8vo.

† Biogr. Dict. XI. 348.

man, in Fleetstreet, neare to S. Dunstones Church, by Thomas Marphe, 1568. Small 12mo. Dedicated, To the Right Worshipful Sirre Henry Seamer Knight, Thomas Hyl wisheth all healtke and felicitye.

Art. 2. *The Compleat Gardener's Practice, directing the exact way of Gardening in three parts, the Garden of Pleasure, Physical Garden, Kitchen Garden. How they are to be ordered for their best situation and improvement, with a variety of artificial knots for the beautifying of a garden (all engraven in copper) the choicest way for the raising, governing and maintaining of all plants cultivated in gardens now in England. Being a plain discourse how herbs, flowers, and trees, according to art and nature, may be propagated by sowing, setting, planting, replanting, pruning; also experience of alteration of sent, colour, and taste, clearly reconciling as it treateth of each herb and flower in particular. By Stephen Blake, Gardener.*

"Search the world, and there's not to be found
A book so good as this for garden ground."

London. Printed for Thomas Pierepoint, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1664. 8vo.

Dedicated to the Right Worshipfull William Ovglander, Esq. one of the Honourable House of Parliament, Son and Heir to the late Sir John Ovglander, &c. the honourable example of piety, the worthy pattern of good endeavours, and great observer of the works of nature.

Art. 3. *The Gardener's Labyrinth, or a new Art of Gardening: wherein is laid down new and rare inventions, and secrets of Gardening not heretofore known For sowing, planting, and setting all manner of roots, herbs, and flowers, both for the use of the Kitchen Garden, and a Garden of Pleasure,*

Pleasure, with the right ordering of all delectable and rare flowers, and fine roots; as the like hath not been heretofore published by any. Likewise here is set forth divers knots for the beautifying of any garden for delight. Lastly, here is set down the physical benefit of each herbe, with the commodities of the waters distilled out of them, for the use and benefit of all. Collected from the best approved authors, besides forty years experience in the art of gardening. By D. M. and now newly corrected and enlarged. London. Printed by Jape Bell, and are to be sold at the east end of Christ-Church, 1682. Small Quarto.

Art. 4. The Dutch Gardener: or the compleat Florist: containing the most successful method of cultivating all sorts of flowers; the planting, dressing, and pruning of all manner of fruit trees. Together with a particular account of the nursing of lemon and orange trees in Northern climates. Written in Dutch by Henry Van Oosten, the Leyden Gardener. Translated into English. The Second Edition, with great amendments. London. Printed for D. Midwinter, at the Three Crowns in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1711. 8vo.

Art. 5. The Practical Planter; plain and full instructions to raise all sorts of fruit-trees, that prosper in England; in that method and order, that every thing must be done in, to give all the advantage, may be, to every tree as it is rising from its seed, till it comes to its full growth, &c. and also the best directions are given for making liquors of several sorts of fruit. The Second Edition revised and enlarged in many places: together with an addition of two entire chapters of Greens and Green-houses. By the author, T. Langford, Gent. London. Printed for Richard Chiswell at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1696. 8vo. Dedicated to his Honoured Master, Sir Samuel Grimston, Bart.

The merit of this volume is confirmed by the following suffrage of Mr. Evelyn.

“Ma.

"MR. CHISWELL.

"I have read the Treatise of Fruit-Trees, &c. which you lately put into my hand, and find the entire mystery so generously discovered from its very rudiments, to its full perfection; that (with the ingenious and experienced author) as I know of nothing extant which exceeds it, so nor I of any thing which needs be added to it. The gentleman will, by this free communication, much oblige the whole nation, and therefore needs not the suffrage of

"Your humble Servant,

J. EVELIN."

Art. 5. *The Country-man's Recreation, or the Art of Planting, Grafting, and Gardening, in Three Bookes: (the last of which is entitled) The expert Gardener: or, a Treatise containing certaine necessary, secret, and ordinary knowledges in Grafting and Gardening: with divers proper new plots for the Garden. Also sundry expert directions to know the time and season when to sow and replant all manner of seeds. With divers remedies to destroy snails, canker-wormes, moths, garden flees, earth-wormes, moles, and other vermine. Faithfully collected out of sundry Dutch and French authors. London. Printed by Richard Herne, 1640. Small Quarto.*

Art 6. *The Country-Men's new art of Planting and Grafting: directing the best way to make any ground good for a rich orchard. With the manner how to plant and graffe all sorts of trees, to set and sow curnels; as also the remedies and medicines concerning the same. With divers other new experiments. Practised by Leonard Mascall. Published by authority, (with wood cuts.) London. Printed by J. Bell, and are to be sold by John Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bailey, 1651. Small Quarto.*

LIST OF AUTHORS ON HUSBANDRY.

Art. 7. *New Directions of Experience authorized by the King's most excellent Maestie, as may appeare, for the planting of timber and fire-wood. With a neere estimation what millions of acres the kingdome doth containe; what acres is waste ground, whereon little profite for this purpose will arise. Which waste being deducted, the remaine is twenty foure millions; forth of which millions, if two hundred and forty thousand acres bee planted and preserued according to the directions following, which is but the hundred part of the twenty foure millions, there may be as much timber raised, as will maintaine the kingdome for all uses for euer. And how as great store of fire-wood may be raised, forth of hedges, as may plentifully mainetaine the kingdome for all purposes, without losse of ground; so as within thirty yeares all spring-woods may bee conuerted to tillage and pasture. By Arthur Standish. 1614. Small 4to.*

Art. 8. (1.) *Invention of Engines of Motion, lately brought to perfection. Whereby may be dispatched any work now done in England or elsewhere (especially works that require strength and swiftness) either by wind, water, cattel, or men. And that with better accommodation, and more profit then by any thing hitherto known and used. (By Sam. Hartlib.) London. Printed by I. C. for Richard Woodnoth next door to the Golden Heart, in Leadenhall-Street, 1651. Small 4to.*

(2.) *The Reformed Husband-Man; or a brief Treatise of the errors, defects, and inconvenience of our English Husbandry, in ploughing and sowing for Corn; with the reasons and*

and general remedies, and a large yet faithful offer or undertaking for the benefit of them that will joyn in this good and publick work. Imparted some years ago to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, and now by him re-imparted to all ingenious Englishmen, that are willing to advance the prosperity, wealth, and plenty of their native countrey.

“Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground?

For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him.” *ESAY*, c. 28. v. 24, 26.

London. Printed for J. C. 1651. Small 4to.

(3.) *An Essay for advancement of Husbandry Learning: or propositions for the erecting a Colledge of Husbandry: and in order thereunto, for the taking in of pupils or apprentices. And also friends or fellowes of the same colledge or society. (S. Hartlib.) Small 4to. London. Printed by Henry Hills, 1651.*

Art. 9. Common Good: or the Improvement of Commons, Forests, and Chases, by Inclosure. Wherein the advantage of the poor, the common plenty of all, and the increase and preservation of timber, with other things of common concernment are considered. By S. T. (Silvanus Taylor.) London. Printed for Francis Tyton, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Three Daggers near the Middle Temple Gate, 1652. Small 4to. Dedicated to the Parliament of England.

[To be continued.]

ART.

ART. XIX. *Supplemental List of Deaths.*

Containing names omitted, together with those, of less note, and authors of single sermons, or pamphlets, who died in the ten years immediately preceding the commencement of this work; and of whom a more particular account may be found in that very valuable treasure of biographical information, the *Obituary of the Gent. Magazine*, to which this List will serve as a reference.

1795.

- Jan 17. John Egerton, Bookseller
 Mar. 1. Mr. Nathaniel Thomas, of Fleetstreet, æt. 67
 Mar. 14. Rev. Mr. Keate, of Laverton and Wells
 Mar. — Mr. John Jones, Bookseller, of Canterbury, author of some fugitive pieces—of a decline in early life
 ——— Rev. E. P. De La Douespe, of East Farleigh, Kent, æt 68
 May 10. Rev. W. Skinner, of Hereford, aged 70
 May 17. B Hancock, of Norwich
 July 9. Rt. Hon. Henry Seymour Conway
 ——— Rogers Jortin, Esq.
 July 22. Philip Mallet, of London
 July 25. Rev. Wm. Romaine, æt. 81
 July 29. Dr. Adair Crawford, aged 46
 Sept. 1. Francis Russell, Esq. F.R. A.S.S.
 Sept. 5 Rev. Stephen Greenaway, aged 82
 Dec. 22. Sir Hen. Clinton, K.B.

May 4. Tho. Postlethwayte, D.D.

— 28. Dr. Dunbar, of Aberdeen, author of "Essays on the History of Mankind, in rude and uncultivated Ages," &c.

— John Williams, LL.B. Dissenting Minister

June 18. John Ash, M.D. F.R. A.S.S.

Sept. 2. Rev. Sam. Johnson, of Shrewsbury, aged 59

— 5. D. Turner, A.M. Dissenting Minister, aged 89

1799.

Feb. 1. Tho. Bates Rous, Esq.

— 10. Charles Morton, M.D. aged 83

— Wm. Carter, M.D. of Canterbury, aged 88

Mar. 16. Wm. Gould, D.D. Rector of Stamford Rivers, Essex, aged 80

— 18. John Strange, F.R. A.S.S.

April 7. Rev. Wm. Clements, of Sion College, aged 88

May 26. James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, æt. 85

July 5. Edward Nairne of Sandwich, Attorney, author of "Poems," 1796, &c.

— 6. Willey Reveley, Architect, Editor of the 3d Vol. of Stuart's Antiquities, 1795

July 2. Rev. Tho. Morgan, of Morley, Yorkshire, Dissenting Minister, æt. 80

— Rev. Edw. Holmes, A.M. of Scorton, Yorkshire

— 12. Rev. Philip Pyle, aged 75

Aug. 4. James, Earl of Charlemont, æt. 71

— 11. Capt. Skinner, at Pimlico

— 26. James Sheridan, Barrister at Law

— Alexander Johnson, M.D. aged 83

Oct. 22. Wm. Bingley, Printer, aged 61

Nov. 11. Capt. Joseph Mead, R.N. æt. 92

———— Sir John W. De La Pole, Bart.

Dec. 17. Rev. Tho. Hayter, of K. Coll. Cam. aged 53

1800.

Jan. 7. Rev. Sam. Cooper, æt. 61, at Great Yarmouth

—— 15. Rev. Tho. Bowen, of Fulham

Mar. 17. Rev. John Norbury, D. D. Fellow of Eton College

—— 20. Daniel Lysons, M.D. æt. 74

June 5. Sir Francis Buller, Bart. Judge C.P. æt. 55

———— Rev. Rob. Miln, of Carlisle, Dissenting Minister

—— 20. Wm. Craikshank, Surgeon, aged 55

—— 26. Rev. John Wheelton, A.M. aged 65

July 30. Rt. Hon. Frederick Montague

———— A. Geo. Allan, Esq. F.A.S. of Darlington

———— Rev. Dr. Walter Anderson, Rector of Chirnside, in Scotland, author of the History of France, 1769, 1782, 5 vols. 4to. aged

Sept. 1. Dowager Lady Walsingham

———— Rev. Richard Jones, Dissenting Minister at Greenwich

—— 28. Wm. Stevens, D.D. of Snoring, Norf. æt. 69

Oct. 4. Rev. John Spier, Rector of Crook, Co. Northampton, aged 86

—— 11. Rev. Geo. Bingham, B.D. of Pimper, Dorsetshire, aged

Nov. 4. Mrs. Berkeley, widow of Geo. Berkeley, D.D. Prebendary of Canterbury, aged 66

Nov.

Nov. 7. Mrs. Anne Francis, of Edgefield, Norf. author of a poetical translation of the Song of Solomon, &c.

— **22.** Rev. Chas. Bartholomew, of Shalford, Surry, aged 81

Nov. 28. Matthew Young, D.D. Bishop of Clonfert, æt. 50

Dec. 24. Rev. Newcome Cappe, aged 68

— **31.** Rev. Gibbons Bagnall, æt. 82

— John Balmanno, Barrister at Law, at Vienna

— Barry, Earl of Farnham

1801.

Jan. 3. Edw. Earl of Aldborough

— **15.** Mr. Isaac Wood, of Shrewsbury

Mar. 9. John Holliday, F.R.S. Barrister, aged 71

— **21.** John Holt, of Walton, Lancashire, aged 59

— James Bell, M.D. in Jamaica

May . J. Price, Topographer, at Worcester

— **16.** Andrew Stuart, Esq. M.P. author of the "Letters to Lord Mansfield," "Genealogical History of the Stuarts," &c.

June 4. Hen. Blackstone, Barrister

— **17.** Jos. Grant, Special Pleader

— **21.** John Joseph Powell, Barrister

July 24. Joseph Warner, F.R.S. Surgeon, aged 85

— **28.** Rev. Tho. Langley, Topographer, aged 32

— **31.** John Williamson, author of "The Advice to the Officers of Great Britain," &c. æt. 44

Aug. 12. Thos. Hastings, Pamphleteer, near 60

Sept. 13. Wm. Spavins, who published his own Life, at Louth

Nov.

Nov. 26. Rev. Stephen Barrett, aged 83, Translator
of Ovid's Epistles, &c.

1802.

——— Dr. Mayo, Divine

——— A. Lumisden, Esq.

Jan. 15. Tho. Caldecott, M.D. aged 63

—— 28. John Earl of Clare in Ireland, Lord Chancr.

—— 30. John Wallis, M.D. aged 62

Feb. 7. Mr Sole, Botanist, æt. 64

—— 10. John Fountayne, D.D. Dean of York, aged
88

April 17. Henry Visct. Palmerstone

—— 28. James Johnstone of Worcester, M.D.

June 4. Lewis Bagot, D.D. Bp. of St. Asaph

—— 11. Geo. Wm. Rous, Barrister

—— 9. Donald Munro, M.D. aged 75

July 24. Rev. Rob. Edw. Garnham, of Bury, æt. 50

Aug. 25. Geo. Griffin Stone-street, æt. 57

Oct. 6. Tho. Knowles, D. D aged 78

——— Wm. Patteson, Quaker, at Canterbury, æt.
76

—— 19. Sam. Ancell, at Dublin, author of "A
Journal of the Blockade and Siege of Gibraltar
from 1779 to 1783."

—— 30. Rev. Charles Wildbore, Mathematician

——— J. Hollingshead, of Chorley, Esq. æt. 85

1803.

Jan. 1. Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq.

——— Gilbert Thompson, M.D. aged 76

Jan.

- Jan. 12.** John Erskine, of Edinburgh, D.D.
 ——— Caesar Mussolini, Italian Master
 — 31. Rev. Hen. Bright of Bickton, Co. Dev. æt.
 80
Feb. 28. Sam Bentley, of Uttoxeter, aged 83
May 17. Rob. Pool Finch, D.D.
June 20. Edw. Ironside, Esq. of Twickenham
July 1. Rev. Jas. Glazebrook, of Belton, Co. Leic.
 — 7. Rev. Wm. Collier, formerly of Trin. Coll.
 Cam. poet, æt. 61
 — 9. John Philips, Barrister
 — 20. Rev. Walter Kerrich, of Salisbury
 ——— Tho. Hussey, D.D. titular Bp. of Waterford
Aug. 1. Wm. Woodfall, æt. 58
 — 25. Tate Wilkinson, of York
Sept. 20. Nicholas Gay, Esq. F.R.S.
Oct. 17. Rev. John Prior, of Ashby de La Zouch, æt.
 75.
Nov. 4. Rev. Richd. De Courcy, of Shrewsbury, æt.
 60

1804.

- Jan. 12.** Rev. John Cole Gallaway, of Hinkley, æt. 67
Feb. 17. Mr. John Girvin, at Edinburgh, æt. 70
Mar. 17. James Hare, M.P.
May 12. Rev. John Bruckner, of Norwich
June . John Anderson, of Margate, M.D.
July 2. Rev. Edward Ashburner, aged 67
Aug. 22. Rev. Timothy Kenrick, Dissenting Minister.
 aged 46
Sept. 16. Rev. Wm. Tindal, F.A.S. Antiquary
Oct. 6. Rev. Jos. Lathbury, of Suffolk, aged 84
 Oct.

Oct. 20. Rev. Geo. Andrew Thomas, of Deptford, æt.

38

— 29. John Lord Chedworth

Dec. 19. Rev. Jos. Mills, of Cowbit, Co. Linc. æt. 72

— 26. Rev. Rob. Burd Gabriel, D.D.

ART. XX. *Literary Obituary.*

Oct. 10. Rev. Robert Anthony Bromley, B. D. of Hertford Street, Fitzroy Square, London, aged 71.

Oct. 19. At Telford, near Farnham, Surry, the celebrated poetess, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, of whom a full memoir will hereafter be given.

Oct. 19. At St. John's Coll. Cam. Henry Kirke White, poet, aged 21.

Nov. 10. Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart. biographer. Of both whom also future accounts will be inserted in this work.

Oct. 20. Mr. Richard Weston, of Leicester, æt. 74, author of several botanical works, &c.

Dec. 19, 1806.

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GENERAL INDEX.

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING
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AND
OPINIONS
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OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,
ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH ARE SCARCE.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
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OR
MEMOIRS OF DECEASED AUTHORS;
AND
THE RUMINATOR,
CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL, MORAL, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, WITH
OTHER LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, *Esq.*

VOLUME IV.
BEING THE FIRST OF THE NEW SERIES.

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1807.



PREFACE.

AT the commencement of a new series of this work it may be proper to say something in explanation of the purposes which I have endeavoured to effect by the enlargement of my plan.

The habitual demands of literary curiosity seem to require a monthly, rather than a less frequent, publication: to this stated time, they who indulge themselves in periodical productions of the press, are accustomed to look; and a longer delay therefore forms a material impediment to their circulation. With this conviction I resolved, at the opening of the present year, regardless of my own labour, even amid a variety of other occupations, to produce a Number every month; and I did it the more willingly, because it would give me an opportunity of intermixing and contrasting, with the **BLACK-LETTER** materials which had hitherto almost engrossed my pages, a due proportion of modern literature.

On this scheme I have, after candid allowances for the imperfectness by which we too generally fall short in the execution of what we may have vigorously planned, brought this volume to a close. It is, no doubt, but a faint copy of what I had hoped to have done; and perhaps no one of its readers will be more sensible of its various defects than the author himself. For these, illness, perplexities of mind, and private business, will furnish no just apology, because they only

remove the blame to the rashness of the attempt. I would rather throw myself on the mercy of those enlarged minds which know the difficulties of such undertakings; and for the rest, I am prepared to endure with silent fortitude the pert or acrimonious censures of the half-witted or malignant.

The subjects to which I have most wished to give the new space, are Sketches of Literary Biography. These, if executed with spirit and judgment, appear to me at once highly amusing, and highly instructive. If it be true, that

“The proper study of mankind is man,”

surely the account of those men, who most excel in intellect, the quality which principally lifts human beings above other terrestrial animals, is of the most important interest. We are anxious to know the opinions, and moral and mental habits, of those who have been distinguished for the powers of the head, and the sensibilities of the heart. We delight to bask in the rays of light they throw around them; and we feel a pleasing pity, and perhaps a strange mixture of self-consolation, in contemplating their eccentricities, and even their occasional weaknesses and foibles. A generous admiration of merit, a breast glowing with liberal sentiments, and fired with sympathy for the romantic effusions of the poet, are necessary qualifications for him, who would enter on the arduous task of sketching the characters of Genius. For this purpose, a new apparatus of common-place and uninteresting facts is not necessary: many daily occupations, many familiar events, the most original and eccentric bard must experience in common with the vulgar herd of mankind. We look to the peculiar traits of mind, to
those

those happier hours of abstraction of the soul, or when the bosom is surrendered up to a delicious tenderness for the ingredients of a portrait worthy of him who deserves to be commemorated. I have therefore had the presumption to suppose, that without possessing any other documents than those already before the public, I might seize and combine into groups such a variety of intellectual features as might not only have the charm of novelty, but exhibit important pictures of the powers and tendencies of literary eminence.

Have I vainly flattered myself that such an enlargement of my original design forms a pleasing contrast to the heavy, though useful, notices, which black-letter researches afford? Will it be deemed an unpardonable ambition, to have aspired occasionally to higher tasks than copying old title-pages, and transcribing long specimens of obsolete books? I consider the labour of reviving the unjustly-forgotten works of our ancestors, both generous and beneficial; but I can never commend the narrow and pedantic spirit which limits all excellence to the ages that have long passed away, and beholds whatever is modern with silly and affected scorn. It is by the perpetual intermixture and comparison with each other, that a new charm is given to both; the faults of each are corrected; and all the varieties of language and sentiment are brought into a common stock.

Actuated by this conviction I have, in addition to the memoirs, begun a series of moral essays, under the title of *THE RUMINATOR*. Among these I trust that, by the assistance of a very able friend who will not permit his name to be mentioned, I have been the means of conveying to the public at least some good papers.

papers. For my own, I must confess that I have not hitherto in any degree satisfied my wishes or expectations: but I yet believe, that the private causes of my inability of exertion, which I had hoped would not have occurred, will not continue; and that I shall henceforth be able to produce something nearer the standard of my own hopes.

When, however, I turn my eye backward upon the many scarce and interesting works which have been registered in these four volumes, and when I compare what has been done in them, with what has been attempted by those, who have had better opportunities, as well as the advantage of the previous labours of this publication, I own I feel some pride; not on account of the humble part I have performed myself, but of the valuable communications I have been the means of drawing from others better qualified. To many ingenious correspondents I am indebted for various and continued assistance: but to my friend Mr. Park in particular, whose acquaintance with curious libraries, and astonishing extent and accuracy of bibliographical knowledge, more especially on the subject of old English poetry, are far beyond my powers of praise, I feel it a duty to make this acknowledgment. To him I owe a numerous and rich series of articles, most of which nobody but himself could have communicated, and all of which must be received, by those whose curiosity is excited to congenial researches, with constant and unabated interest. On these I may confidently rely to secure a permanent value to my work: and when it is known that they have been furnished with never-ceasing regularity and copiousness amid the most constant and fatiguing undertakings of his own; while

while with a fidelity and industry seldom equalled, and never exceeded, he was carrying through the press his augmented and most rich edition of Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, which has just made its appearance; collating the text for Sharpe's beautiful Collection of English Poets; and aiding the inquiries of a large literary acquaintance, who are in the habit of applying for his aid; the simple statement will exhibit traits of character, which do not require any comment. I know the diffidence of my friend will shrink from this acknowledgment with hesitation, and perhaps with momentary anger: but it is thus that I am resolved to prove my consciousness of what I owe him, and not to assume to myself the merits which belong to another. To him I am happy to say, that the public may now look for a new edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, to which he will bring a perfect and intimate acquaintance with the recondite materials used by that ingenious and powerful, but sometimes too hasty, critic, and an accuracy of collation, and congeniality of feeling, eminently fitted for so arduous and important a task.

There are perhaps some few, I hope not many, among my readers, who require to be reminded of the candour and indulgence due to the errors of inadvertence and haste which must necessarily occur in a periodical publication. Such I have too frequent occasion to perceive and lament; but I am sure that they will afford no cause of triumph or insult to the generous and enlarged mind. Petty critics may seize upon them as their prey; pedantic ill-temper may magnify them into proofs of dulness or ignorance; but these
are

are flies, or wasps which may be easily brushed away, without disturbing the quiet of an enlightened spirit.

When I hear whispers of dryness and want of interest in this work, I sometimes ask, what such unreasonable censurers expect. Do they hope for a book of merry tales? Or do they think that the quaint title of some obsolete volume is to be made a peg to hang a set of flippant jests upon? Or a piquant disquisition worked up with all the flowers of modern rhetoric? It may be the defect of the uncommon gravity of my nature; but I will not conceal, that of all things a joke out of place is to me the most odious! And in a work, which proposes for its main object a register of the titles, contents, and specimens of scarce or neglected volumes, the reader, who expects to be entertained by the editor's witticisms, or relies on any other amusement, than what results from the gratification of curious research, deserves to be disappointed. To those who read merely for the purpose of filling up a passing hour, who are not desirous of a just or permanent impression either on the head or heart, but seek to have their fancies tickled for a moment by the high-seasoned charms of meretricious composition, or the pungent asperities of degrading malice, I have neither the ability, nor the wish to recommend myself.

I suspect that a good taste seldom exists, where a good heart is wanting. That sensibility, which is its fountain, becomes degraded by vicious thinking, still more perhaps than by vicious conduct; at least infinitely more, than by the occasional indulgence of vice, on the pressure of accidental and passing temptations. Great scholars therefore are not always more pure in
their

their literary judgments, than the half-learned amateurs, whom they despise. The memory may be marvelously stored with Latin and Greek, without one generous emotion of the bosom, or one responsive emotion at the quiverings of genius. These things perhaps with perfect readiness, and in every varied combination,

“ Play round the head, but come not to the heart.”

Such men will continue to think with the vulgar, wherever they have the boldness to indulge their undisguised opinions. Their authority therefore can add little weight to the scale into which it is thrown. I remember in my earlier days, when at Cambridge, more than one character of this sort, who appeared to me to do much injury by arrogating an influence over the minds of others, to which they were by no means entitled.

If industry be considered inconsistent with genius, if what is sound and faithful be therefore deemed dull, I am fearful that I must plead guilty to the charge of being a very stupid and heavy compiler. Still, delusive as may be my hopes, I will flatter myself, that I am performing a task, of which the value will hereafter be better estimated; and that, when these meteors are passed away, my steadier labours will be classed among the useful, if not the brilliant, works of my contemporaries.

In the present age, we are as anxious to become acquainted with the modes of thinking and expression of former centuries as of our own day. He, therefore, who endeavours to give facility to these inquiries, by labour, for which he can only be repaid by the esteem of those, whom he assists, merits at least a liberal reception.

ception. For me, whose life is principally spent in a deep solitude, which has given me an opportunity of yielding myself up to that intense love of books, which I have felt from my very boyhood, I doubt if I could exist without the balm of literature; without a perpetual renovation of that mental food, which wraps me for a time in a forgetfulness of sorrows and perplexities, such as it has been the lot of few to encounter! Sometimes indeed the delusion is dangerous; and only defers the evil, to enable it "to deal the mightier blow." But what years of grief and anxiety does it while away! What wounds does it heal! What hours of pure and exalted virtue does it give! The feast therefore that I seek from others, I am willing to attempt to prepare for them. By this reflection I feel repaid for much and repeated labour; for some weary and some inconvenient hours; for some occasional abridgment of my private pleasures, and sometimes perhaps a little sacrifice of my health. But my views at least are generous, if mistaken; and the private friendships which this work has procured me, are alone an ample recompence for all my toils.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRIDGES.

Denton, 26 April, 1807.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XIII.

[Being the First Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *Letters written by Sir W. Temple, Baronet, and other Ministers of State, both at home and abroad; containing an Account of the most important Transactions that passed in Christendom from the year 1665 to the year 1672. In two volumes; reviewed by Sir W. Temple, sometime before his death, and published by Jonathan Swift, Domestic Chaplain to his Excellency the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. London. Printed for J. Tonson, A. and J. Churchill, and R. Simpson. 1700. 8vo.*

ART. II. *Select Letters to the Prince of Orange (now King of England) King Charles II. and the Earl of Arlington, upon important subjects. Vol. III. To which is added an Essay upon the State and Settlement of Ireland. All written by Sir William Temple, Baronet. Published from the originals of Sir William Temple's own handwriting,*
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writing, and never before printed. London.
Printed for Tho. Bennet, 1701. 8vo.

ART. III. *The Right Honourable the Earl of Arlington's Letters to Sir William Temple, Baronet, from July 1665, being the first of his employments abroad, to Sept. 1673; when he was recalled. Giving a perfect and exact account of the Treaties of Munster, Breda, Aix la Chapelle, and the Triple Alliance; together with the particular instructions to Sir William Temple, the Earl of Carlingford, and Mr. Van Beuningen, with other papers, relating to those Treaties. As also a particular Relation of Madam, by a person of Quality then actually upon the spot. All printed from the Originals never before published. By Tho. Belkington of Gray's Inn, Gent. London. Printed for T. Bennet. 1701. 8vo. pp. 454.*

ART. IV. *The Right Honourable the Earl of Arlington's Letters, Vol. II. Containing a compleat Collection of his Lordship's Letters to Sir Richard Fanshaw, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Sunderland, and Sir W. Godolphin, during their respective embassies in Spain from 1664 to 1674. As also to Sir Robert Southwell in Portugal. Now published from the originals, and never before printed. London. Printed for T. Bennet, 1701. 8vo. pp. 480.*

It has been observed, that "the seventeenth century, especially towards the latter part of it, may justly be styled an age of intrigue; in which most of the Princes of Europe, and their Ministers of State, carried on
their

their projects and designs with more address and policy than open force and plain downright violence. Those disciples of Machiavel, Richlieu, and Mazarine, refined upon and improved the maxims of their masters so far, that they had the art, even whilst they were signing of treaties, and caressing each other after the most endearing manner, to carry on underhand a scheme of proceedings, which looked another way. The more we reflect upon those dark times, the more we are at a loss what to infer from them; for all things seemed to be intricate, and the Arcana Imperii, the mysteries of state, were veiled with so thick a cloud, that they were screened not only from vulgar view, but even from the eyes of those, who pretended to be sharper sighted than others.

“And, in truth, the historian, who undertakes the history of those times, finds himself in a sort of labyrinth, out of which he can hardly get without a friendly clue to lead him through the maze. Nay, memoirs and letters, which can give him the clearest light into these matters, will afford him but little help, unless he has judgment enough to distinguish, and integrity enough to deliver nothing but what is truth, or at least that, which looks most like it. For, amidst those heaps of secret histories, private letters, &c. which have been published, by men of several and contrary parties, one cannot tell where to fix, nor whose relation to credit; since they contradict one another so often in relating matters of fact; and that both sides of a contradiction cannot be true, is a maxim or axiom granted on all hands.”*

* Works of the Learned, 1700, 4to. Vol. II. p. 673.

That Sir William Temple was a scholar, his works sufficiently testify; and that he was an able statesman, these letters will evince. They are not mere formal letters, and letters of compliment; but such as carry in them a discovery of the secret springs of action under one of the most subtle reigns that England ever knew. There is contained in them an account of all the chief transactions and negotiations, which passed in Christendom, during the seven years, in which they are dated; viz. The War with Holland, which began in 1665. The treaty between King Charles II. and the Bishop of Munster, with the issue of it; the French Invasion of Flanders in 1667; the Peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by King Charles's Mediation; the Treaty at Breda; the Triple Alliance; and the Peace of Aix La Chapelle. In the Second Part are contained, The Negotiations in Holland, in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees, by which they came to decay: the journey and death of Madame: the seizure of Lorraine by the French, and his Excellency's recall; with the first unkindness between England and Holland, upon the Yatch's transporting his lady and family: and the beginning of the Second Dutch War in 1672. By these it appears, "how faithful a minister Sir William was in the discharge of his trust to his master; how just a sense he had of the affairs and state of Europe, and how true a friend he was to the particular interest of the English nation."*

As to the first volume of Lord Arlington's Letters, most of them are written upon the same subject with

* Works of the Learned, 1721, Vol. III. p. 492.

those

those of Sir W. Temple, and, being compared together, may give the reader an insight into the secret and obscure management of affairs during that space of time.*

The second volume carries us to the transactions on the other side the mountains, being sent to the several ambassadors, that resided successively in Spain for ten years together, and containing in them a piece of history, of which the world had hitherto had but imperfect accounts. Here are the original papers relating to the transactions then on foot, besides the particular treaties between Spain and Portugal, England and Spain, and Spain and Holland. In short, here is the best history of all the transactions of our ablest ministers in Spain and Portugal from 1654 to 1674: and from thence the true springs may be observed, upon which most of the great affairs of Europe turned at that time.†

* Works of the Learned, 1701, Vol. II. 674. † Ibid III. 249.

The titles of the following volumes relative to this period may be added here.

1. *Original Letters and Negotiations of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Sunderland, and Sir William Godolphin, wherein divers matters between the three Crowns of England, Spain, and Portugal, from the year 1653 to 1678, are set in a clear light.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1724.

2. *Sir Richard Bulstrode's Letters written to the Earl of Arlington, Envoy at the Court of Brussels from King Charles II. containing the most remarkable Transactions both in Court and Camp, during his Ministry, particularly the famous battle of Seneff, between the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Conde.* 8vo. 1712.

3. *Original Letters from King William the Third to King Charles II. Lord Arlington &c. translated, with an account of his reception at Middleburgh, and his Speech upon that occasion.* 8vo. 1704.

4. *The Marquis of Clairicarde's Memoirs, containing several original Papers and Letters of King Charles II. Queen Mother, the Duke of York, &c. relating to the Duke of Lorraine, and the Irish Commissioners, 1722.* 8vo.

ART. V. *The General History of Spain from the first peopling of it by Tubal, till the death of King Ferdinand, who united the Crowns of Castile and Arragon; with a continuation to the death of King Philip III. Written in Spanish, by the R. F. F. John de Mariana. To which are added two Supplements; the First by F. Ferdinand Camargo y Salcedo; the other by F. Basil Varen de Soto; bringing it down to the present reign. The whole translated from the Spanish, by Captain J. Stevens. London. Printed for R. Sare, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet, 1699. Fol. The History contains pp. 563. The Supplements, pp. 91.*

The reputation of Mariana, the original author of this history, is sufficiently established. It first appeared in Latin, and was dedicated to Philip II. King of Spain: he afterwards translated it into Spanish; and put it under the protection of Philip III. It begins at the first peopling of the world by the posterity of Noah; and is brought down by Mariana to the end of Philip III's reign.

The history is divided into thirty books. The last twenty books comprehend the history of Spain from the time of the invasion made by the Almohades to the death of King Ferdinand, who united the crowns of Castile and Arragon; a period of 303 years.

In the whole work there are, besides matters of fact related candidly and fairly, several political and useful reflections made by the author on several important transactions. To this he has added a compendious supplement from the year 1515 to the year 1621. F.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand Camargo y Salcedo, Preacher and Historiographer of the order of St. Augustin, has carried the history down to the year 1649; and from thence F. Basil Varen de Soto, once Provincial of the Regular Clergy, has continued it down to the year 1669.*

This translation of Captain Stevens still retains its reputation, and bears a considerable price.

ART. VI. *Additional extracts from Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure.* See CENS. LIT. VOL. III. P. 225.

The author having, in the preceding chapter, digressed from the tale, in order to introduce "a commendation of Gower, Chaucer, and Lidgate," thus continues. We must, however, premise that the hero, "Graund Amoure," is now in the castle of Doctrine, that he has been received by Grammar, Logic, and Rethoric, and is now about to enter the chamber of Arithmetic.

Chapt. xv.

" Now in my boke, ferder to procede,
To a chambre J wente, replete wyth rychesse,
Where sat Arysmatryke, in a golden wede
Lyke a lady pure, and of great worthynes;
The walles about, dyd full well expres,
Wyth golde depaynted, euery perfyte nombre
To adde, detraye, and to deuyde asonder.

The rofe was paynted, with golden beames,
The wyndowes cristall, clerely claryfyde

* *Memoirs*, ut supr. 1699, Vob I. p. 565.

The golden rayes, and depured streames
 Of radyant Phebus, that was purifyde
 Right in the bull, that tyme to domysyde
 Through wyndowes, was resplendyschaunt
 About the chambre, fayre and radyaunt.

J kneled downe, right soone on my kne,
 And to her J sayd, o lady maueylous,
 J right humbly besече your maieste
 Your arte to shewe, me so facundyous
 Whyche is defuse, and right fallacyous."

"Arysmatryke" grants his request, and explains the nature and utility of her science; from thence Grand Amour proceeds to "the tower of musike," where he meets with La Bell Pucell, and discloses his passion. "The description of her person is," says Warton, "very elegant." Grand Amour relates his various adventures in a supplication to Venus, and describes his first meeting with the lady, who,

Chap. xx.

"Her shining here so properly she dresses
 Alofe her forehed with fayre golden tresses.

Her forehead stepe, with fayre browes ybent,
 Her eyen gray, her nose streyght and fayre,
 In her whyte chekes the fayre bloud it went,
 As among the whyte the rede to repayre,
 Her mouth right small, her breth swete of ayre,
 Her lypes softe and ruddy as a rose,
 No hert on lyue but it wold him appose.

With a lyttle pytte in her well fauoured chynne,
 Her necke longe and whyte as ony lyll,

Wyth

Wyth vaynes blew in which the blode ran inne,
 Her paypes round and therto right prety,
 Her armes sclender and of goodly body,
 Her fingers small, and therto right longe;
 White as the milke, with blew vaynes among.

Her fete proper, she gartered well her hose,
 I neuer saw so swete a creature;
 Nothing she lacketh as I do suppose
 That is longing to fayre dame nature;
 Yet more ouer her countenaunce so pure,
 So swete, so louely, wold any hert inspyre
 Wyth feruent loue to attayne his desyre."

Hawes concludes his volume with the following
 "excusation of the aucthoure."

"Unto all Poetes, J do me excuse
 Jf that J offende, for lacke of science,
 This lyttle boke yet do ye not refuse,
 Though it be deuoyde of famous eloquence,
 Adde or detra, by your hye sapience,
 And pardon me of my hye enterpryse,
 Whiche, of late, this fable dyd fayne and deuise.

Go, little boke, I praye God the saue
 From misse metryng, by wrong impression,
 And who that euer list the for to haue,
 That he perceyue well thynne intencion
 For to be grounded, without presumption,
 As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes,
 To make suche bokes J apply my busines.

Besechyng God, for to geue me grace
 Bokes to compyle, of moral vertue,
 Of my maister Lidgate to folowe the trace,

His

His noble fame for to laude and renue,
 Whiche in his lyfe the slouth did eschue,
 Makyng great bokes, to be in meynory;
 On whose soule, J pray God haue mercy.

FINIS."

Another edition of this poem, not mentioned in p. 225, is "Historie of Graunde Amoure and La Bell Pucel," &c. printed by Jm: Waylande, 1554, 4to. black letter.* P. B.

ART. VII. *The most Elegant and Witty Epigrams of Sir John Harington, Knight, digested into four bookes.*

Fama bonum quo non felicius ullum.

London. Printed by T. S. for John Rudge, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1625. Sm. 8vo. not paged, but ends with sign. M.

It seems that this collection had been already published in 1618; and it was appended to the third edition † of the Translation of "Orlando Furioso," in

* See Bib. Harleian. Vol. III. No. 5935.

† The first edition of this translation was printed in 1591 by Richard Field, fol. The title of the third edition is this: "*Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse. By Sir John Harington, of Bathe, Knight. Now thirdly revised and amended, with the addition of the author's Epigrams.*"

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. HORACE.

London. Printed by G. Miller for J. Parker, 1634. Fol.

This is an engraved title page, at the bottom of which is the poet's portrait, "æt. suæ 30, primo Augusti, 1591."

1634,

1634, fol. but the fourth book had before been printed by itself in 4to. in 1615.

Sir John Harington was born 1561, and died at his seat at Kelston, near Bath, in 1612, aged 51. The *NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ*, which have been lately re-edited with so much elegance, and so much erudite industry, have so fully brought back his memory to the public notice, that it would be superfluous for me to repeat the circumstances of his life or character.

The epigrams, it must be confessed, although they appear to have once enjoyed some reputation, possess no poetical merit. They are flat, colloquial, rhymes, of that low tone, above which it seems to have been difficult for the genius of Harington to rise. But they may still be perused with some interest by the antiquary, the biographer, and the investigator of ancient manners, and customs; like those of Sir Aston Cockayne, which contain numerous cotemporary notices of his friends, neighbours and acquaintance. For this reason, I shall transcribe a few specimens.

The volume is dedicated to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in which it is said, by the publisher, (for it must be recollected that it was posthumous) "if in poetry, heraldry were admitted, he would be found in happiness of wit near allied to the great Sidney: yet but near; for the Apex of the Cælum Empyrium is not more inaccessible, than is the height of Sydney's poesy, which by imagination we may approach, by imitation never attain to."

EPIGR.

EPIGR. 42. B. I.

*An Epitaph in commendation of George Turterville,
a learned gentleman.*

* When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpse dissever'd;
There high in bliss, here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving;
My pen doth praise thee dead; thine grac'd me living."

EPIGR. 73. B. I.

Of his Translation of Ariosto.

"I spent some years, and months, and weeks, and days,
In Englishing the Italian Ariost;
And strait some offer'd epigrams in praise
Of that my thankless pains, and fruitless cost.
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in post,
He disapprov'd the purpose many ways,
And with this proverb prov'd it labour lost:
Good ale doth need no sign; good wine no bush;
Good verse of praisers needs not pass a rush."

EPIGR. 36. B. II.

To Dr. Harvey, of Cambridge.

* The Proverb says, 'Who fights with dirty foes,
Must needs be foil'd, admit they win or lose.'
Then think it doth a doctor's credit dash
To make himself antagonist to Nash!"*

* The celebrated Tom Nash, who had a long quarrel with Gabriel Harvey.

EPIGR.

To Master Bastard, a Minister, that made a pleasant
Book of English Epigrams.*

“Though dusty wits of this ungrateful time,
Carp at thy book of Epigrams, and scoff it,
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise, not only void of crime.
Then let not envy stop thy vein of rhyme;
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it;
A poet is one step unto a prophet;
And such a step as 'tis no shame to climb.

You must in pulpit treat of matters serious;
As best beseems the person, and the place;
There preach of faith, repentance, hope, and grace;
Of sacraments, and such high things mysterious:
But they are too severe, and too imperious,
That unto honest sports will grant no space.
For these our minds refresh when those weary us,
And spur our doubled spirit to swifter pace.

The wholesom'st meats, that are, will breed satiety,
Except we should admit of some variety.
In musick notes must be some high, some base.
And this I note, your verses have intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,
To work in men's ill manners good amendment.
Wherefore if any think such verse unseasonable,
Their stoic minds are foes to good society,
And men of reason may think them unreasonable:
It is an act of virtue and of piety,
To warn us of our sins in any sort,
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.”

* Thomas Bastard, 1608 CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 238.

EPIGR. 26. B. III.

In commendation of Master Lewknor's Sixth description of Venice. Dedicated to Lady Warwi 1595.

"Lo; here's describ'd, though but in little room,
 Fair Venice, like a spouse in Neptune's arms;
 For freedom, emulous to ancient Rome,
 Famous for counsel much, and much for arms:
 Whose story, erst written with Tuscan quill,
 Lay to our English wits as half conceal'd,
 Till Lewknor's learned travel and his skill
 In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reveal'd.
 Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
 England, be kind, enrich'd with such a book;
 Both give due honour to that noble dame,
 For whom this task the writer undertook."

EPIGR. 47. B. III.

In praise of the Countess of Derby, married to Lord Chancellor.*

"This noble Countess lived many years
 With Derby, one of England's greatest Peers;
 Fruitful and fair, and of so clear a name,
 That all this region marvell'd at her fame.
 But this brave Peer, extinct by hasten'd fate,
 She stay'd, ah! too, too long! in widow's state;
 And in that state took so sweet state upon her,
 All ears, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, and told her hono

* Alice widow of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, daughter of Sir Spencer, of Althorpe, remarried to Lord Chancellor Egerton.

Yet finding this a saying full of verity,
 'Tis hard to have a patent of prosperity,
 She found her wisest way, and safe to deal,
 Was to consort with him that kept the Seal."

EPIC. 6. B. IV.

Of the Wars in Ireland.

"I prais'd the speech, but cannot now abide it,
 That War is sweet to those that have not tried it:
 For I have prov'd it now, and plainly see 't,
 It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.
 At home Canary wines and Greek grow loathsome;
 Here milk is nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
 There without bak'd, roast, boil'd, it is no cheer:
 Biscuit we like, and bonny Clabo here.
 There we complain of one rare roasted chick;
 Here meat, worse cooked, never makes us sick.
 At home in silken sparvers, beds of down,
 We scant can rest, but still toss up and down;
 Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,
 A hedge the curtain; canopy a willow.
 There if a child but cry, O what a spite!
 Here we can brook three larums in one night!
 There homely rooms must be perfum'd with roses,
 Here match and powder ne'er offends our noses;
 There from a storm of rain we run like pullets,
 Here we stand fast against a shower of bullets.
 Lo! then how greatly their opinions err,
 That think there is no great delight in war!
 But yet for this, sweet War, I'll be thy debtor;
 I shall for ever love my home the better."

ART.

ART. VIII. *A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1624, on the Text found upon the Pope, now a Prisoner in the Cock-pit. By Thomas Lushington, B. D.*

"His disciples came by night and stole him away."

Matt. xxviii. 13.

London. Printed in the year 1711. Price 2d. pp. 16.

"To the Reader.

"The following Sermon is so very entertaining and ingenious, that, lest the reader should imagine he is imposed on by the title, and should rashly conclude from his own experience, that so much wit never proceeded from the pulpit, I refer him to my Lord Clarendon's *"Animadversions on Cressy's Fanaticism,"* &c. p. 22, where he tells us he was present when it was preached."

Thomas Lushington was born at Sandwich, in Kent, about 1590, and related to a family seated about that time at Sittingbourne, in the same county, and still remaining there and elsewhere. He was of Broadgate Hall, Oxford, and a great friend of the witty Bishop Corbet; became in 1631 Prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1632 Rector of Burnham Westgate in Norfolk, and Chaplain to Charles I. He died 22 Dec. 1661, aged 72, and was buried at Sittingbourne, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory. "He was," says Wood, "esteemed a right reverend and learned theologian, yet in many matters imprudent, and too

* London, 1674, 8vo. See Wood's Ath. II. 535.

much inclined to the opinions of Socinus. His preaching also, while he remained in the University, was generally well esteemed, and never gave distaste, but in one sermon, which, though esteemed by some to be admirable, yet by more, blasphemous. An account of which you shall have, as it followeth. In the year 1624, (22 Jam. I.) nothing but war with Spain sounding in the ears of the vulgar upon the breaking off of the Spanish Match with Prince Charles, it pleased this our author to utter in his Sermon on Matth. xxviii. 13, at St. Mary's, on Easter Monday, these words: *'Now the peasant thinks it comes to his turn under pretence of his privilege in parliament, that he should dispose of Kings and commonwealths, &c.'* Afterwards also thus: *'Nothing now contents the Commonalty but war and contention, &c.'* For which and for several other passages reflecting on the Spanish Match, he was called into question by Dr. Piers the Vice-Chancellor, and by him was a time appointed for him to recant what he had said. Which being done, not without the consent of certain Doctors, the Repetitioner was commanded to leave out diverse passages of the said sermon, which he, according to custom, was to repeat the Sunday after, commonly called *Low Sunday*," &c.*

"The truth is," Wood goes on to say, "this our preacher was a person more ingenious than prudent, and more apt upon most occasions to display his fancy, than to proceed upon solid reason; if not, he would not in his said sermon have descanted on the whole life of our Saviour, purposely to render him and his at-

* Wood's Ath. II. 261, 262.

tendants, men and women, objects of scorn and aversion, as if they had been a pack of dissolute vagabonds and cheats. But the best of it was, that though he then assumed the person of a Jewish Pharisee and persecutor of Christ, yet presently after changing his stile, as became a disciple of Christ, he with such admirable dexterity, as it is said, answered all the cavillations and invectives before made, that the loudly repeated applauses of his hearers hindered him a good space from proceeding in his sermon."

It seems doubtful, by Wood's expressions, whether he himself had ever seen this curious performance. It appears to have been originally published, together with his recantation sermon, under the following title:

"*The Resurrection rescued from the Soldier's Calumnies, in two Sermons at St. Mary's in Oxon. on Matth. xxviii. 13. and on Acts ii. latter part of the first verse. London. 1659. 12mo.*" Then published under the name of Rob. Jones, D. D.

It certainly exhibits proofs of banter and levity, which must astonish all serious readers. The following is its commencement;

"What's the best news abroad? So we must begin:
'Tis the garb, (*les nouvelles*,) the grand salute, and
common preface to all our talk. And the news goes
not as things are in themselves, but as men's fancies
are fashioned, as some lust to report, and others to be-
lieve. The same relation shall go for true or false, ac-
cording to the key, wherein men's minds are tuned;
but

but chiefly as they stand diverse in religion, so they feign and affect different news. By their news ye may know their religion, and by their religion foreknow their news. This week the Spanish Match goes forward, and Bethlem Gabor's troops are broken; and the next week Bethlem Gabor's troops go forward, and the Spanish Match is broken. The Catholic is for the Spanish Match, and the Protestant for restoring the Palatinate; and each party think that the safety of the church and success of religion depends upon the event of one or other; and therefore they cross and counter-tell each other's news. Titius came from London yesterday; and he says that the new chapel at St. James's is quite finished: Caius came thence but this morning and then there was no such thing on building. False news follows true at the heels, and oftentimes outstrips it.

"Thus goes the Chronicle news, the talk of the factious and pragmatic; but the Christian news, the talk of the faithful, is spent in evangelic, in hearing and telling some good news of their Saviour; and now all the talk is of his resurrection. The Christian current goes, 'News from Mount Calvary, the sixteenth day of Nisan, in the year thirty-four, old stile,' as the three holy matrons deliver it at the eighth verse of this chapter. But, since, there are certain soldiers arrived, and they say, there was no such matter as the resurrection, 'twas but a gull put upon the world by his disciples; for it fares with spiritual news as with temporal; it is variously and contradictorily related, till the false controuls the true. And as our modern news comes neither from the court, nor from the camp, nor from the place where things are acted, but is forged in conventicles by

priests, or in some Paul's assembly, or such like place, and the divulge committed to some vigilant and watchful tongue: so it is with the news of the non-resurrection; it came not from Mount Calvary; but the priests are the authors of it at the eleventh verse; and at the twelfth they frame and mould it to the mouth of the watch. The divulgers, men of double credit, they know the truth, for they are of the watch; and they will not lie, for they are soldiers; nay, they will maintain it, for they are Knights, Milites, Knights of the Post; they are hired to say, saying, and they did say, *'His disciples came by night, and stole him away, whilst we slept.'*

"The words are so plain they need no opening. May it please you, that I make three cursories over them; one for the soldiers; another for the disciples; and the third for our Saviour. In the two first, we will beat the point, pro and con; and in the latter reconcile it, for that's the fashion also. No error so absurd but finds a patron; nor truth so sound, but meets with an adversary; no point controverted but the opposite tenet may be reconciled. Be they distant as heaven and hell; as incompatible as Jew and Christian, yet they shall meet with a moderator, and a cogging distinction shall state the question on the absurder side."*

* The curious pamphlet from whence these extracts are taken, was furnished by an anonymous friend, to whom the Editor returns his thanks.

ART. IX. *The History of Philip de Commines, Knight, Lord of Argenton. The Fourth Edition corrected, with Annotations. London. Printed for Samuel Mearne, John Martyn, and Henry Herringman, and are to be sold in Little Britain, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the New Exchange. Fol. 1674. pp. 348.*

Commines is an historian very well known and a good companion to Froissart. He was born at Commines in Flanders, 1445, and died at his house of Argenton, in Poitou, 17 Oct. 1509, æt. 64. He was first in the service of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and afterwards of Lewis XI. of France.

The translator was Thomas Danett, who first published his work in 1596, *printed by Arnold Hatfield, for John Norton. Fol.** and dedicated it to Lord Treasurer Burghley.

Danett also published *A Continuation of the Historie of France, from the death of Charles the Eight, where Commines endeth, till the death of Henry the Second. Collected by Tho. Danett, Gent. London. Printed by Tho. East for Thomas Chard. Dedicated to Lord Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England. 1600. 4to. pp. 148. †*

The only editions of Commines, mentioned by De Bure, are those of 1648, *par Denys Sauvage, Leyde, Elzevier, in 12mo.* a beautiful little edition. Again, *Paris, Impr. Royale, 1649, in fol.* Again, *Par M.*

* *Ames*, III. 1213.

† *Ib.* II. 1197.

*l'Abbe Lenglet Du Fresnoy. Paris, 1747. 4 vol. in 4to.**

The following editions of Commines are taken from the Bibl. Harl.

"*Cronique & Hist. faicte & composee, par Phe- lippe de Comines contenant les Choses advenues, durant le Regne du Roy Louys XI. tant en France, Bourgoyn, Flandres, Arthois, Angleterre, que Es- paigne et Lieux circonvoisins, en Lettres Gothique, 1575. Fol.*"

"*La Meme reveus & corrigez par Dennis Sauvage. Paris, 1552.*"

"*La Meme, reveus & corrigez sur divers Manu- scrits & anciennes Impressions; augmentez de plu- sieurs Traitez, Contracts, Testaments, autres Actes, & de divers Observations, par Godefroy. Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale, 1649, Fol.*"

"*Memoires de Phil. de Comines sur les principaux*

* I take this opportunity of mentioning (though out of place) in ad- dition to the Account of the Old Spanish Historians of the New World, in Vol. III. p. 404, that there is a Translation into English of *Antonio de Solis*, by *Tbo. Townsend*, 1724. Fol. I add the two following titles on the same subject.

"*The Decades of the New Worlde, or West India, conteyning the Naviga- tions and Conquestes of the Spanyardes, with the particular description of the most ryche and large landes and ilandes lately founde in the West Ocean, per- teyninge to the inheritance of the Kings of Spayne, translated out of Latine by Ricbarde Eden, 1555, 4to.*"

"*Ferdinando Georges History of the Spaniards Proceedings in the Conquestes of the Indians, and of their Civil Wars, among themselves, from Cortez's first Discovery to these latter times. 1659.*"

Eden also translated "*The History of Trarapolo, the most fertile and best In- dies, and other countreys, lying eiberween the Bayes of the Bay of the Ryche Molucca,*" &c. finished by Richard Eden, 1577. Fol. I also translated other

Pa ts

Faits et gestes de Louys XI. & Charles VIII.
Rouen, 1625, 8vo."

"*La Meme, augmentez de plusieurs Traitez, Contracts, Testaments, Actes, & Observations par Godefroy, enrichie de Portraits & augmentee de l'Hist. de Louis XI. connue sous le nom de Chronique Scandaleuse, 4 Tom. 8vo. Bruss. 1706.*"

"*Cominæ de Rebus Gestis Ludovici XI. & Caroli Burgundiæ Ducis, ex Gallico facti Latini a Joan. Sleidano. Paris apud Wechel. 8vo. 1545.*"

"*La Historia famosa di Monsignor di Argenton delle Guerre & Costumi di Ludovico XI. con la Battaglia & Morte del Gran Duca di Borgogna. Venet. 1544. 8vo.*"

There was also an edition of the original in black letter, 4to. 1525.

The compiler of the catalogue observes, "De Comines, qui morut en 1509, est le plus sense & le plus judicieux Ecrivain de l'histoire de France; il a ete compare, avec Thucydide, & avec meilleur dans l'Antiquite." He adds of the edition by Godefroy, 1649, that it is incomparable for its correctness, beauty, and selection of notes and proofs.*

ART. X. *The Holy Bible, published by Archbishop Parker. 1568. Fol.*

"This is generally known by the name of the Bishop's Bible, being translated for the greatest part by the Bishops, whose initial letters are added at

* Bibl. Harl. II. 513.

the end of their particular portions. As, at the end of the Pentateuch, W. E. Willielmus Excestrensis. The translators are recounted by Strype, in his life of Parker. This edition is so rare, that neither Dr. Burnet, nor Mr. Strype, appear to have seen it. The date is not either in the beginning or end, but is inserted in the Archbishop's arms, and mentioned in the preface. It is adorned with great numbers of beautiful cuts, and printed, as it is observed, "in Vit. Park. novis typis magnitudinis usitatæ apt paulo grandioris," with letters somewhat larger than those of the Great Bible. After the Pentateuch is the picture of the Earl of Leicester, and before the Psalms that of Lord Burleigh, as favourers of the work. In this edition, at the end of the Book of Wisdom, are the letters W. C. probably for the Bishop of Chichester. In the second edition, the whole Apocrypha is ascribed to J. N. the Bishop of Norwich, who perhaps revised it afterwards."

*From the Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, Vol. I.
p. 11, 12.*

ART. XI. *The Holy Bible, Black-Letter. 2 vols.
Fol. Printed by Barker. 1613.*

"This is the translation now used, which was made at the command of King James I. The translators were fifty-four of the most learned then of that time, who were divided into five bodies, of which each was to labour upon a particular part of the Bible, which was thus divided: the Pentateuch and the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Kings, to the Deans of Westminster

Westminster and St. Paul's, Doctors Saravia, Clark, Layfield, Leigh, Mess. Stretford, Sussex, Clare, Bedwell. From the Chronicles to Ecclesiastes, to Dr. Richardson, and Mess. Lively, Chadderton, Dillingham, Harrison, Andrews, Spalding, Binge. All the Prophets and Lamentations, to Drs. Harding, Reynolds, Holland, Kilby, Mess. Hereford, Brett, Fareclowe. All the Epistles to the Dean of Chester, Drs. Hutchinson, Spencer, Mess. Fenton, Rabbet, Sanderson, Dakins. The Gospels, Acts, and Apocalypse, to the Deans of Christchurch, Winchester, Worcester, Windsor, Drs. Perin, Ravens, Mess. Savile, Harmer. And the Apocrypha to Drs. Duport, Braithwait, Ratcliff, Mess. Ward, Downes, Boyse, Warde. They met at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, as it was convenient for each body. The method, in which they proceeded, seems to have been this: several translations of each part were drawn up by the members of that body, to which it was allotted, who then in a joint consultation selected three of the best, or compiled them out of the whole number. Thus, in three years, three translations of the whole were sent to London, then six deputies, two from each place, were appointed, to extract one translation out of the three, which was finished and printed 1611. See *Setden's Table Talk*.*

* From the Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ, Vol. I. p. 13.

ART. XII. *Extracts from the Paradise of Dainty
Devises. 1576.*

I have given an account of the contents of this curious collection in the first volume* of this work. Notwithstanding the various editions, through which it passed, I believe it to be so scarce, that a republication of any of its flowers must be acceptable to the lovers of old English poetry; and I venture to assert this, though it seems to be in direct contradiction to the opinion of the British Critic; who intimated, (I must say too hastily) that the extracts from this work, given in the first volume of the Poetical Register, were too common and too familiar to all readers of this cast to occupy the space they there filled.

The poems of this collection are characterized almost entirely by moral sentiment. There is nothing in them of legendary or historical matter: nor indeed even of imagery or description. They form a strong contrast therefore to the style and manner of "the Mirror for Magistrates," which are entirely narrative.

I think I shall be performing an useful service to the literary world, if I can find room to introduce gradually into these volumes the whole of this scarce miscellany. But whether I shall be able to do so, will depend on many future considerations.

Jan. 6. 1807.

* P. 255.

NO.

*The Translation of the Blessed Saint Barnard's Verses
containing the unstable Felicity of this wayfaring
world.*

I.

*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria ?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia,
Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.*

“ Why doth each state apply
Itself to worldly praise ?
And undertake such toil
To heap up honour's gain ?
Whose seat, though seeming sure,
On fickle fortune stays,
Whose gifts were never prov'd
Perpetual to remain :
But e'en as earthen pot
With every fillip fails,
So fortune's favour flits,
And fame with honour quails.”

2.

*“ Plus crede literis, scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in premiis, virtutis specie,
Quæ nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.*

“ Think rather firm to find
A figure graven in ice,
Whose substance subject is
To heat of shining sun,
Than hope for stedfast stay
In wanton worlds device,

Whose

Whose feigned fond delights
 From Falsehood's forge do come,
 And under Virtue's veil
 Are largely dealt about,
 Deceiving those who think
 Their date will never out."

3.

*" Magis credendum est viris fallacibus,
 Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
 Falsis insaniis et voluptatibus,
 Falsis quoque studiis et vanitatibus.*

" The trifling truthless tongue
 Of Rumpur's lying lips,
 Deserves more trust, than doth
 The highest happy hap,
 That world to worldlings gives;
 For see how honour slips
 To foolish fond conceits,
 To Pleasure's poison'd sap,
 To studies false in proof,
 To arts applied to gain,
 To fickle fancy's toys,
 Which Wisdom deemeth vain."

4.

*" Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?
 Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
 Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
 Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?*

Where is the sacred King
 That Solomon the Wise?

Whose

29

Whose wisdom former times
Of duty did commend?
Where is that Samson strong,
That monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arm did cause
The mighty pillars bend?
Where is the peerless Prince,
The friendly Jonathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape
And favour did surpass?"

5.

*" Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio ?
Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio ?
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio ?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio ?*

"Where is that Cæsar now,
Whose high renowned fame
Of sundry conquests won
Throughout the world did sound?
Or Dives rich in store,
And rich in richly name,
Whose chest with gold, and dish
With dainties did abound?
Where is the passing grace
Of Tully's pleading skill?
Or Aristotle's vein,
Whose pen had wit and will?"

6.

*" O esca vermium, O massa pulveris !
O ros, O vanitas, cur sic extolleris ?
Ignoras penitus, utrum cras vixeris ;
Fas bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris !* " O food

"O food of filthy worms,
 O lump of loathsome clay,
 O life, full like the dew
 Which morning sun doth waste;
 O shadow vain, whose shape
 With sun doth shrink away,
 Why gloriest thou so much,
 In honour to be placed?
 Sith that no certain hour
 Of life thou dost enjoy,
 Most fit it were thy time
 In goodness to employ!"

7.

*"Quam breve festum est hac mundi gloria!
 Ut umbræ hominum, sic ejus gaudia;
 Quæ semper subtrahit æterna premia,
 Et ducunt hominum ad dura devia.*

"How short a banquet seems,
 The pomp of high renown!
 How like the senseless shape
 Of shivering shadow thin,
 Are wanton worldly toys,
 Whose pleasure plucketh down
 Our hearts from hope, and hands
 From works which heaven should win
 And takes us from the trod,
 Which guides to endless gain,
 And sets us in the way,
 Which leads to lasting pain."

8.

*"Hac mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,
 Sacris in literis flos sæni dicitur,*

Ut

*Ut leve folium, quod vento rapitur,
Sic vita hominum, hæc vita tollitur.*

“ The pomp of worldly praise,
Which worldlings hold so dear,
In holy sacred book
Is liken'd to a flower;
Whose date doth not contain
A week, a month, or year,
But springing now doth fade
Again within an hour.
And as the lightest leaf
With wind about is thrown,
So light is life of man,
And lightly hence is blown.

Finis. My Lucke is Losse.”

II.

“ Beware of had I wylt.

“ Beware of had I wylt,
Whose fine brings care and smart,
Esteem of all, as they deserve,
And deem as deem'd thou art :
So shall thy perfect friend
Enjoy his hoped hire,
And faithless fawning foe shall miss
The effect of his desire.
Good Will shall have his gain,
And Hate shall heap despite;
A faithless friend shall find distrust,
And love shall reap delight.

Thyself

But the base slave doth fearfully afford
 A jeering flattery, with count'nance bleak
 To every word; and therefore is regarded,
 When truth is with suspect and hate rewarded.

Base flattery, and double diligence,
 That thrust their fingers into every place;
 That carry tales and give intelligence
 Of all that may their fellows' faith disgrace :
 These are employ'd, these come and go, at pleasure,
 Have what they ask, and ask without all measure.

He that can these, shall thrive; and may in time
 Purchase large lordships with ill-gotten wealth;
 And may from yeomanry to worship climb—
 Ill fare that gentry so purloyn'd with stealth!
 But other never may expect to rise,
 For to their deeds he turns his Argus' eyes:

And doth perswade his lord, that his whole care
 Is, like a trusty servant, for the best;
 His younger son the better for't shall fare,
 For at his death all shall to him be left :
 The credulous lord believes his smooth conclusion,
 Untill, too late, he proves it an illusion.

But when the trusty servant stands aloof,
 Forewarning these events, with modestie;
 Exempling this with many likely proofs
 Of other's craft and close hypocrisie;
 He is suspected of deceit; his drift,
 Thought a detractor's favour-fawning shift.

Fond youth! who dedicates thy precious hours
 To do him service, that neglects thy merit;
 And prizeth less the mind's unvalued powers
 Than his, who only doth rude strength inherit:

Fond

Fond youth! that bind'st thy selfe to be a slave
To him, whose love thy service cannot have.

O why should I aim all my thoughts to please
One like my selfe; or to subject my soul
Unto the unrespective rule of these,
That only know how others to controul?
So asses suffer, asses spur and ride them;
So camels kneel, whilst bondmen do bestride them.

But man that is free-born, not born a beast,
Should freely bear him selfe, and freely love
Where reason doth induce him; or at least
Where sympathy of liking equal move:
So I could love and fear, obey and serve
Him, that I see doth see what I deserve.

For what avails it me to know so much,
If other will no notice take thereof?
Or cannot well discern me to be such
As I do know my selfe, and yet will scoff
At that they understand not, and suppose,
Not smelling, there's no sweetness in a rose.

What boots it me, to climb the starry tower,
And fetch from thence all secrets that remain
Within that everlasting blissful bower,
If I had none to tell them to again?
The soul would glut herselfe with Heaven, I know,
If she might not her joyes to others show.

It is a crown unto a gentle breast,
T' impart the pleasure of his flowing mind
(Whose spritely motion never taketh rest)
To one whose bosom he doth open find:
So wise Prometheus, stealing heavenly fire
In stones, the soul of knowledge did inspire.

O how I (least in knowledge and in art)
 Admire and love an understanding spirit!
 And share with him my poor divided heart;
 Wishing his fortunes equal to his merit.
 But since in service few of these I find;
 Service dislikes my male-contented mind."

Cum omnis est misera servitus, tum vero intolerabile
 est servire impuro, impudico, effeminato, insulso.

T. P.

ART. XIV. *The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discours-
 ing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and
 ungodly Worldeings: in such sort set downe and
 written, as the same have been dyversely practised
 in the persones of Popes, Harlots, proude Princes,
 Tyrauntes, Romish Byshoppes, and others. With
 a lively description of their severall falles destruc-
 tion. Verge profitable for all sorte of estates to
 reade and looke upon. Newly compiled by Richard
 Robinson, servaunt in householde to the right hono-
 rable Earle of Shrewsbury. A dreame most pitiful,
 and to be dreaded.*

"Of things that be straunge
 Who loveth to reede,
 In this booke let him raunge,
 His fancie to feede."

*Impr. in Paules Churchyard by Will. Williamson.
 4to. no date.*

Bibl. Pearsoniana gives the name of the printer as
 above: but the copy I have seen, has it not. The
 author's

author's address to the reader is dated from "Sheffield Castle, 19 Maie 1574;" and he appears from his own report to have been one of the domestic centinels employed by Lord Shrewsbury to watch over Mary Queen of Scots. His performance is written in very humble imitation of the metrical legends which compose the *Mirror for Magistrates*: and he has subjoined a tributary farrago to several poets, entitled his "Return from Pluto's Kingdome to noble Helicon; the place of infinite joye."

The following lines, in hyperbolic praise of the author, were prefixed by Richard Smith, clerk.

" A diamond for daintie dames;
 for peeres a precious pearle;
 This *Rolinson* the rubi red,
 a jewell for an earle:
 Such pearle cannot be bought, I knowe,
 for all the golde in Cheape:
 The Graces heare have pow'rd their giftes
 together on an heape,
 Such giftes can not bee graft, no doubt,
 without some power divine,
 Suche cunning hyd in one man's head,
 as *Robinson* in thine.
 If I might vewe thy pleasaunt poemes
 and sonettes that excell,
 Then shoulde I not thirst for the floodes
 of Aganippe's well.
 Thou profered praise at Olimpias,
 and gotte the chieftest game,
 And through the schoole of cunning skill
 hast scalde the house of Fame.

[But] what needes water to bee brought
to powre into the seas,
Or why do I with penne contend
about this *Robin's* praise."

The contents are as follow :

1. Helen tormented for her treason to her husband,
&c.
2. Pope Alexander the Sixt rewarded for his odious
life, &c.
3. Young Tarquin rewarded for his wickednesse.
4. The rewards of Medea for her wicked actes, &c.
5. The wordes of tormented Tantalus.
6. The rewarde of Vitronius Turinus.
7. The woful complaint of Heliogabalus.
8. The two judges for slandering Susanna, &c.
9. Pope Jhoan rewarded for his wickednesse.
10. Newes between the Pope and Pluto.
11. The torment of tyranny in King Midas.
12. The reward of Rosanioud for murdering her hus-
band Albonius."

Then follows the Author's Return from Pluto's
Kingdom to Helicon, "a dream."

The following short specimen from Pope Alexander's
life, &c. will doubtless be deemed *quan. suff.*

"Many we behelde with offeringes and oblations,
That approched nighe, for haste they headlong came :
Friar Rushe* bare the crosse, clurke of the sessions ;
A member of their church, the pope's owne man.

* The history of Friar Rushe is spoken of in Laneham's letter from
Kenilworth, 1575, reprinted in *Q. Lib. Antiq. Præses*; and occurs in
the *Bridgewater Library*, though it has never been noticed by Mr. Ritson,
who regarded it as a desideratum in antiquarian bibliography.

Thousands

Thousands came knip knap, pattering on beades,
 Friars, monks, and nunnes, came after with haste,
 As vowed pilgrimes came wives, widowes, and maides,
 Of the holye pope's workes, the fruites for to taste."

Robinson seems to have been the speculative or actual publisher of other performances. See Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 313.

T. P.

ART. XV. *Miscellanea. Meditations. Memoratives. By Elizabeth Grymeston. Non est rectum, quod a Deo non est directum. London. Printed by Melch. Bradwood for Felix Norton. 1604. 4to.*

From Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, III. 266, it appears that this female writer was the daughter of Martin Barney, or Bernye, of Gunston in Norfolk, and married Christopher, the youngest son of Thomas Grimston, of Grimston, Esq. in the county of York, by whom she had issue nine children; to the youngest and only survivor of whom she thus inscribed this rare little work.

"To her loving sonne Bernye Grymeston.

"My dearest Sonne, there is nothing so strong as the force of love; there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her naturall childe: there is no mother can either more affectionately shew her nature, or more naturally manifest her affection, than in advising her children out of her owne experience, to eschue evil, and incline them to do that

p 4

which

which is good. Out of these resolutions, finding the libertie of this age to be such, as that *quicquid libet licet*, so men keepe themselves from criminal offences; and thy mother's undeserved wrath so virulent, as that I have neither power to resist it, nor patience to endure it, but must yeeld to this languishing consumption to which it hath brought me: I resolved to breake the barren soile of my fruitlesse braine, to dictate something for thy direction: the rather, for that as I am now a dead woman among the living, so stand I doubtfull of thy father's life: which, albeit, God hath preserved from eight several sinister assaults, by which it hath beene sought, yet for that I see that *quem sæpe transit casus, aliquando invenit*, I leave thee this portable *veni mecum* for thy counsellor, in which thou maiest see the true portraiture of thy mother's minde, and finde something either to resolve thee in thy doubts, or comfort thee in thy distresse; hoping, that being my last speeches, they will be better kept in the conservance of thy memorie, which, I desire thou wilt make a register of heavenly meditations. For albeit, if thou provest learned, as my trust is thou wilt, (for that without learning man is but an immortall beast) thou maiest happily thinke that if every philosopher fetched his sentence, these leaves would be left without lines; yet remember withall, that as it is the best coine that is of greatest value in fewest pieces, so is it not the worst booke that hath most matter in least words:

"The gravest wits that most grave works expect,
The qualitie, not quantitie, respect."

"And the spider's webbe is neither the better because
woven out of his owne breast, nor the bees hony the
worse,

worse, for that gathered out of many flowers : neither could I ever brooke to set downe that haltingly in my broken stile, which I found better expressed by a grave authour."

This admonitory epistle runs on to five pages, and appears to be the only original part of the publication, except the following sonnet by a Scottish writer, which indicates that the compiler had deceased before her book was printed.

Simon Graham to the Authour, [or rather—to the Work.]

"Goe, famous thou, with ever-flying fame,
That mak'st thy flight on Vertue's wings to soar;
In worlds of hearts goe labyrinth thy name,
That wonder's selfe may wondrous thee adore.
Though th' author's selfe triumph in heavenly glorie,
Thou, sacred worke, giv'st mortall life againe:
And so thy worth hath made her evermore
In heaven and earth for ever to remaine.
Her pondrous speech, her passion and her paine,
Her pleasing stile shall be admir'd ilke where.
The fruitfull flowing of her loftie braine
Doth now bewray a Mother's matchlesse care;
While she lives crown'd, amongst the high divines,
Thou on her Sonne celestial sunne downe shines."

Ten pious contemplations occupy the first portion of the volume.

Chap. xi. is entitled "Morning Meditation, with sixteene sobs of a sorrowful spirit,* which she used for mentall prayer: as also an addition of sixteene staves

* This alliterative title would seem to be borrowed from Hunnis's "Seven Sobs of a sorrowful Soul for Sin;" printed before 1600.

of verse taken out of Peter's Complaint,* which she usually sung and played on the winde instrument." This meditation is an intermixture of prose and verse. The latter is taken from the polished metre of Southwell.

Chap. xii. consists of "A Madrigall made by Berny Grymeston upon the conceit of his Mother's play to the former ditties.

" How many pipes, as many sounds
Do still impart
To your sonne's hart
As many deadly wounds :
How many strokes, as many stounds,
Each stroke a dart,
Each stound a smart,
Poore captive me confounds.
And yet how oft the strokes of sounding keys hath slain,
As oft the looks of your kind eies restores my life againe."

Chap. xiii. an Evening Meditation, contains "Odes in imitation of the seven penitential psalmes in seven severall kinde of verse." Taken perhaps from the poems of Verstegan, noticed in Censura, Vol. II. p. 96.

Chap. xiiii. and last, entitled "Memoratives," comprehends a selection of ancient moral maxims and sententious reflections, which are highly creditable to the maternal tenderness and good sense of the selector.

T. P.

* St. Peter's Complaint, with other poems, by father Southwell, appeared in 1595, and had many subsequent impressions; as may hereafter be specified, in the progress of this publication.

ART. XVI. *Notices of, and Exhortations to, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. From "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." Printed in 1591, 1617, and 21.*

"To those Gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

"Wonder not, for with thee [*Chr. Marlowe*] will I first beginne, thou famous graces of Tragedians, that *Greene*, who hath said with thee (like the fool) in his heart, 'There is no GOD,' should now give glory unto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest give no glory to the Giver? O swinish folly! what are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate, in small time, the generation of mankinde. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Defuse not (with me) till this last poynt of extremity; for little knowest thou, how in the end thou shalt be visited.

"With thee I joyne young *Juvenal*, that biting Satyrist, [*Thos. Lodge*] that lastly with mee together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words. Inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst doe it, no man better; no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all; and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured,

jured. Stop shallow water, still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne: then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproofe.

“And thou [*Geo. Peele*] no lesse deserving than the other two: in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driven (as my selfe) to extreme shifts, a little have I, to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men, all *three* of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths; those anticks, garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tyger's heart*, wrapt in a *player's hyde*, supposes he is as wel able to bombast out a blank verse, as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely *Shake-scene** in a country.

“But now retorne I againe to you *three*, knowing my misery is to you no newes: and let me heartily intreat you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, flie lust, abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made Religion loathsome to your eares; and

* Shakspeare, says Tyrwhitt. See Malone's Chronological Order of his Plays, and Chalmers' Supplemental Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare MSS.

when

when they sooth you with termes of mastership, remember *Robert Greene* (whom they have often flattered) perishes now for want of comfort. Remember Gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine: these, with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with drunkennesse put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe. My hand is tyred, and I am forc't to leave where I would begin. Desirous that you should live, though himselfe be dying.

"ROBERT GREENE." *sub. to. 30.*

ART. XVII. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. III, P. 347.]

The old court poet thus proceeds in his survey of metrical writers, sacred and prophane.

"Nathan* did faint a tale indeed
To David, when he fell;
Whereon the King tooke such great heed,
He saw his follie well.

In David's † psalms true meter flows,
And songs of Saloman,
Where great delite and pleasure groes,
Are worthie looking on.

A Dialogue ‡ that Plato made
Gives poets great renowne,

* Nathan spake of a lamb, ungraciously taken from his bosome.

† David and Saloman, divine poets.

‡ Plato's dialogue called Ion.

Brings

Brings each rare wit to sun from shade
To weare the laurell croune.

True stories old, with new delite
Shall fill your harts and eares;
For they of poets' praises write,
Their books good witness beares. *

If aunshent authors and great kings
No credit gets herein;
Darke sight sees not no stately things,
That doth great glory win. †

Plucke up cleere judgment from the pit
Of poore esprit and sense,
And wipe the slime from slubber'd wit,
And looke on this defence; ‡

That Sydney makes a matchlesse worke,
A matter fresh and new,
That did long while in silence lurke,
And seldome came to view. ||

He cals them poets, that embrace
True vertue in her kinde,
And do not run with rimes at bace,
With wanton blotted minde. §

* Lelius, a Roman, and Socrates, both were poets.

† James the First, that was King of Scotland, and K. James the Sixt,
now reigning, great poets.

‡ The Greeke Socrates put Æsop's fables into verse, and Aristotle
wrote the arte of poetrie.

|| Emperors, kings, captains, and senators, were poets, and favoured the
art.

§ Adrian and Sophocles, great poets.

All idle verse he counts but vaine,
 Like cracks of thorns in fire,
 Or summer show'rs of sleete or raine,
 That turns drie dust to mire.*

These rurall rymes are but the scum
 And froth that flies from seas,
 Or doth from some sharpe humor come
 That breeds a new disease.†

In braine that beats about the skull
 And so brings forth a toye
 (When musse or moone is at the full)
 Of paines or pleasing joye.‡

Like long-wing'd hauke, doth poct soar
 Ore mountaine or hie trees,
 And loud as cannon can he rore
 At each vice that he sees.||

His scope as hie as reasons reach
 May climbe, in order due,
 Not to give counsell, nor to teach,
 But to write fancies new.§

Of this or that, as matter moves
 A well-disposed minde,
 That vice doth hate and vertue loves,
 And he good cause doth finde.**

* Of our neerer time, the patrons of poetry, Robert, King of Cecill,
 [Sicily] and the great Francis, King of France.

† Cardinal Bembo, and Bibiena.

‡ Famous teachers and preachers, Beza and Melancthon.

|| Learned philosophers, Fracastorius and Scaliger.

§ Great and good orators, Pontanus and Muretus.

** And beyond all these, the hospitall of France being builded on vertue,
 gave poets a singular commendation.

So ruling pen, as duties bonds,
 Be kept in evry part;
 For when the poet trumpet sounds,
 It must be done by art.

As though a sweete consort should plaie
 On instruments most fine,
 And shew their musike evry waie,
 With daintie notes divine.*

Each string in tune, as concord were
 The guide of all the glee,
 Whose harmonic most please the eare,
 With musicke franke and free.†

The poets lyra must be strung
 With wire of silver sound,
 That all his verses may be sung
 With maidens in a round.

So chaste and harmless should they be,
 As words from preacher's voice,
 With spiced speech in each degree
 Wherein good men rejoice.‡

Not farsed full of follies light
 That beares ne poise nor weight,
 But flying cleer in air-like flight,
 Whose force mounts up an height."

T.P.

[*To be continued.*]

* Alexander kept the books of Homer in Darius his jewel-casket.

† Menander, the comike poet, being sent for by ambassadors of Macedonia and Ægypt, preferred the conscience of learning, before kinglie fortunes.

‡ Augustus Caesar wrote familiar epistles unto Horace, which Horace in his life was advanced to the tribuneship of soldiers, and when he died he left Augustus Caesar his heire.

A.R.

ART. XVIII. *Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, Representative of the County of Nottingham in the Long Parliament and of the Town of Nottingham in the First Parliament of Charles II. &c. With original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Contemporaries, and a Summary Review of Public Affairs. Written by his Widow Lucy, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. Now first published from the Original Manuscript by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by Herself, a Fragment. London. Printed for Longman and Co. 1806. 4to. pp. 460.*

This is a book of singular interest and indeed importance, of which, though lately published, yet having been written so many years past, the notice in this work will not be out of place. "Surely," observes the Editor, "we risque little in saying that the history of a period the most remarkable in the British annals, written one hundred and fifty years ago by a lady, of elevated birth, of a most comprehensive and highly cultivated mind, herself a witness of many of the scenes she describes, and active in several of them, is a literary curiosity of no mean sort."

It is indeed the most impressive of all the books on that side of the question, which I recollect to have read. The character of a man of inflexible virtue, actuated solely by the purest principles of patriotism, op-

posing tyranny without a taint of the hatred of greatness; seeking the post of difficulty and danger without wish for the vanity of rank and honours; a zealous and energetic supporter of his cause; yet frank and discriminative; and free from the virulence, and rant, and prejudices of party, when party raged in its utmost fury, commands such respect and admiration, that we listen to his opinions, and pursue his actions, with feelings of involuntary inclination towards them!

Under the influence of opinions founded on the experience of a series of various and complicated events which have since occurred, I have hitherto thought that had I lived in those times, I should have been a fixed and undoubting Royalist. But perhaps the principles of Col. Hutchinson, as enforced by the arguments and eloquence of his heroic, virtuous, and highly-accomplished wife, might *then* have made me hesitate. No rational man can question that the sentiments and conduct of the Monarch and his Ministry, did actually not only threaten, but intrench upon, the just liberties of the people. Some resistance became necessary: circumstances, in which both parties were perhaps to blame, at length caused the scabbard to be thrown away; and from that moment the purest and wisest patriots might think, and perhaps think rightly, that there was no medium between victory and despotism.

It cannot be denied, that they, who taxed Charles I. with insincerity, had strong appearances on their side. Perhaps it resulted from some of the many amiable traits in his character; from that ductility, and diffidence of his own opinions and resolves, which made him a dupe to artful, yet less wise, advisers; but
whether

whether the origin was amiable or unamiable, the effect was equally to be dreaded. A monarch, against whom his subjects have been once driven to resistance, must go out of the contest with too much, or too little power! Had I therefore engaged in that cause, for which Col. Hutchinson's view of it was at least an honest and a generous justification, I think I should have departed from it, as he seems to have done, a stern Republican!

If it be pleaded that there were many artifices used to inflame the people, and many leaders engaged, whose views were apparently private and selfish; and that these things, which could not escape the notice of a man of sagacity, and virtue, should in his eyes have damned their cause, it may surely be answered, that in the imperfect condition of human affairs, we are not to refuse to seek a paramount good, because, in its progress, there may be mingled with it some evil instruments, whose motives or actions are impure! For the same reason a strict Loyalist might have deserted the defence of the Crown, because he must have observed that there were many on the same side, who were actuated by ambition, or love of power, or desire to retain emoluments extorted from the oppression of the people! There must indeed have been something in the cant of the Puritans, and other Sectarists, extremely disgusting to a liberal spirit. But on the other hand, what noble and indignant mind could bear the scoffs, and insults, and tyranny, and injuries, and follies of profligate and abandoned courtiers, the minions of state, raised from obscurity without merit, and fattening in the spoils of the land?

Henry VII. had begun systematically to break the power of the Feudal Nobility; and the Constitutional check, which they formed, upon the Crown, was now nearly extinguished. The families of Vere, and Stafford, and Grey, and Hastings, and Clinton, and Stanley, and Percy, and Howard, and others of that stamp, were in poverty or oppression. New lords, sprung from favouritism, or enriched within half a century from the harvest of the Reformation, or just emerged from North of the Tweed, swarmed both in the metropolis, and in every county: Buckingham, and his brothers, and cousins to the fourth degree, shone in a splendour surpassing royalty! But these, as they had lately risen from the hot-bed of the regal prerogative, could neither be any controul upon it, nor have any interests or sentiments in common with the people. Necessity, therefore, operating upon the expansion of mind created by navigation and commerce, raised up a spirit and a power in the people themselves to combat and countervail the growing encroachments of the sceptre. To fan this flame, there was intermingled much false enthusiasm, much horrid hypocrisy, much unjust depreciation of well-acquired rank, and much sophistical and half-witted reasoning on natural equality, and the rights of man. But the collision of the contest struck out also many important truths; and dissipated many artful or servile prejudices which had long enchained or overawed the intellects of the Commonalty.

At a period so critical, the cowardly or the imbecile alone could remain neutral. A man of stern virtue, who abominated the luxuries and dissipations of courts, and had a head fond of busying itself in all the severe
 ingenuity

ingenuity of abstract politics, was exempt from the force of seductions, which, however amiable, must be admitted to operate by other powers than those of reason. To him the splendour of a palace, the imposing dignity of titles, and all the outward brilliance which surrounds them, put forth their rays ineffectually. Could not such a man, especially if resident in the country, like Col. Hutchinson, as virtuously have embraced the cause of the Parliament as of the King?

The event proved whither the fury of the mob, once roused, will lead: and late events in a neighbouring kingdom have too fatally confirmed it. Indeed every man of sagacity must at all times have been aware, how dangerous it is to appeal to the passions of the populace. But this is no reason for forbearing such appeal in extreme cases: otherwise, what can stop despotism, when it is inclined, as it too often is, to extend its encroachments beyond endurance? There are some evils, of which in the pursuit of a remedy, we must incur the chance of other evils. In common cases patience may be a virtue; but there are points, at which it becomes a contemptible weakness.

Charles I. was a monarch of many attractive accomplishments, and many virtuous qualities, as Mrs. Hutchinson herself confesses. He was a man, undoubtedly, whose speculative talents were of no common order; he drew around him men of genius and literature, and loved, and understood, and patronized the arts; he possessed therefore, for the most part,*

* I have not forgot the exception of Milton, whose praise of Cromwell is now among the best testimonies in his favour.

the hearts of those, who could best embalm his memory, and the memory of his cause;

*"Quique pii vates, et Phæbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;"*

men, whose cultivated talents, acquainted with the general traits of human nature, and possessed of a command of elegant language, not derived from the narrow and factitious fountain of a temporary and accidental state of opinion, could give to the history of their actions a colour of permanent interest and celebrity. Thus the pages of Clarendon may have operated in favour of the party of his Royal Master, beyond what truth and justice would have exacted of posterity,

Clarendon, it must be allowed, has drawn the characters of most of those who remained faithful and active to the Crown, in hues so glowing and delightful, that it may be doubted whether we are not more influenced by respect for them, than by the examination of their measures, or the reasonings by which they are justified. In truth, at this distance of time, it does raise a strong, and, perhaps, not a very fallible argument in their favour. The virtuous Earl of Newcastle, to whose integrity Mrs. Hutchinson bears testimony, had been out of the atmosphere of the Court; nay, he had been slighted and disoblged by it; yet he broke from his beloved ease and the luxury of a princely retirement, and embarked his immense property, and his life, in favour of the monarch; and (not to be tedious) the enlightened, the conscientious, the heroic, the admirable Lord Falkland, engaged on the same side, and

sealed

sealed his sincerity by his blood. It is true they were men deeply interested in the preservation of aristocratical privileges, which, in the rude dispute that had now commenced, were thrown into jeopardy.

If then personal example be admitted as a powerful guide of opinion on the rectitude of this contest, no book has for years been published, calculated to weigh so strongly in this question as the *Life of Col. Hutchinson* now presented to the public. And for this reason it is extremely essential that the character of the writer should in the first place be established. Indeed she has on many other accounts a full claim to the most conspicuous notice; and more especially in such a work as this, of which it is a prime object to rescue the memory of those who have been eminent for their intellectual attainments, from undeserved oblivion.

The fair and exemplary author appears to have possessed an understanding of uncommon vigour and extent, cultivated with great industry, and adorned not only with all the politest literature of her sex, but with an entire familiarity with classical erudition. To these she added an heroic and virtuous heart, which sometimes exalted her language, always pure and vigorous, into strains of high eloquence! How capricious is that fame, which we are too apt to suppose the constant attendant of eminent virtue, or great attainments of the mind! The memory of Mrs. Hutchinson has slept for a century and an half, in an obscure MS. the sport of carelessness or stupidity, thrown about in corners of deserted mansions, exposed, perhaps, to the rats; to the weather; to the dirty lighters of fires. But it has survived all these chances; and at length, by the pious care of a collateral relation and representative of

her husband, comes forth in full splendour. Now it is, that Mrs. Hutchinson starts into life again, as if from the tomb; and lives in the eye of the world with a lustre of fame, which never fell upon her, during her actual existence here! The name of Apsley becomes consecrated among the lovers of genius, and Lord Bathurst may thank the Editor of this precious MS. for at least *adding* a splendour to one of his titles, beyond what it before possessed!

“My grandfather by the father’s side,” says Mrs. Hutchinson, “was a gentleman of a competent estate; about 7, or 800l. a year, in Sussex. He being descended of a younger house, had his residence at a place called Pulborough; the family out of which he came, was an Apsley, a town where they had been seated before the Conquest, and ever since continued, till of late the last heir male of that eldest house, being the son of Sir Edward Apsley, is dead without issue, and his estate gone with his sister’s daughters into other families,” &c.

Her father, Sir Allen Apsley, was knighted by K. James, and afterwards procured the office of Victualler of the Navy, “a place then both of credit and great revenue.” His third wife was Lucy daughter of Sir John St. John of Lydiard-Tregoz in Wiltshire; by whom he had, among other children, this his eldest daughter. Her father was afterwards Lieutenant of the Tower, and died in May 1630, æt. 63, leaving his widow surviving, who died at her daughter’s house at Owthorpe, in 1659.

“After

“After my mother had had three sons,” continued the memoir-writer, “she was very desirous of a daughter; and when the women at my birth told her that I was one, she received me with a great deal of joy; and the nurses fancying, because I had more complexion and favour than is usual in so young children, that I should not live, my mother became fonder of me, and more endeavoured to nurse me. As soon as I was weaned, a French woman was taken to be my dry nurse, and I was taught to speak French and English together. My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her that her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency: for my father and mother, fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them so exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about 7 years of age, I remember I had at one time 8 tutors in several qualities, languages, musick, dancing, writing, and needlework, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book; and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me,

than

and had frequent resort to the house, where Mr. Hutchinson tabled: the man being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the King's musicians often met at his house to practise new airs and prepare them for the King, and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music, came thither to hear; others that were not, took that pretence to entertain themselves with the company. Mr. Hutchinson was soon courted into their acquaintance and invited to their houses, where he was nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure, them lovers, but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, and well-qualified; all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery, that vain women put on to set themselves off, yet Mr. Hutchinson could not be entangled in any of their fine snares; but without any taint of incivility, in such a way of handsome raillery, reproved their pride and vanity, as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms.

"In the same house with him, there was a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower, tabled for the practice of her lute, till the return of her mother, who was gone into Wiltshire for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in, about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that country, out of which my lady herself came, and where her brothers, Sir John St. John and Sir Edward Hungerford, living in great honour and reputation, had invited her to a visit of them.

"This

"This gentlewoman, that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child; her elder sister being at that time scarce past it; but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She, having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day, when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf, in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, enquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone, before he had seen her; and gone upon such an account, that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her; and the other gentlewomen, who had been her companions, used to talk much to him, of her, telling him, how reserved and studious she was; and other things, which they esteemed no advantage; but it so inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself, that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womankind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger, he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord, (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many various providencies, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction.

"There scarcely past any day, but some accident or some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman, although the mention of her, for the
most

most part, was enquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. One day there was a great deal of company met at Mr. Coleman's, the gentleman's house, where he tabled, to hear the musick, and a certain song was sung, which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it, which was in the house, and upon some of their desires read: a gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighbourhood had made it, it was presently enquired who? whereupon a gentleman, then present, who had made the first song, said, there were but two women that could be guilty of it, whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Mrs. Apsley.

"Mr. Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet, beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, although, to speak truth, it signified very little, addrest himself to the gentleman, and told him, he could scarcely believe it was a woman's, whereupon this gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, which made him regard all her perfections through a multiplying glass, told Mr. Hutchinson, that though for civility to the rest, he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Mrs. Apsley's only, for she had sense above all the rest, and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance, which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced: another gentleman, that sat by, seconded this commendation, with such additions of praise, as he would not have given if he had known her.

"Mr.

"Mr. Hutchinson hearing all this, said to the first gentleman, I cannot be at rest till this lady's return, that I may be acquainted with her; the gentleman replied, 'Sir, you must not expect that, for she is of an humour she will not be acquainted with any of mankind, and however this song is stolen forth, she is the nicest creature in the world of suffering her perfections to be known, she shuns the converse of men as the plague, she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex.' 'Well,' said Mr. Hutchinson, 'but I will be acquainted with her;' and indeed the information of this reserved humour, pleased him, more than all else he had heard, and filled him now with thoughts, how he should attain the sight and knowledge of her.

"While he was exercised in this, many days passed not, but a footboy of my lady her mother's, came to young Mrs. Apsley, as they were at dinner, bringing news that her mother and sister would in few days return; and when they enquired of him, whether Mrs. Apsley was married, having before been instructed to make them believe it, he smiled and pulled out some bride laces, which were given at a wedding in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentlewoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens, and carried the matter so, that all the company believed she had been married," &c. ****

"While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy again, he found out upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and please himself

himself in the hopes of her speedy return, when one day, having been invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood, to a noble treatment at Sion garden, which a courtier, that was her servant, had made for her, and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter were of the party, and having spent the day in several pleasant diversions, at evening they were at supper, when a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley, her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he eat no more, now only longing for that sight, which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation.

"She was not ugly; in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of any thing before her; yet spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul, when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person; he was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable, in that little thing, shewing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness

unaffectedness and such neatness as do not often meet in one.

“Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul, made him think all his pains well paid; and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty, which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable and willing to entertain his acquaintance.

“This soon past into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet she was glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplexed in mind; her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she had no inclination to. The troublesome pretensions of some of the courtiers, had made her willing to try whether she could bring her heart to her mother’s desire, but being by a secret working, which she then understood not, averted, she was troubled to return, lest some might believe it was a secret liking of them which had caused her dislike of others, and being a little disturbed with these things and melancholy, Mr. Hutchinson, appearing, as he was, a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief.

“Mr. Hutchinson on the other side, having been
VOL. IV. F told

told, and seeing how she shunned all other men, and how civilly she entertained him, believed that a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination between them, and daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks, which, at that sweet season of the Spring invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights.

“They had not six weeks enjoyed this peace, but the young men and women, who saw them allow each other that kindness which they did not afford commonly to others, first began to grow jealous and envious at it, and after to use all the malicious practices they could invent to break the friendship. Among the rest, that gentleman, who at the first had so highly commended her to Mr. Hutchinson, now began to caution him against her, and to disparage her, with such subtle insinuations, as would have ruined any love, less constant and honourable than his. The women, with witty spite, represented all her faults to him, which chiefly terminated in the negligence of her dress and habit, and all womanish ornaments, giving herself wholly up to study and writing. Mr. Hutchinson, who had a very sharp and pleasant wit, retorted all their malice with such just reproofs of their idleness and vanity, as made them hate her, who, without affecting it, had so engaged such a person in her protection, as they with all their arts could not catch. He in the meanwhile prosecuted his love, with so much discretion, duty, and honour, that at the length, through many difficulties, he accomplished his design.

“I shall

"I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe: for these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy mention among the greater transactions of his life. There is this only to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty, above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked on with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him than he found her, for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation.

"The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his: so as his shadow, she waited on him every where, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of more, and then she vanished into nothing. It was not her face he loved, her honour and her virtue were his mistresses, and these (like *Pigmalion's*) images of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found

with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities.

“That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small-pox, which was many ways a severe trial upon him; first her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her: but God recompenced his justice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered as well as before.

“One thing is very observable, and worthy imitation in him; although he had as strong and violent affections for her, as ever any man had, yet he declared it not to her till he had first acquainted his father, and after never would make any engagement but what his love and honour bound him in, wherein he was more firm and just than all the promissory oaths and ties in the world could have made him, notwithstanding many powerful temptations of wealth and beauty, and other interests, that were laid before him; for his father had concluded another treaty, before he knew his son’s inclinations were this way fixt, with a party in many things much more advantageable for his family, and more worthy of his liking: but his father was no less honourably indulgent to his son’s affection, than the son was strict in the observance of his duty, and at length to the full content of all, the thing was accomplished,

plished, and on the third day of July, in the year 1638, he was married to Mrs. Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower of London, at St. Andrew's Church in Holborn."

Jan. 10, 1807.

[To be continued.]

ART. XIX. *Memoirs of Mrs. Charlotte Smith.*

There is a pleasure of a very pure and elevated kind in paying a tribute to the memory of departed genius. But there are characters which it requires a venturous spirit to touch; the nice shades of intellectual eminence, the evanescent movements of a trembling heart, demand no common pen to delineate them:

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. a gentleman of Sussex, whose seat at Stoke near Guilford was afterwards owned by Mr. Dyson.* But her father possessed another house, as it seems, at Bignor Park, on the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest years: of which she speaks in the following beautiful stanza.

"Then, from thy wildwood banks, Aruna, roving,
Thy thymy downs with sportive steps I sought,
And Nature's charms with artless transport loving,
Sung like the birds, unheeded and untaught."

How enchanting must have been the day-dreams of a mind thus endowed, in the early season of youth and

* The name of Jeremiah Dyson is well known, as the patron and friend of Akenside.

hope! Amid scenery, which had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on sacred grounds: every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind; and her rich imagination must have peopled it with beings of another world. She has often addressed the river Arun. The following is her

XXXth SONNET.

"Be the proud Thames, of trade the busy mart!
 Arun! to thee will other praise belong;
 Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
 And ever sacred to the sons of Song!
 Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
 Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts;
 And Sorrow's drooping form, and faded cheek,
 Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts!
 Banks! which inspir'd thy Otway's plaintive strain!
 Wilds! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
 Of Collins' powerful shell! yet once again
 Another poet—Hayley is thine own!
 Thy classic streams anew still bear a lay,
 Bright as its waves, and various as its way!"

Again she thus speaks of her early propensities in her

XLVth SONNET.

"Farewell, Aruna! on whose varied shores
 My early vows were paid to Nature's shrine,
 When thoughtless joy, and infant hope were mine,
 And whose lorn stream has heard me since deplore
 Too many sorrows! Sighing I resign
 Thy solitary beauties; and no more
 Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline;

Or

Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore
 On air-drawn phantoms ! While in Fancy's ear,
 The Enthusiast of the lyre,* who wander'd here,
 Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
 Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear;
 Or wake wild frenzy from her hideous cell."

In her 5th Sonnet she addresses the South Downs, with her usual pathos.

" Ah ! hills belov'd, where once an happy child,
 Your beechen shades, your turf, your flowers among,
 I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
 And woke your echoes with my artless song ;
 Ah, hills belov'd ! your turf, your flowers remain ;
 But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
 For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
 And teach a breaking heart to throb no more !"

Mrs. Smith also discovered from a very early age, like all minds of active and expanded curiosity, an insatiable thirst for reading, which yet was checked by her aunt, who had the care of her education; for she had lost her mother almost in her infancy. She did not read as a task; nor according to any regular system, which may be more proper for common faculties, but devoured with eager eyes, every book, which fell in her way; an indulgence that enlarged the sphere of her observation, and extended her powers. It did not tend to make her, in the pedantic sense, a learned woman; but surely it tended to make her something much better; it gave impulse to her powers of in-

* Collins.

quiry and of thinking; and mingled itself with the original operations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

From her twelfth to her fifteenth year her father resided occasionally in London, and she was introduced into frequent and various society. It would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and her remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception, and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talent possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited such a brilliancy of imagination, and of sentiment, yet unsubdued by sorrows, as cannot have vanished unrecorded without justifying the severest regret. But as our faculties can only be ascertained by comparison, she probably did not yet know the strength or value of her own.

It is said that before she was sixteen, she married Mr. Smith, a partner in his father's house, who was a West-India merchant, and also an East-India Director; an ill-assorted match, the prime source of all her future misfortunes. Thus early engaged in the cares of a family, and shut up in one of the narrow streets of the great city, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people, whose habits and opinions could be little congenial with those of one who had indulged in all the visions of a poetical fancy on the banks of rivers, and in the solitude of heaths and downs, and hills, and vallies, a temporary damp must have been given to the expanse of her mind. After some time, when the irksomeness of this situation was aggravated

aggravated by the loss of her second son, Mr. Smith indulged her with a small house, in the neighbourhood of London, where she soothed her retirement by cultivating her early propensity to books, in the intervals which the anxious attention to her children afforded.

At length Mr. Smith's father, who could never persuade his son to give his time or care sufficiently to the business in which he was engaged, allowed him to retire deeper into the country, and purchased for him Lyss farm, in Hampshire. In this situation, Mrs. Smith, who had now eight children, passed several anxious and important years. Her husband was imprudent, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, and engaged in injudicious and wild speculations in agriculture. She foresaw the storm that was gathering over her; but she had no power to prevent it; and she endeavoured to console her uneasiness by recurring to the Muse, whose first visitings had added force to the pleasures of her childhood. "When in the Beech Woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear: it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth: I wrote mournfully, because I was unhappy!"

In 1776 Mr. Smith's father died; in four or five years afterwards Mr. S. served the office of Sheriff of Hants; and immediately subsequent, his affairs were brought to a crisis. That dreadful receptacle, the King's Bench, opened her melancholy gates to him; as she daily does to the victims of innocent misfortune, as well as of imprudence, and dishonesty,

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,"

and

and his wife had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him, and spend the greater part of the seven months he was confined there, with him. But during this trying period she was not idle, nor passed her time in unavailing grief. By her exertions principally Mr. S. at length procured his liberation.

In this awful interval, those talents, which had hitherto been only cultivated for her own private gratification, seemed to offer a resource for the day of adversity. She collected together therefore a few of those poems, which had hitherto been confined to the sight of one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley. This man, who was now grown old and rich, and who had probably been originally exalted into the station of an eminent publisher, rather by accident, or his brother's merits, than by any powers of his own, received the offer with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance on the MSS. and returned them with a stupid indifference. Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt oppressed and overcome with this brutal discouragement; and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have sunk into future silence, unconscious of that exquisite superiority of genius, which for two and twenty years has charmed the world.

Mr. Turner, her brother, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The sonnets were therefore printed at Chichester, at the expense of the author, with a dedication, dated May 10, 1784, to Mr. Hayley; and Dodsley, on this recommendation, undertook to be the publisher. A second edition was rapidly called for in the same year.*

* The title was, "*Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays. By Charlotte Smith, of Bignor Park, Sussex. The Second Edition. Chichester. Printed by*"

The manner, in which Mrs. Smith has described in a private letter, already given to the public, the event of her husband's liberation is so eminently interesting, as to call for a repetition of it in this place.

"It was on the 2d day of July, that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband, in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprize, I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air, of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night on the road) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields, where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strown, perceived with delight the beloved group, from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities!"

But this state of happiness was of very short con-

by Dannett Jeyes, and sold by Dodsley, Gardner, Baldwin, and Bow, London. 1784. 4to.

tinuance.

tinuance. Mr. Smith's liberty was again threatened; and he was obliged to fly to France to secure it. Thither his wife accompanied him; and immediately returning with the vain hope of settling his affairs, again passed over to the Continent with her children, where having hired a dreary chateau in Normandy, they spent an anxious, inconvenient, forlorn, and yet expensive winter, which it required all her heroic fortitude, surrounded by so many children and so many cares, to survive.

The next year she was called on again to try her efforts in England. In this she so far succeeded as to enable her husband to return; soon after which they hired the old mansion of the Mill family at Wolbeding, in Sussex; a parish, of which Otway's father had been Rector. Here she wrote her

XXVITH SONNET.

To the River Arun.

"On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
 No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear;
 Yet shall the mournful Muse thy course adorn,
 And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!
 For with the infant Otway, lingering here,
 Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
 While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear;
 And still the poet consecrates the stream.
 Beneath the oak and beech, that fringe thy side,
 The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
 And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
 The earliest nightingale delight to sing:
 While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
 Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate!"

It now became necessary to exert her faculties again as a means of support; and she translated a little novel of Abbé Prevost; and made a selection of extraordinary stories from "Les Causes Celebres" of the French, which she entitled "The Romance of Real Life."

Soon after this she was once more left to herself by a second flight of her husband abroad; and she removed with her children to a small cottage in another part of Sussex, whence she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, stimulated by necessity, she ventured to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature, for here she wrote her novel of "Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle," 1788. All that part of the public, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and most captivating kind. The simple charms of Emmeline; the description of the Old Castle in Wales; the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight; the character of Godolphin; and many other parts possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with hourly anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine and throw forth

forth such visions with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of a most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration!

But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will yet be increased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation. "Ethelinde" appeared in 1789; "Cecilia" in 1791; "Desmond" in 1792; and "The Old Manor House" in 1793. To these succeeded "The Wanderings of Warwick;" the "Banished Man;" "Montalbert;" "Marchmont," 1796; "The Young Philosopher," 1798; "The Solitary Wanderer;" making together, I believe, 38 volumes.

Besides these Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little volumes for young persons, entitled "Rural Walks;" "Rambles Farther;" "Minor Morals;" and "Conversations:" and a poem, in blank verse, called "The Emigrant," in addition to a second volume of Sonnets.

During this long period of constant literary exertion, which alone seemed sufficient to have occupied all her time, Mrs. Smith had both family griefs and family business of the most perplexing and overwhelming nature to contend with. Her eldest son had been many years absent as a writer in Bengal; her second surviving son died of a rapid and virulent fever; her third son lost his leg at Dunkirk, as an Ensign in the 24th Regt. and her eldest daughter, "the loveliest and most beloved of her children," expired within two years after her marriage. The grandfather of her children
had

had left his property, which lay in the West Indies, in the hands of trustees and agents, and when to this complication was added the unfortunate state of her husband's affairs, she had difficulties to surmount, in the endeavour to obtain justice, and a series of delays, pretences, misapplications, extortions and insults to endure, which must have agitated a sagacious and indignant spirit almost beyond human patience.

The aid of an high-minded nobleman is said to have enabled her at last to bring these affairs, of which the embarrassments were thus purposely aggravated, to an accommodation with the various parties, who had claims on them. But I have no opportunity of ascertaining whether these arrangements were ever completed before her death. The hour was arriving, when Grief was at last to subdue her long-tried victim. Her husband, who seems never to have conquered his habits of imprudence, died, as it is said, in legal confinement, in March 1806. On 28th Oct. following, at Telford, near Farnham in Surry, she died herself, and in the words of the newspapers, "much lamented by her family and a numerous and respectable acquaintance, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with the utmost patience, retaining her excellent faculties to the last."

I am totally unacquainted with the character of Mrs. Smith from any other source than her writings; but I consider those writings to furnish ample grounds for the delineation both of her intellectual and moral portrait. It appears to me scarce possible that in such a multitude of volumes, many of them written in haste, the same prominent features should materially vary from those of the author. When therefore I have heard
dark

dark hints of the harshness of her temper, or the freedom of her principles, I have been not only sceptical, but indignant; and have attributed these foul aspersions to that narrow envy and never-ceasing malice, which constantly attend on Genius, when it carries itself high, and will not bend to the follies and servilities of the world. I do not blame those imbecile and yielding spirits, which only smile or weep at the hand of the oppressor; and dare not lift an arm to defend themselves from insult or injustice; but I cannot admire them. I am not sufficiently an optimist to admit that upon all occasions all is for the best; to bear, without resistance, the insults of rank or wealth; the scorn of bloated prosperity, the robberies of legal extortion; or the taunts or frowns of unmerited unkindness.

I know that when great talents and superior taste are under the inflictions of adverse fortune, they are considered by stupidity and hard-heartedness as the fair victims on which they may indulge their vengeance and hatred. Then they conceive that the lion is chained down, disarmed of his claws, and they may commence their cowardly and cruel sports upon him, with impunity! If he growls, or lifts a paw, or shakes himself beneath his fetters, he commits an unpardonable offence, and is destined to endless persecution and calumny.

It is probable that the quickness of Mrs. Smith's penetration, and the boldness of her temper impelled her sometimes to speak unwelcome truths to some of the persons concerned in her affairs, who were generally accustomed to secure themselves by the glare of their riches from too near an inspection. This might be imprudent in point of self-interest; but surely it
neither

neither detracted from her virtue, nor from her claims to respect and admiration.

What are the traits which characterize every heroine delineated by her pen? An elevated simplicity, an unaffected purity of heart, of ardent and sublime affections, delighting in the scenery of Nature, and flying from the sophisticated and vicious commerce of the world; but capable, when necessity calls it forth, of displaying a vigorous sagacity and a lofty fortitude, which appals vice, and dignifies adversity! Can we doubt that the innocent and enchanting childhood of Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle, or the angelic affections of Celestina, were familiar to the heart of the author? They contain touches, which the warmest fancy, or the most ingenious head, could never supply.

Yet this is the writer, whose works have been deemed immoral! Immoral, by whom? By people who read with pleasure of fashionable intrigues; and wade with interest through all the base and stupid ordure of a circulating library! Who delight in the filthy amours of Tom Jones, and Peregrine Pickle! Who are enraptured with stories of ghosts, and robberies, and rapes, and murders!

There is indeed one novel of Mrs. Smith, on which this charge of immorality has been more particularly fixed. This is Desmond, which turns on the attachment of the hero to a married woman. But how is that attachment regulated; and in what does it end? Does it seek any other gratification than to befriend and protect the beloved object under adversity, dereliction, and trials of the most aggravated nature? Does the lovely Geraldine indulge in any act, any thought or wish, that angels could disapprove? What then is the

crime of the author? That she has drawn characters too virtuous for the world! And that she has placed them in situations of trial, which the world must not imitate, because it could not preserve its innocence in them!

But I hear it objected that there is a deficiency of religion in her works. Are novels then to be tried by the rules of a sermon? Surely in works of amusement the too frequent mention of this subject would profane it, and destroy rather than increase the reverence for it. Are any of the sentiments, or any of the characters, enforced by her, contrary to religion? It seems to have been her plan to portray virtue attractive by its own loveliness; and to leave it to divines to set forth the more awful motives of the Revealed Word!

"What moral effect," cry these censors, "do her tales produce?" I cannot help smiling, when I hear this question asked by those, who hang with rapture over the hobgobleries of the nursery. I suppose they are under the influence of the lessons they were taught in their infancy, when they were studying some of the tedious fables of Æsop, or Gay, to value them only as an exemplification of the two lines of the moral at the end!

Is there then no moral effect produced by an innocent amusement of the mind? Is there nothing in the delineation of scenes, which enchant the fancy, and melt the heart? Is there nothing in the picture of female loveliness,

"Sitting like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief?"

Is there nothing in calling forth that exercise of the intellectual faculties, which at once refines and exalts?

But

But are these the real causes, why the admirable productions of this fair writer have been thus depreciated? I think not. In some the prejudice was founded on her political principles. She was an approver of the origin of the French Revolution, and in *Desmond* spoke with too much bitterness of the privileged orders; and of the abuses of ancient institutions. Is there then no freedom of opinion in this country? Is there no forgiveness for one, who was smarting under unjust oppression, and exasperated by the undeserved neglect and insolence of "boobies mounted over her head?" By others her touches of character were too nice; they were too exquisite for the apprehension of some; while to many they laid open the obliquities of the heart, or the head, with too keen a pen. The broad caricatures, and glaring colours of common novels, which excited the heavy attention of ordinary readers, were too extravagant to touch the generality of those irritable beings, who shrunk at the sharp incision of Mrs. Smith.

For want of these glaring colours, and farce-like personages, some taxed her with want of fancy, and some with a departure from real life. The reverse appears to be the truth!

Of Mrs. Smith's poetry it is not easy to speak in terms too high. There is so much unaffected elegance; so much pathos and harmony in it; the images are so soothing, and so delightful; and the sentiments so touching, so consonant to the best movements of the heart, that no reader of pure taste can grow weary of perusing them. Sorrow was her constant companion; and she sung with a thorn at her bosom, which forced out strains of melody, expressive of the

most affecting sensations, interwoven with the rich hues of an inspired fancy. Her name therefore is sure to live among the most favoured of the Muse: but in gratitude for the long and exquisite pleasure I have received from her compositions, I feel some satisfaction in having made this humble and hasty attempt to do justice to her character.*

Jan. 11, 1807.

ART. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N^o I.

Prefatory Observations.

The Lives of Poets consist principally of their works; for they are seldom much engaged in any other operations than those of the mind.

In an acute examination of their writings we shall probably derive a much more accurate and discriminative idea of their characters, than from the garrulous anecdotes of their superficial acquaintance; or a few accidental traits of singularities or defects.

It may gratify the envy and malignity which are too prevalent in mankind, to bring down those who have possessed exalted talents, to the common level; to tell depreciating stories; and enforce a truth, we too well know, that the most eminent have had their hours of folly, if not of crime.

It shall be my endeavour to steer a different course.

* Most of the facts contained in this memoir are drawn from the account of Mrs. Smith, in Phillips's "Public Characters;" that article bearing many internal marks of authenticity.

I trust

I trust that without running into fulsome panegyric I shall be able to treat genius with the reverence to which it is entitled, and bestow praise which will gain credit from the truth of its appropriation.

Experience proves, how seldom the various qualities, which must combine to constitute a poet, occur. But if they, of whom I here propose to give some account, were not poets, those gifted beings must be still rarer than even I have supposed.

Is there any thing in education, rank of life, or outward circumstances, nutritive of this faculty? Let us examine the list of the principal ones who have died of late years. Two physicians, two lawyers, three clergymen, a Scotch professor, and a peasant! None of them, unless Cowper, of distinguished birth: and almost all poor.

THOMAS WARTON.

The author, of whom I now propose to give an account, was a man of singular endowments, and great simplicity of character.

Thomas Warton was a native of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and born in 1728. His father, who was vicar of that parish, was also a poet, and had been formerly Poetry Professor at Oxford. A posthumous volume of his Poems was edited by his son, the Rev. Joseph Warton, in 1748, three years after his death.

Thomas Warton was educated under his father at Basingstoke, and at a very early period became a member of the University of Oxford, where he soon distin-

guished himself by his poetical talents. The *Pleasures of Melancholy*, the *Progress of Discontent*, and *New-market*, a *Satire*, were all very early compositions.

These three poems in three various styles of composition discover his extraordinary youthful acquirements, and the great versatility of his talents. And to these may be added in still another manner the *Triumph of Isis*, 1749, in answer to *Mason's Elegy*; a composition, which considered as an exercise on a subject not chosen by himself, deserves high praise, for its harmony of numbers, and striking command of language and sentiment. Perhaps, though well calculated for popularity, it is not one of those compositions, on which either he himself or an acute critic would wish to place his claims to genius.

The recluse and uniform life of a *Fellow of a College* affords but little matter to descant upon. Yet it may offer many pleasures, and if not much enriched by diversity of action, may command a great variety of mental enjoyments. It has indeed been too often found, that in this mode of life, intellectual cultivation has not been in proportion to the opportunity it yielded; and that

“——the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And thro' the chambers pale to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd.”

Experience proves that there is a certain degree of difficulties, which animates the mind, and that perfect ease and quiet are not favourable to literary exertion.

Exemption from the cares of the world, respectable
station,

station, convenient apartments, a luxurious and social table, even rich libraries, and quiet and beautiful walks, have not often cherished that mental abstraction, and still less that mental energy, by which sublime or even ingenious works have been produced.

Thomas Warton surmounted the torpor incident to his situation. But his compositions are certainly not characterized by passion. They are rich in the splendour of diction, and in the images of the fancy—but few, if any of them, seem to have been produced under the influence of violent agitation. I think there is little of the

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.”

Poetical composition was far from being the sole, and perhaps not the primary, literary occupation of this author. He early distinguished himself as a critic in our old English literature, particularly on the works of Spenser; and his habits of elegant composition, his command of language, his extensive erudition, his powers of reflection, and the ingenuity of his inferences, raised him at once to an eminence in this department, which no successor has since risen to dispute with him. His *Observations on the Fairy Queen* was first published in 1753, in his 26th year, and corrected and enlarged into 2 vols. 12mo. 1762.

But he was not so immersed in black-letter studies, as to be forgetful of his classical attainments. In 1758 he published “*Inscriptionum Metricarum Dialectus, cum notulis*,” 4to.

Two years afterwards he contributed the *Life of Sir Thos. Pope* to the *Biographia Britannica*, which he

augmented into an 8vo. volume, 1770. Sir Thos. Pope was the founder of his College of Trinity; and this memorial must be considered as an offering of gratitude to a benefactor. The subject afforded but little to interest general curiosity, and it required all the riches and all the art of the writer to surround it with splendour. But this Warton has effected. He has brought forward many curious circumstances hitherto buried among the lumber of voluminous and forgotten historians; and by the perspicuity of his arrangement, the vivacity of his language, and the justness of his remarks, exhibited a narrative, in which they, who are fond of inquiring into the manners and characters of past times, will find their attention deeply engaged.

“ ————The piercing eye explores
 New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores!
 Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
 Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.”

In 1770, his 43d year, he published from the Clarendon press his celebrated edition of Theocritus in two volumes, 4to. of which, though it has not escaped attacks, several learned men have spoken in very high terms. His prefixed Dissertation, on the Bucolics of the Greeks, has been generally praised as an elegant and ingenious composition. I doubt whether he does not betray some awkwardness of Latin phraseology, which considering the variety of his pursuits will not appear at all wonderful.

From this time he must have been deeply engaged
 in

in preparing his *History of English Poetry*, of which the first vol. appeared in 1774, his 47th year. The second volume was published in 1778, and the third in 1781.

In 1777, as if to procure an interval of relief from his severer labours, he amused himself by printing a selection of his poems, of which very few had hitherto been made public. Many, which had for years been scattered about in various collections, though known to be his, he for some reason refrained from introducing in this little volume.

The world, I believe, received this publication rather coldly. The Spenserian or Miltonic cast of language or rhythm, the crowded imagery, the descriptive or allegorical turn, of most of the poems, were what Dr. Johnson (then possessed, without a rival, of the chair of criticism,) set all the energy of his invective, and the powers of his coarse ridicule, to decry. And the public, always glad to find an authority for their want of taste or of fancy, eagerly followed his example.

It is said that Dr. Johnson in the latter part of his life expressed his chagrin at some appearance of alienation in his friends the Wartons. But how unreasonable he must have been to expect otherwise! Who can bear ridicule on a favourite pursuit? And still less, unjust ridicule? No taste could have been more dissimilar, than that of Johnson and the Wartons! No minds formed in more opposite moulds! The Wartons were classical scholars of the highest order, imbued with all the enthusiasm, and all the prejudices if you will, of Greece and Rome, heightened by the romantic effusions of the ages of chivalry, by the sublimities of Dante and Milton, the wildness of Ariosto and Spenser,

per, the beauties of Tasso and Petrarch. Johnson was a severe moralist, who, thinking merely from the sources of his own mind, endeavoured to banish all which he deemed the useless and unsubstantial eccentricities of the mind. He loved the "Truth severe," but he could not bear to see it

"in fairy fiction drest."

How could such discordant tempers agree? Whenever they met, they must have parted with disgust. At least this must have been the case with the Wartons, whose quiet and unobtrusive manners rendered them unfit to cope with the vociferation and domineering spirit of Johnson, who often mistook the silence produced by rudeness for a proof of victory. To be overpowered by effrontery and noise, when we are confident that the force of argument is with us, is a provocation which few can bear!

Warton, who, even amid the seducing indolence of a college, constantly indulged the activity of his excursive intellect in some new subject of research, found time to relieve the toils of his history by drawing up a specimen of parochial topography, in an account of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, 1781, of which he was vicar. It is an admirable model for works of this nature, and discovers all that curious research in a new department of antiquities, for which he had already shewn such talents in a more flowery and inviting branch.

He also engaged in the Rowleian controversy, in a manner, which totally put an end to the question in the opinion of all rational and unprejudiced inquirers.

Ff

In 1785 he gave a new edition of the *Juvenile Poems of Milton*, 8vo. This was a grateful present to the public: another editor equally qualified for this task could not have been found in the literary world. The critic's favourite course of reading from his earliest years, his innate propensities, the structure of his mind, and the habitual course of his thoughts, all contributed to make him a congenial commentator on these beautiful poems. There are many who have blamed what they denonimate the excess of his illustrations. They conceive that the imitations and allusions which he has traced are sometimes fanciful, and sometimes too trivial for notice. But there is nothing, to which the ingenuity of envy and detraction cannot find plausible objections.

In this year he was, on the death of Whitehead, appointed Poet Laureat; and for the five succeeding years, (at the end of which, on May 21, 1790, he terminated his useful life,) he produced his two annual Odes; compositions, which, written as a task on trite and constantly recurring subjects, must not be examined with too much severity, but which, much more often than could be expected, display the richness of his poetical vein.

In these constant and various employments passed the life of Thomas Warton. And surely as far as a life of calmness and equability, unmingled with those domestic endearments, which, if they involve the most bitter sufferings, add the highest zest to human pleasures, can be happy, it must have been happy! All the luxuries of mental entertainment were at his command: libraries richly stored, and the silence of academic bowers, were ready to feed the curiosity of his mind,

mind, constantly awake to literary research. Freed from those anxious cares for the provision of the day, which have embittered the existence of too many men of genius, he could ruminate undisturbed upon the visions of his fancy, or pursue, without the compunctious visitings of prudence, the airy and unrecompensed investigations of a romantic spirit. With him if

"No children ran to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb'd his knees the envied kiss to share,"

he had none to reproach him for his neglect of worldly ambition, and his sacrifice to the unprofitable worship of the Muse.

Warton must be considered as one, who much employed himself in investigating the curiosities of literature. His pursuits therefore and his productions were of a less popular kind than those, which consisted of less research. Those minute facts, those pictures of manners, sentiments, and language, which he loved to discover and communicate, require minds of more than common cultivation to appreciate them. While therefore the simple productions of Goldsmith made instantly their way among all ranks of people, and the unadorned energy of his sentiments and imagery found an echo in every bosom, the more laboured and highly wrought compositions of Warton, illuminated by a richly cultivated fancy, and polished by all the artifices of style, were little relished by the generality of readers.

The manners of Warton are said to have been in an eminent degree unaffected. They discovered without disguise the habits and propensities of his character. Independent in his pursuits, quiet, inobtrusive, and ungoaded

ungoaded by vanity, and little accustomed to the collision of promiscuous society, he is said to have been silent and reserved in mixed companies; but, where he was familiar, to have opened all the powers of his mind, his vast fund of erudition, his brilliant fancy, and the cheerful attractions of irresistible humour.

He has been blamed by those, who think wisdom consists in stateliness of manner and pomposity of dress, for a neglect of the little forms of life, and of those punctilious ceremonies by which they consider the dignity of station to be preserved. He is also said to have been fond of low company, a fault, which certainly did not become a man of his high qualities; but which perhaps had some affinity with his excellencies. It is probable, that disgusted with those formalities which depressed the freedom of his thoughts, and the ebullitions of his humour, he might seek companions in those, among whom the superiority of his station enabled him to indulge without restraint the ease and eccentricities of his mind. He might also hope to find more simplicity, energy, and originality of character in the lower classes. It is reported that he was often seen amongst the watermen of the Isis (or the Cherwell) enjoying the luxurious movement of the boat, and the freshness of the river breezes, or perhaps smoking his pipe, in solemn abstraction, or quaffing the favourite beverage, on which he has written a panegyric with such happy humour!

[To be continued.]

ART.

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[To be continued.]

————— "Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head."

COWPER.

Nº. I.

On the consequences of War; with a poem in commendation of the Feudal Times.

In the multiplicity of subjects that offer themselves to a contemplative mind for consideration, I have experienced the common consequence of fulness of choice; I have deferred it till it is too late to do justice to any. But I will wave the formality of an introduction, which, from the practice of former essayists, is become too trite to interest; and proceed to make use of such materials, as are ready at my call; trusting to futurity to develop my plans, and bestow strength on my progress.

It is too well known, that refinement and luxury in all nations, at all times, have gone hand in hand; and that with wealth and prosperity have been sown the seeds of corruption, decline, and ruin. Some fluctuations there will be in all states; wars and even misfortunes may call forth a temporary energy, even after the commencement of a fall; and I am not sure that even those scenes of peculiar and unexampled distress and danger, which the Continent of Europe has experienced

rienced for the last fifteen years, may not procrastinate the total predominance of barbarism, and for a little while prolong some of the institutions of social order.

The amiable and enlightened Cowper, now and then, suffered under a passing cloud of narrow prejudice. He has said, that

"War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

I take for granted, he does not mean to allude merely to particular instances of a wanton exercise of prerogative in a sovereign, by engaging in a war from motives of personal ambition, contrary to the wishes of his people, (cases that do perhaps occur, yet not very often,) but to war in general, which he assumes to originate in this way.

Now I do not believe that wars in general are principally attributable to kings; still less do I believe that kings have entered into them for their own amusement; and least of all, that their consequences are so mischievous as the passage cited from Cowper seems to insinuate. The horrors of a field of battle, scenes of blood-shed, and devastation, and famine, are apt subjects for the powerful descriptions of a poet; and from such, results the moral (a little too encouraging to popular prejudices) of the affecting work of a living poet, one of the most beautiful writers* perhaps, which this nation ever produced; I mean, of the *Joan of Arc* of Southey! But from these partial evils, deep as they often are, I am convinced that there springs a great deal of good. They awaken a nation from that state

* I must except his *Thalaba*.

of stupefaction, sensuality, and effeminacy, which are its worst and most fatal disease: they dispel apathy, foster a generous and energetic spirit, accustom the body to wholesome exercise and toil, and nerve the mind against the hour of adversity and privation.

It is well remembered that, when, at the close of the late reign, the celebrated Dr. Brown, in his "Estimate," represented this nation, as sunk into the lowest state of female debility, the energy of Lord Chatham's administration, and the vigorous war which he carried on, electrified the kingdom, and raised it in a short period to a point of unexampled glory and renown, both for its wisdom and its heroism. Have we not seen similar effects from the late war? Compare the energy of the present race of males in all ranks of society, with the habits of those who predominated in society, during the peace, which followed the American contest! There is a vigour and hardihood in the rising generation, worthy of less luxurious times!

But how long we shall keep off the baneful effects, which commerce never fails at last to produce, I dare not inquire! My imagination at least will never fail to be best pleased with the manners of ages approaching nearer to those of chivalry! For this reason I shall here venture to insert a poem, congenial to these sentiments, which has hitherto lain unnoticed among my papers.

Linds

*Lines on the figure of a Warrior, dressed in Feudal Armour, his shield adorned with an ancient heral-
dric coat; a Baronial castle in the back ground,
on the highest tower of which is displayed a banner,
bearing the same insignia; drawn and presented
to the author by the Rev. C. W.**

“ So shone th’ heroic chief in days of old;
Fierce was his mien; his limbs of giant mould;
Beneath the load of cumbrous armour light,
Active he bounded to th’ infuriate fight;
Broad was his shield, with bold device imprest,
And on his helmet frown’d the grimly crest:
Yon moated castle’s massy walls uprose
To frown defiance on his vassals’ foes;
And o’er that shadowy forest’s wide domains,
O’er these blue hills, and those extended plains, 10
O’er many a scatter’d vill, and many a town,
He rul’d by right, by favour, or renown.

Ferocious days, and days of wild alarm,
Yet cheer’d by many a joy, and many a charm,
Which these degenerate times have lost.—For Power
Dwelt with the chief, who own’d the Feudal Tower!
Lord of the generous arts, that win command,
By noble counsel, or by valorous hand,
He knew no rivals in the dastard knaves,
Who spring to wealth from Lucre’s base-born slaves; 20

* One, who after one and thirty years of uninterrupted friendship, and after having buffeted with the rage of the yellow fever in the Atlantic, and having afterwards visited all the shores of the Mediterranean, and witnessed the horrors and the glories of the tremendous night, which was illuminated by the battle of the Nile, is returned safe to form one of the few props and comforts of the author’s life.

Who gain rich lands, and feed luxurious boards,
 By the vile modes, which groveling Trade affords!
 Perchance some Knight of more adventurous name
 His spirit's generous envy might enflame,
 One, on whose breast with more resplendent fire
 Beam'd the red cross, or growl'd the lion's ire;
 Who rode with statelier grace the prancing horse,
 Or couch'd his quivering lance with mightier force!
 E'en tho' his heaving bosom swell'd with pain,
 Aspiring wreaths of equal worth to gain, 30
 Still in the grateful strife was glory mix'd,
 And Virtue's wishes in his heart were fix'd:
 No wealthy son of Commerce bade him hide
 Before superior pomp his lessen'd pride,
 Nor call'd him with insulting sneers to vie
 In the mean race of arts he scorn'd to try:
 Honour and rank and wealth he saw await
 Toils of the wise, and actions of the great;
 Nor mark'd, where'er before his aching eyes
 Halls, mansions, castles, palaces, arise, 40
 Wretches usurp them, who in darksome cells
 Won their base spoils by Traffic's hated spells!
 Rude was the pile, that from th' impending brow
 Of some steep rock upon the wave below
 Oft look'd with fearful grandeur; loud the blast
 Rav'd on its walls, and thro' its turrets past;
 Chill were its sunless rooms, and drear the aisles
 Along whose length the night-breeze told her tales;
 Massive the walls, thro' which the genial day
 Strove with warm breath in vain to win its way: 50
 But jocund was its hall; and gay the feast
 That spoke the genuine gladness of the breast,
 When rang'd its hospitable boards, along
 The warlike bands renew'd th' heroic song;

Or

Or told wild tales, or drank with greedy ear
 Romantic ditties which the Minstrel-Seer
 Tun'd to his harp, while, as with bolder fire
 He threw his raptur'd hand across the wire,
 With visions of new glory beam'd each eye,
 And loud the gathering chorus rose on high; 60
 Till shook the rafter'd roof, and every bound
 Of the wide castle trembled with the sound.

Rough were the scenes, as was the master's mind,
 Which Nature, bordering on th' abode, design'd;
 Forests of age untold, whose unpierc'd wood
 Ne'er to the labourer's echoing axe had bow'd;
 Soft lawns, which mid surrounding coverts spread,
 By the wild tenants of the scene were fed;
 Deep dells, with fern and brake, and twisted thorn
 Thick-matted, whence the hunter's shrill-ton'd horn 70
 Started th' elastic deer, which, stung with fright,
 Swift as the viewless winds, pursued their flight;
 Loud torrents, rumbling as they win their course
 Thro' fretted rocks and winding banks by force;
 Or rills, that murmur'd music, as their race,
 Thro' flowery vales, they ran with even pace.

When War's alarms no more around him rag'd,
 In sports amid these scenes the Chief engag'd;
 Sports, that became his hardy form!—When Light
 First 'gan to streak the flying mists of Night, 80
 From his rough couch he sprung; his bugle blew,
 And round him each impatient hunter drew;
 Then forth the steed of wondrous swiftness came,
 And thro' the woods he sought th' affrighted game;
 From morn to eve, woods, plains, and vales and hills
 With the loud echo of his voice he fills;
 No toil fatigues him, and no danger stays;
 Perils the zest of his amusement raise;

Then home to gorgeous halls and blazing fires,
 Weary, yet pleas'd with exercise, retires; 90
 The feast is spread; the war-clad walls along
 Rings the glad converse, and rebounding song;
 And when again the sable-mantled Night
 Far o'er the sky has urg'd her heavy flight,
 On the hard bed his giant limbs he throws,
 And sinks serenely into deep repose!

O age of luxury! O days of ease!

The restless, vigorous, soul ye ne'er can please!
 Within your stagnant lakes Corruption breeds,
 And on your flowers vile sensual Meanness feeds! 100
 As when foul pests have gather'd in the sky
 And o'er the globe the death-charg'd vapours fly,
 Soon as the mighty Tempest drives his blasts,
 And thro' the lurid gloom his lightning casts,
 Vanish the congregated brood of ills,
 And heath and sunshine all the landscape fills;
 So, when wan Indolence and timid Joy,
 The native spirit of the mind destroy,
 And fiends of Hell, and sprites of loathsome Pain,
 Self-love, Lust, Gluttony, and Hate, enchain; 110
 The toils of war, the battle's thundering storm
 The sleepy current of the soul reform;
 The loaded bosom purge, and bid it flame
 With the pure throbbings of a generous fame,
 And light with hope, and airy with the fire
 Of blest Ambition, up to Heaven aspire!"*

* I had just finished this Essay, when I received the two following from
 a most valuable and respected Correspondent.

On the effects of rural scenery.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!"

MILT. PAR. *Lost.*

The pride and vanity of man, in order to distinguish him from the inferior animals of the creation, instead of having recourse to that reason by which he alone was formed "after the image" and "in the likeness" of his Maker, has led him to imagine a thousand frivolous and trifling marks of difference. Hence one philosopher defines him to be a laughing, and another a weeping animal. One makes the chief criterion between him and brutes, to be that, he walks upon two legs and is not covered with feathers; and another, with an affectation of piety, that he walks upon two legs and looks up to heaven; "Os Hominis sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri jussit." One, that he is the most perfect of creatures; and another, that he is the most helpless. So that, in short, the most inconsiderable varieties of form and manners have served them as sufficient foundations on which to build the most important of all generic distinctions; although in reality a negro, from under the equator, differs more in mere external appearance from a Greenlander, or an inhabitant of Terra del Fuego, than either of them does from several other animals.

But though it may be very truly asserted, and few persons will now be disposed to contradict it, that the only real and certain difference between us and all other creatures, consists in the inestimable gift of reason; still this does not completely solve the difficulty;

for beasts also have some degree of understanding; and the wisest of men have never yet been able to explain the exact analogy which the internal faculties of the "half reasoning elephant," and the acute instinct of the dog, bear to our boasted understanding.

There is however one faculty of man, connected indeed with reason; but wholly independant of the exercise of its higher powers, which has, I believe, been entirely overlooked in all the various speculations upon this subject, and which yet seems to form a very marked ground of distinction between the human race and brutes. This is the delight occasioned to the mind by rural scenery; so that I would define man as an "animal capable of receiving pleasure from the beauties of Nature." Of this there is not the least ground for supposing that other creatures are at all susceptible. No horse or dog, has ever been observed to stop to enjoy the view from a hill; to admire the rising or setting sun; or to choose to repose in a shady valley unless from the want of its shelter from the heat. A dog indeed will frisk in the snow, and, as Cowper says, will

" Shake his powder'd coat, and bark for joy:"

but he is never seen to admire the frozen fog which hangs on the tree, nor the glitter of the sunbeams on the icicle which is suspended from the roof; and the horse bounds over the verdant mead with as much pleasure in a dreary marsh as on the mountain's top.

But if this be greater, still perhaps it may be said that this is an enjoyment not natural, but acquired, and therefore no distinction of man with respect to his genus; but either a natural taste in some individuals,

of

or else dependent wholly upon the improvement of the mind. If this be so, my argument is certainly ill-founded, but I believe the very reverse to be the fact; I believe the most stupid and ignorant peasant receives as much temporary gratification by a view from a hill, or in a pleasant dale, as Gilpin himself ever did. Possibly indeed much more; for he has no power of frittering away his feelings by the exercise of his judgment in classing and analysing the objects before him, and thus finding a mountain too pointed, or a dale too circular, and its edges too strongly defined for picturesque beauty.

See the countryman upon a hill which commands what is commonly called a fine view. He opens his eyes, and stares around him with a grin of exquisite delight—"What a vast fine prospect here be! What a power of churches! and look, here's the river, and there's the wood! Sure 'tis a noble view, what a mort of miles one can see!" Place him in a deep valley, a Vaucluse if you will, and he exclaims, "What a vast pleasant place, so shady like, so green, and the water so clear! and then it is so lonesome—Why, a body may think here, without nobody's coming to interrupt him."

Now in both these cases who will venture to say that the rude and uninformed peasant does not feel as much delight as a Radcliffe, or a Charlotte Smith, would do in similar situations. True it is, that the artless and honest expressions of his feelings are not clothed in the glowing colours of the one, or the natural yet elegant language of the other. But the internal sensation is the same, and the only difference is, that he has no power of imparting the pleasure he has experienced to

others, in that exquisite manner which the two above-mentioned celebrated and rival ladies can.

I call them rivals, because they were both at the same time aspiring to fame by similar pursuits, though in writings composed in a very different style, and therefore not to be judged by the same rule. For the one is a novelist, but of the highest class, whose great merit is her delineation of character, and her views of life and manners, in which she is almost unequalled; while the works of the other are really romances as they are properly called; and the most striking circumstance which distinguishes them from other first-rate productions of the same kind, is the rich though sometimes gaudy colouring, which she throws over the vivid scenery that she so much delights to describe, and of which the imagery is such as belongs only to a warm country, and the most sublime objects of nature.

In Mrs. Radcliffe's works therefore the narrative is often of little use but to introduce the description to which it is subservient; in Mrs. Smith's, the description is only used to illustrate the story, and never forced into the service: it is always natural, and such as every reader of taste thinks he should feel himself in similar situations. Of this there are some striking instances in *Ethelinde*, in *Desmond*, and in the *Old Manor House*.

Although it may not be strictly pertinent to the subject of this Essay, yet I cannot resist the temptation of saying a few words concerning this last unfortunate lady, whose sorrows and misfortunes are now closed by the hand of death. It has been objected to her, and perhaps not without some foundation, that she
has

has not paid so much attention to morality and religion in her various publications, as she might have done; that she has not assisted her readers to draw the proper inferences from her characters, and the situations in which she has placed them; and therefore that the enjoyment of harmless pleasure and some improvement of our mental faculties, are the only advantages to be derived from the perusal of her works. Admitting the fact, much may be said in her excuse; disappointed in and made wretched by the tenderest connection of human life, she was left to struggle for herself and family, against every species of treachery and oppression, that the chicanery of law, directed by bad hands, could exercise against her :

“ The world was not her friend, nor the world's law.”

She found no helping hand to rescue her from the grasp of poverty, and bid her freely exercise the powers of her genius without being dependent on them for bread. Ill educated (that is, with respect to the most important point of education) and worse married; neglected by this world, and never taught to look up with earnest, though “ trembling hope” to another, it is no wonder that she did not inculcate more strongly principles of which she knew not the value. It is no small merit that neither in her language nor her sentiments she has strengthened bad ones; and in the only work which may be deemed of a contrary tendency, the errors both moral and political seem to have proceeded from the head rather than from the heart.

†*†.

NO.

Nº III.

On the different taste of Virgil and Horace with respect to rural scenery.

It has been observed long since, that no man can be a poet without being sensible of the charms of the country. "Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes;" that is, in theory: for in fact it is not absolutely the case. And the reason of this supposed preference is not so much on account of the undisturbed quiet of rural retirement, (for that may be had, as to all the purposes of writing and reflection, in Fleet Street as well as in Johnny Grote's house) but because the sublime and beautiful of nature so much assists, invigorates, and inspires a poetic imagination. To the moral and didactic muse indeed "crowded cities" and "the busy hum of men" may be useful in furnishing materials; and for that reason, perhaps, among others, Johnson, Goldsmith, and many more, have preferred London to any retirement, however beautiful; but in the higher walks of poetry the tumult of a crowded city can only serve to confuse and derange the ideas. Amidst the "fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ," on what objects can the "fine frenzy" of a "poet's eye" delight to glance; with what views of nature can he assist his fancy!*

Hence we find, that however poets may in other respects differ from each other, they all agree in cele-

* "Hac rabiosa ruit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros." HOR.

brating

brating the praises of the country. Even those who as men could hardly exist out of the atmosphere of Rome or London, as poets have not dared to avow a predilection so disgraceful and almost unnatural—almost impious indeed, if the strong and nervous expression of Cowper in his truly original style,

“God made the country, but man made the town,”*

could be understood in its literal sense.

But however poets may agree in this general principle, they vary greatly in the application of it, and in their preference of particular scenery are by no means guided by the same taste.

A remarkable instance of this (which as far as I know has not been noticed before) appears in the two most celebrated poets of the Augustan age, Virgil and Horace. Though born in different parts of Italy, Rome was their common centre, and though both of them speak in raptures of rural scenery and the magnificence of nature, they place the greatest perfection of it in countries very different from each other as well as distant. It is worthy of notice also, that each of them had travelled through the same parts, that is, all over Italy, Greece, and the intervening country, and neither of them fixes on his own natal soil. Virgil indeed was so partial to his, that he wishes there to enjoy his fame, and end his days. He was born near Mantua, and he promises to build a temple on the lake through which the slow and reedy Mincius takes its wandering course.† He praises the fertility of the soil,
and

* This however is the remark, and I believe the language, of Cowley.

† See *Georg. II. v. 136, &c.* and *Georg. III. 13.* The exactness of the poet's

and asserts that Italy is superior to the richest parts of Asia. But this assertion is made, not with regard to the beauties of its scenery, but the usefulness of its productions, and its freedom from noxious animals.

Not however that the elegant poet was insensible to the charms of Nature; for, in perhaps the most highly finished and admirable passage which all antiquity can furnish, he has given the reins to his fancy in the praise of the country and of a country life. But in this delicious and glowing description, it is observable that no part of the scenery which he apostrophizes by name belongs to his own country. It is all Grecian;* his fields, his mountains, his rivers, and his woods are all found in Thessaly, Laconia, and Thrace.

Horace is so far like Virgil, that neither does he derive his ideas of rural beauty from the country of which he was a native; but, unlike him in other respects, gives the palm to some parts of Italy over all the rest of the world. In particular, he prefers it to the most admired scenery of Greece, even by name, in the strongest terms. In his ode to Plancus (Lib. I. Ode 7), he tells him that he shall leave to others the office of celebrating the beauties both of art and nature to be found in Greece; for that neither Laconia itself †

(whi h

poet's description is admirable. The Mincius slowly winding through a flat rich country forms a lake at Mantua; there he promises to build his temple, *propter aquam*, which ought to be rendered *near the lake*; a nicety passed over, I believe, by his commentators and translators.

* Georg. II. v. 486, et seq.

O ubi Campi

Sperchiusque, et virginibus Vacchata Lacœnis

Taygeta! O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi

Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

† *T. m. patiens Lacedæmon* cannot refer to the city, because that could be

(which country was expressly included in Virgil's praises) nor even the boasted vale of Tempe was equal in his estimation to the scenery round Tibur; in which neighbourhood his own villa was seated. Upon the same principle we find the poet earnestly wishing at another time (Lib. II. Ode 6) that he may pass the evening of his days at Tibur, and that if this prayer be denied him, he may be allowed to settle in the soft and genial climate of Terentum, in the south-east of Italy.

This difference of opinion, or taste, in two poets, contemporaries and friends, is very striking. To which the Emperor gave his suffrage, who loved them both, and (I am sorry to add) was flattered by both, it would now be useless to inquire; but it is curious to observe in how different a light the same objects appear to minds of perhaps equal powers, of equally cultivated understandings, and having an equal taste for the enchanting scenery which abounds in both those countries.

Admirable indeed is the variety of the powers of Nature, and their influence on the minds of men; and the different manner in which they affect different dispositions, so that what is to one a beauty, to another appears a deformity, is not one of the least instances of the bounty of Providence towards us. Extensive as their variety seems in combination, the works of Nature (like every thing that is truly great) are simple. Water, hill, plain, and wood, form all her materials;

no object of comparison with the groves and rivers of Tiber. Larissa was seated on the river Peneus, which also ran through the vale of Tempe; and, no doubt, is to be understood as referring to that valley which might well be compared to Tiber, though the *fertile Laïssa* in the strict and literal sense could not.

but

out these are subdivided, modelled, classed, and mixed together, in so many forms of beauty, as to prove to a well regulated mind one of the purest as well as highest sources of innocent and intellectual pleasure. †*†.

ART. XXII. *Otium divos, &c. Hor. Lib. II.*
Od. 16. Imitated.

TO LAURA.

1.

“ For ease the wand’ring Sailor prays
 Who o’er the wide Ægean strays,
 When clouds obscure the pensive moon,
 And shut the day-light out too soon.

2.

In hopes of ease the Thracians glow,
 And toils unnumber’d undergo—
 Ease, dearest Laura, always sought
 But ne’er by gold or jewels bought.

3.

Not all the power of envied Pitt,
 Purple nor treasures, can remit
 The tumults of the wretched mind,
 And cares not ev’n to riches kind.

4.

Happy the man whose frugal board
 Is with paternal pewter stor’d,
 His gentle slumbers ne’er shall hear
 Or sordid Lust, or starting Fear.

5s Why

III

5.

Why do we leave fair England's soil,
O'er burning India's sands to toil?
No change of clime can change the mind;
Himself the wand'rer still must find.

6.

Care climbs the lofty vessel's sides,
And with us o'er the ocean glides,
The agile horseman sits behind,
Swifter than lightning or the wind.

7.

The mind which present prospects please
The hated future ne'er foresees,
Tempers with smiles the low'ring day,
For none are blest in ev'ry way.

8.

Monthermer died in youthful bloom,
But age fill'd hoary Mansfield's tomb;
And I perhaps by fate may gain
What matchless Laura seeks in vain:

9.

Round thee the laughing Graces play,
The Muses, conquer'd, own thy sway,
And all the sweets of Love combine
To bless thy bed with joys divine.

10.

For me, by Fortune's pow'r oppress,
While others pant for ease and rest,
Be this my anxious wish alone
To call thy faithful heart my own."

ART.

ART. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. Nov. 4. At Aldenham, Herts, aged 71, Geo. Mason, Esq. well known for his valuable Collection of Old English and Foreign Literature, and author of "An Essay on Design in Gardening, 1796;" "Poems by Thomas Hoccleve, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, 1796;" "Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary;" "Memoir of Lord Howe;" "Answer to T. Paine," &c.

Nov. 13. At Henley in Arden, Warwickshire, Joseph Weston, many years organist of Solihull in that county; and whose controversy with Miss Seward as to the merits of Pope, carried on some years ago in Gent. Mag. is well remembered.

Lately. At Montserrat, aged 64, Francis Masson, a great Botanist, author of "Observations on several new Species of the Genus *Stapiliæ nova*."

Dec. 2. Aged 83, Thomas Towle, B.D. an eminent Dissenting Minister.

1807. Jan. . Isaac Reed, Esq. too eminent in the literary world, to have his merits comprized in a short article.

P. S. The Editor's extreme illness for the last fortnight has caused a greater hurry in the last sheets of this Number than is likely to occur again.

Jan. 27, 1807.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XIV.

[Being the Second Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *The principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by sea or over land, to the remote and farthest distant Quarters of the Earth, within the compass of these 1500 years. Divided into three several volumes, according to the positions of the regions whereunto they were directed. The first volume containeth the worthy Discoveries, &c. of the English towards the North and North-East by Sea, &c. With many testimonies of the ancient foreign Trades, the warlike and other shipping of this realm, with a Commentary of the true State of Iceland, the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the Victory at Cadiz. By Richard Hakluyt, M.A. Sometime Student of Christ-Church, in Oxford. Fol. 1598.**
The

* This first volume was first published in 1589. Printed as above. See Herbert, II. 914.

Hakluyt has previously published *“ Divers Voyages touching the discoveries of America, and the Lands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterward by the Frenchmen and Britons: and certain notes*
VOL. IV. 1 *of*

recorded therein to so many heroic exploits, before we can expect such a true taste of delight will prevail to do them so much justice; or that envy of transcendent worth, will permit a noble emulation of it so far to perpetuate the renown of our said ancestors, as to render, by this means, their memory no less durable and extensive, than their merits have demanded. For it may, perhaps, be thought impolitic, thus to display the most hazardous and the most generous enterprizes which appear in this book, for the honour and advantage of our country, till the virtues of our predecessors will not reflect disadvantageous comparisons upon the posterity, who shall revive them. But there may be still room left for a more favourable construction of such neglect, and to hope that nothing but the casual scarcity or obscurity of a work, so long since out of print, may have prevented its falling into those able and happy hands, as might, by such an edition, reward the eminent examples preserved therein, the collector thereof, and themselves, according to all their deserts."

Oldys further observes, that, "as it has been so useful to many of our authors, not only in cosmography and navigation but in history, especially that of the glorious reign in which so many brave exploits were atchieved; as it has been such a leading star to the naval histories since compiled; and saved from the wreck of oblivion many exemplary incidents in the lives of our most renowned navigators; it has therefore been unworthily omitted in the English historical library. And lastly, though the first volume of this collection does frequently appear, by the date in the title page, to be printed in 1599, the reader is not thence to conclude the said volume was then reprinted;
but

but only the title page, as upon collating the books we have observed; and further, that in the said last printed title page, there is no mention made of the Cadiz voyage; to omit which might be one reason of reprinting that page: for it being one of the most prosperous and honourable enterprizes that ever the Earl of Essex was engaged in, and he falling into the Queen's unpardonable displeasure at this time, our author, Mr. Hakluyt, might probably receive command or direction, even from one of the patrons to whom these voyages are dedicated, who was of the contrary faction, not only to suppress all memorial of that action in the front of this book, but even cancel the whole narrative thereof at the end of it, in all the copies (far the greatest part of the impression) which remained unpublished. And in that castrated manner the volume has descended to posterity; not but if the castration was intended to have been concealed from us, the last leaf of the preface would have been reprinted also, with the like omission of what is there mentioned concerning the insertion of this voyage. But at last, about the middle of the late King's reign, an uncastrated copy did arise, and the said voyage was reprinted from it; whereby many imperfect books have been made complete."

Locke says that the Collection of Hakluyt "is scarce, and valuable, for the good there is to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous; delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust; so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them; so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking; and such a multi-

tude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries."

He says of Purchas, that "he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio." But he adds, that "the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages, that might otherwise have perished. But like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling, and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable."*

Richard Hakluyt was descended from an ancient family seated at Yetton in Herefordshire, elected student of Christ Church from Westminster school in 1570, took his degree, and then removed to the Middle Temple, where, it is supposed, he studied the law. Afterwards he entered into orders, and became Prebendary of Westminster, 1605, and Rector of Wetheringsett, Suffolk. His genius leading him to the study of history, especially of the maritime part of it, which was encouraged by Sir Francis Walsingham, he kept a constant intelligence with the most celebrated navigators of his day; and from them, and from many small pamphlets and letters, that were published, and went from hand to hand in his time, concerning the voyages and travels of several persons, he compiled his collection. He died the 23d of No-

* The price both of Hakluyt and Purchas is high, but of the latter extravagant: Mr. Clarke names fifteen guineas, I suspect it is now much higher.

ember 1616, and was buried in St. Peter's church, Westminster. Anthony Wood records the following publications by him, viz. "*The Discoveries of the World from the first original to the year of our Lord 1555. London. 1601. 4to.* corrected and much amended, and translated into English from the Portuguese of Anth. Galvano, Governor of Ternate, the chief island of the Moluccas.

He also translated from the same language into English "*Virginia richly valued by the description of the main land of Florida, her next neighbour. London. 1609. 4to.*" He likewise illustrated by diligent observation of time, and with most useful notes, "*Peter Mert. Anglericus, his eight Decades de novo orbe. Paris. 1587. 8vo.**"

Samuel Purchas, by some styled our English Ptolemy, was born either at Dunmow, or Thaxted, in Essex, and educated at Cambridge, from whence he became minister of East-wood in Rochford hundred, in his native county. But being desirous to prosecute his natural turn for collecting and writing voyages and travels, he left his cure to his brother, and by the favour of the Bishop of London, procured the rectory of Saint Martin's church, within Ludgate. Besides his great work, he published "*Purchas his Pilgrim, Microcosmus, or the History of Man, &c. London. 1619. 8vo.*" Also "*The King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London. London. 1623. 8vo.*" and "*A Funeral Sermon on Psalm xxxix. 5. 1619. 8vo.*"

By the publication of these books he brought himself into debt, and is reported to have died in prison.

* Wood's Ath. J. 413.

But this is not the fact, as he died at his own house, about 1628, aged 51, a little while after the King had promised him a deanery.

John Bosart in his *Bibliotheca* thus speaks of him: "Samuel Purchas Anglus linguarum et artium divinarum atque humanarum egregie peritus, philosophus, historicus, et theologus maximus, patriæ ecclesiæ ap-
tistes fidelis, multis egregiis scriptis et imprimis orientalis occidentalique Indiæ variis voluminibus patriâ linguâ conscriptis celeberrimus." Another Samuel Purchas, A.M. who published "*A Theatre to Political flying Insects, &c. London. 1657. 4to.*" was his son, as appears by the last copy of verses before that book.*

ART. III. *English Collections of Voyages continued,*

To bring into one point of view the principal collections subsequent to Hakluyt and Purchas, I here take the liberty of borrowing the materials offered to me in the preface of Clark's *Progress of Maritime Discovery*,

In 1704 a collection of repute was published by Churchill. This, when complete, with the two volumes of scarce voyages, printed from Lord Oxford's Collections, the first of which appeared in 1732, amounts to eight volumes in folio, and bears a high price. A new edition appeared in 1732 and 1752.

Harris's Collection, in two volumes folio, entitled, "*Navigantium atque itinerantium Bibliotheca*" folioed in 1705, and was considered as a rival publi-

* Wood's *Fasti*, L. 203.

cation. It has since been reprinted with considerable additions by the learned Doctor Campbell, in 1744, 1748, 1764.

"In all these Collections," says Mr. Clark, "the impartial reader will find much more to commend than to blame, and the collective mass of information is extremely valuable;" but he adds, that if any one deserves the palm, that person is the modest and anonymous compiler of the work, which is known by the name of Astley, its bookseller; it is entitled "*A New and General Collection of Voyages and Travels*," in four thick quarto volumes, the first number of which appeared in December 1744, and the last in 1747.

The unassuming author was Mr. John Green, of whom nothing is known. Mr. Charles Green, the astronomer, who accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage, had an elder brother, the Rev. Mr. John Green, who kept a school in Soho, but the similarity of name is all that can be offered. Mr. Clarke has been informed, that Mr. Green had projected a more extensive work, but that the impatience of his publisher brought it to a conclusion at the end of the fourth volume.

"The superior merit of this Collection was acknowledged, even by foreigners, and before the completion of the first volume, the Chancellor of France deemed it worthy of attention. He accordingly requested the Abbé Prevost, Chaplain to the Prince of Conti, to translate it. The execution of this occupies the seven first volumes of his *Histoire General des Voyages*, and part of the eighth. But it is to be lamented, that in the performance of this task Prevost has taken very unwarrantable liberties; has shewn throughout a desire

sire to supplant the fame of the original work, which is not once named in the title; and by affixing his own portrait to the first volume, few readers to the present day are aware that the original exists in their own language. Such was the confusion the Abbé produced in his translation, by transposing passages he afterwards inserted as his own, and by the mistakes, which he made, that M. Pierre del Hondt, an excellent judge of the merit of Astley's work, brought forward a new translation at the Hague, in which he restored the mutilated parts. An edition was also printed by Didot at Paris, in 12mo. 1749; and some of the volumes at Dresden: the whole amounted to fifty volumes.²¹

These circumstances, in consequence of this public mention of them by Mr. Clarke, have operated to restore Astley's collection to its due credit, and have much increased the price of it.

A valuable "*Historical Collection of the several Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean*," was given by Alexander Dalrymple, Esq. in 4to. 1770. To which was afterwards added, in 1775, another volume, consisting of "*A Collection of Voyages and Observations in the Ocean between South America and Africa*."

ART. IV. *The Recuyell of the Historys of Troye: composed and drawen out of dyverce Bookes of Latin into Frenshe, by the right venerable Persons and worshipfull Man Raoul le Fewre, Preest and Chapelayn unto the ryght noble, glorious, and mighty Prince in his Tyme, Philip Duc of Burgoyne,*

goyne, of Brabant, &c. in the Yere 1464, and translated and drawen out of Frenshe into Englishe, by Willyam Caxton, Mercer of the Cyte of London, at the comaundment of the ryght, hygh, myghty, and vertuouse Princesse, his redoubtyd Lady Margarete, Duchesse of Burgoyne, &c. whiche said Translation and Werke was begonne in Brugis, &c. the first of March, 1468, and ended in the Holy Cyte of Colen, 19 Sept. 1471.

This is generally understood to be the first book printed by Caxton; though an ingenious and learned gentleman has argued for the probability of his having before printed the original, viz. "*Le Recueil des Histories de Troyes*." Caxton, having printed this abroad, did not import the art itself till he returned to England a year or two afterwards. He concludes in the Colophon of this book with the following words: "Forasmuche as age creepeth on me daily, and febleth all the bodye, and also because I have promysid diverce gentilmen, and to my frendes, to address to hem, as hastely as I might, this said book, therefore I have practysed and lerned, at my grete charge and dispenche, to ordeyne this sayde book in prynte, after the manner and forme as ye may here see, and is not wreton with penne and ynke, as other bokes ben, to thende that all men may have them attones; for all the bookes of this storye, named the Recule of the Historeys of Troyes, thus enpryntyd, as ye here see, were begonne in oon day, and also fynyshid in oon day," &c.*

* See Bib. Har. III. 193. Herbert's Typ. I. 2.

ART. V. *The Siege and Conquest of Iherusalem, with many other Hystories therein comprysed: and of the Meseases of the Cristen Men in the Holy Londe; and of their Releef, &c. and how Godeffroy of Boloynes was first Kyng of the Latyns in that Royamme; and of his Deth. Translated and reduced out of Frenshe into Englyshe, by me symple Persone Wylliam Caxton. Emprynted in thAbbey of Westmester, xx of Novembre,* 1481.*

"The end (or design) of this performance, Caxton tells us in his Colophon, was, that every Christian man may be the better encouraged to enterprise war for the defence of Christendom, and to recover the said city of Jerusalem, in which our Saviour suffered death, &c. Also, that Christians might go thither in pilgrimage, with strong hand, to expel the Turks and Saracens out of the same, that our Lord might be there served, &c. Matter of fact appears to have been the chief pursuit of the author in this history; and, though some "mervallous workes" do occur in it; yet it seems not so over-run with romance, as some other histories of this age and subject are. Our translator says he presents this book to King Edward IV. which very presentation-book was sold in the auction of Mr. Rich. Smith's library in 1682. It was much read by our old warriors."†

* See Herbert, I. 35.

† Bibl. Harl. III. 193.

ART. VI. *Merie Tales, newlye imprinted, and made by Master Skelton, Poet-Laureat. Imprinted at London in Fleet Street beneath the conduit at the sign of S. John Evangelist by Thomas Colwell. 8vo. no date.*

This little volume, which is no longer in my hands, was formerly the property of Steevens, who wrote the following lines upon the fly-leaf. "*I never saw any other copy of this book. The late Duchess of Northumberland had a fragment of it, concluding with the page that begins, How the Hostler dyd byte Skelton's mare, &c.*" G. S.

We have Tarleton's jests, and Skoggan's jests, and these might, with equal propriety, have been termed Skelton's jests: as the "merie tales" are composed of buffoon tricks attributed to the laureat, who perhaps father'd all the unappropriated jokes of his time. Of a volume attractive only by its rarity, a minute account were "burning day-light." The following specimens will be sufficient examples of the humour of the collection.

Tale 1st. How Skelton came late home to Oxforde from Abington.

"Skelton was an Englyshe man borne as Skogan was, and he was educated and brought uppe in Oxfoorde; and there was he made a Poet Lawreat. And on a tyme hee had bene at Abbington to make mery, wher that he had eate salte meates, and he dyd come late home to Oxfoorde; and he dyd lye in an ine named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell, and he dyd drynke

drynke and went to bed. Aboute mydnyght he was so thyrstie or drye that hee was constrayned to call the tapstere for drynke, and the tapstere hearde hym not. Then he cryed to hys oste and hys ostess and to the osteler for drynke, and no man would heare hym. 'Alacke!' sayd Skelton, 'I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke: what remedye!' At the last he dyd crie out and sayd 'fyer, fyer, fyer.'

"When Skelton harde everye man bustled hymself upward, and some of them were naked and some were halfe asleepe and amased, and Skelton dyd crye 'fyer! fyer!' (styll) that everye man knew not where to resorte, Skelton dyd go to bed: and the oste and the ostess and the tapstere wythe the osteler dyd runne to Skelton's chambere wythe candles lyghted in theyr handes saying 'Where, where, where is the fyer?' 'Here, here,' sayd Skelton, and poynted hys fynger to hys mouth, sayinge, 'fetch me some drynke to quenche the fyer, and the heate, and the drinesse in my mouthe:' and so they dyd. Wherefore, it is goode for every man to helpe hys owne selfe in tyme of nede wyth some policie or crafte, so be yt ther bee no deceit nor falshed usid."

Tale 2. Howe Skelton drest the Kendall-man in the Sweat time.

"On a tyme Skelton rode from Oxfoorde to London wyth a Kendall-man, and at Uxbrydge they beyted. The Kendal-man layde hys cappe upon the borde in the halle, and he went to serve hys horse. Skelton tooke the Kendal-man's cappe, and dyd putte betwyxte the lyninge and the outer syde a dyshe of butter.

ter. And when the Kendal-man had dreste hys horse, he dyd come yn to diner, and dyd putte on hys cappe; (that tyme the sweatynge sycknesse was in Englande). At the laste when the butter had take heate of the Kendal-man's heade, yt dyd begynne to ron over hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayd 'Syr, you sweate soore, beware that you have not the sweatynge sycknesse:' and the Kendal-man sayde, 'By the masse Is'e wrang: I bus go tyl bed.' Skelton sayd, 'I am skill'd on physicke, and specially in the sweatynge sycknesse, that I wyll warrant anye man.' 'In good fayth,' sayd the Kendal-man, 'do see, and Is'e bay for your skott to London.' Then sayd Skelton, 'get you a kerchief, and I wyll bring you abed,' the wyche was doone. Skelton caused the cappe to be sod in boat lee, and dried it. In the mornyng Skelton and the Kendal-man dyd ryde merely to London."

"Thus" (to use the words of the colophon) "endeth (two of) the merie tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasant for the recreation of the minde."

O. G.

ART. VII. *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phanix and Turtle. A poem, enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine worthies; being the first Essay of a new British poet: collected out of authenticall records. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers;*

writers ; whose names are subscribed to their several workes ; upon the first subject ; viz. the Phoenix and Turtle. 1601.

The above title is transcribed from a Note to Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare, 1780, Vol. I. p. 732, for the purpose of soliciting any of my readers, into whose hands a copy of the very curious and scarce volume, to which it belongs, may have fallen, to furnish me with a fuller account of it.

Mr. Malone says, that the principal writers associated in this collection are Shakspeare, B. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. There is a second title preceding the contributions of these authors in the following words : "*Hereafter follow diverse poetical essaies on the former subject ; viz. the Turtle and Phanix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes. Never before extant. And now first consecrated by them all generally to the love and merit of the truly noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie.*"

The poem of Shakspeare, copied by Malone, is the xxth of "The Passionate Pilgrim," beginning

"Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound echaete wings obey."

ART. VIII. *Rub and a Great Cast: and Runne, and a Great Cast. The second bowle. In 200 Epigrams. By Thomas Freeman. London. 1614.*
.. 4to.

For this odd title, which would seem to have travelled from the bowling-green, the author assigns a fanciful reason in the following lines :

“ Sphæra mihi, calamus; mundi sunt crimina nodi,
Ipse sed est mundus sphæromachia mihi:
Sive manere jubes, lector, seu currere sphæram
Lusori pariter, curre maneque placent.”

Thomas Freeman was a Gloucestershire man, and born near Tewksbury, about 1590. At the age of sixteen, he became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. B. Retiring from thence to London, he set up for a poet, says Wood,* and was shortly after held in esteem by Daniel, Donne, Shakspeare, Chapman, and others. To the poets here named, and also to Spenser or his *Fairy Queen*, and Nash, he has severally addressed epigrams; but it is not hence to be affirmed that he was personally acquainted with all of them. In Vol. IV. of his *Poetical History*, Mr. Warton has given a specimen of our author's humour, which acquaints us, even in his time, that “London itself seem'd going out of Town.” In the last edition of Mr. Ellis's *Specimens*, a more favourable instance has been shewn of Freeman's poetical talents. The following extracts will serve to ascertain the general tenor of his epigrammatic effusions.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 398.

EPIG. 6.

In Mopsam.

"Mopsa had not (I heard her when she swore)
The tooth-ach not these twenty yeares and more.
And well may Mopsa sweare, and sweare but truth,
'Tis above twenty since she had a tooth."

EPIG. 10.

In Fimum.

"Fimum is coach'd, and for his further grace,
Doth ask his friends—' how he becomes the place? '—
Troth, I should tell him ' the poore coach hath wrong,
And that a cart would serve to carry *dong*."

EPIG. 12.

In Photinum.

"I met Photinus at the Chancelor's court,
Cited (as he said) by a knave relator;
I askt him, ' wherefore?' he, in laughing sort,
Told me—' it was but for a childish matter :—
Howere he laught it out, he lyed not;
Indeed 'twas *childish*, for the *child* he got."

EPIG. 17.

Vilior Alga.

"So fares the world, we love our friends, if rich:
If not, then not: so wary wise wee grow,
Wee question not the manner, but how much
A man is worth: we ask no other how:
Yet friendship's prais'd, and vertue gets good words;
That's all the goodnesse this vile age affoord."

EPIG. 18.

In Peg.

"Peg would play false but that she stands in feare
'Twill prove, within three quarters of a yeare:
She fancies, though she followes not, the game,
'Tis not for feare of *sinne* but feare of *shame*."

EPIG.

EPIG. 12.

Patruo suo colendiss. Rich. Freeman generoso
 "To whom may I these rimes more truly send,
 Then unto you, where they were bred and born?
 Should all forsake them, you must be their friend,
 If good, your praise; if bad, (t' escape from scorn)
 To Bucklersbury, or Tobacco-takers,
 Or Flax-wives vent them, or neere home you may
 To Tewkesbery amongst the mustard-makers;
 Or fire them, or send them quite away:
 Your only sweet course for Virginia ship them,
 For by the *statute* you are bound to keep them."

EPIG. 22.

In Hylam puerum immature mortuum.
 "Hylas a child, and dead; how should it come?
 Surely his thread of life was but a thrum."

EPIG. 28.

Videntur et non sunt.
 "Some men go brave, and some againe go bare,
 When neither of them seeme the men they are;
 I know rich lads go patcht in leather pelts,
 And hood their heads under some greasy felts;
 Againe, I know some silke lads, coineless ever,
 Bear high their heads in some fresh-colour'd beaver,
 And silver shoe-strings o're their toes do wear;
 Such shoe-strings as a man may safely swear
 Are better than their purse-strings, ten to one;
 For they can show some silver, these can none."

EPIG. 29.

Velle paupertatis suæ.
 "'Tis strange, now I am poor, what I would do,
 What hospitals, what alms-houses uprear;

Build Upton-bridge in Worcestershire anew;
 Give topless Paul's one more sky-threatning spire;
 Bring Thames to Oxford, Wye into North-Wales,
 Avon to Severn; all, to carry sailes
 Quite from the sea into the Continent:
 Helpe widowes, orphanes, maimed, and the poor;
 With Wadham build a colledge for the godly;
 Erect, (so farre surpassing all before)
 A library, with all-praise-worthy Bodley:
 Nay more, what learned Bacon left undone,
 Engirt Great Brittain with a brazen wall:
 On thousand good deeds now my mind doth run,
 Now I can nothing; now I would do all:
 I can so little, and would do so much,
 Sure I am too well given, to grow rich."

EPIG. 35.

Epitaphium meretricis.

" Graves are gone on, commonly we see,
 'Tis no offence to them that buried be:
 Why then this grave is for the common tread;
 And so was she too that therein lies dead."

EPIG. 36.

In Luscum morionem.

" Luscus, that Minotaur, thy monstrous wit,
 Lies in that lowzy labyrinth, thy head,
 So close, as no art can discover it.
 Now, whilst thou'rt living, nor when thou art dead:
 A longer thread then Ariadne's twine,
 Shall ne're find Wit in that same pate of thine."

EPIG. 40.

In Swadde.

" Swadde's in commission, yet but beares the name,
 For all the roast is ruled by his dame:

She

She examines, bails, binds over, and releases,
Remits and mittimusseth whom she pleases :
To all that come to him for wrong's redresse,
His wife's the justice—he but of the *peace*."

EPIC. 42.

In Elizabetham.

" Besse doth Actæonize her husband's crowne,
And, trimming his head, proves she trimmes her owne;
And yet her head is still attir'd but badly.
' Besse (once quoth I) I would the reason, gladly :'
' Mine owne, (quoth she) do you not that descry?
My husband's mine, and that same head trimme I.'

EPIC. 43.

In Fungum.

" Fungus the usurer's dead, and no will made ;
' Whose are his goods ?'—they say no heire he had ;—
' Sure I should thinke (and so hath law assign'd)
They are the devil's—for he's next of kind.'

EPIC. 46.

In Dol pregnantem.

" Dol, learning *propria quæ maribus* without booke,
Like *nomen crescentis genitivo* did looke."

EPIC. 50.

In Flavium.

" When Flavius once would needs praise *Tin*,
His braine could bring no reasons in,
But what his belly did bethinke,
Platters for meat, and *Pots* for drinke."

EPIG. 57.

Aquæ-ductus per Magistrum Middletonum omnium (qui unquam fuerint) civitati utilissimus.

"London is like to have no more strong beere,
All long of my Lord-Mayor as we heare:
His Brother rather may the cause be thought,
That so much water * to the Towne hath brought."

EPIG. 58.

Sine sanguine et sudore.

"Rafe challeng'd Robin—time and place appointed,
Their parents heard on't:—Lord, how they lamented!
But (God be thank!) they were soon freed of feare;
The one nere meant, the other came not there."

EPIG. 59.

In Mathonem.

"Though great men's houses make it knowne
How Bucks-horns stand the hall in steed,
To hang up hats and caps upon;
Yet every where there's no such need:
For what needs it in Matho's hall?—
His head, his horns, may serve for all."

EPIG. 64.

In jactabundum gentis suæ.

"No father's deeds can dignify the son,
Nor can we call that ours, we have not done."

* Alluding to the New River, brought by Sir Hugh Middleton from the springs of Chadwell and Arnwell, near Ware, to London; which was completed in 1613, when his brother, Sir Thomas Middleton, was Lord-Mayor elect.

EPIC. 66.

In Cæliam.

"No, hang me Cælia, if I'll be thy guest;
 We scarce begin to eate, but thou to chide;
 This goose is raw, that capon is ill drest,
 And blam'st the cooke, and throw'st the meate aside;
 When we sit judging, that would rather eate,
 No fault o' th' cooke, 'tis thou would'st save thy meate."

EPIC. 73.

In Cloeon.

"'Tis one of Cloe's qualities,
 That ever when she swears, she lies:
 'Dost love me, Cloe?' sweare not so,
 For when thou swear'st, thou liest I know:
 'Dost hate me Cloe?' prethee sweare,
 For then I know thou lov'st me deare."

EPIC. 75.

Honores mutant mores.

"When I and some of my comrades were poor,
 O Lord, how we lov'd one another then!
 We lov'd as, I thought, no men could love more;—
 But since the most of them are grown rich men,
 And I stick fast still to my poverty,
 They fly from mee; and, or I skarse am knowne,
 Or quite forgotten:—what an asse am I;
 The case is partly mine, but more their owne:
 And their offence may well forgiven be,
 That have forgot themselves as well as me,"

EPIG. 76.

In Thuscum.*

"Thuscus writes faire, without [or] blurre or blot,
The rascall'st rimes were ever read, God wot;
No marvell:—many with a swan's quill write,
That can but with a goose's wit endite."

EPIG. 80.

"I have some kinsfolke rich, but passing proud,
I have some friends, but poore and passing willing;
The first would gladly see me in my shrowd,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling.
Now which of these love I? so God me mend,
Not a rich *kinsman*, but a willing *friend*."

EPIG. 81.

"Crispus could helpe me if he would,
Charus would helpe me if he could;
Would Crispus Charus' minde did beare,
Or Charus but as wealthy were."

EPIG. 83.

In jactantem Poetastrum.

"One told me once of verses that he made,
Riding to London on a trotting jade;
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,
Ev'n by his verses, of his horse's pace."

T. P.

* *Forsan* Davies of Hereford, a poet and writing-master; whose *Microcosmos* has been noticed in *CENS. LIT.* Vol. II. p. 208.

ART.

ART. IX. *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, in certaine Epigrams and Satyres.* London. 1598.
12mo.

EPIG. 3.

Of Titus.

"Titus oft vaunts his gentry every where,
Blazoning his coate, deriving 's pedigree:
What need'st thou daily, Titus, jade mine care?
I will beleeve thy house's auncestry:
If that be auncient which we doe forget,
Thy gentry 's so; none can remember it."

EPIG. 9.

Of Paule.

"Paule daily wrongs me, yet he daily swears
He wisheth me as well as to his *soule*:
I know his drift; to damne that he nought cares,
To please his body: therefore, good friend Paule,
If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy *bodie's* place."

EPIG. 13.

Of Cotta.

"I saw not Cotta thys halfe yeere before,
When he was angry that I spoke not to him:
He hath no reason to take it so sore,
Being so painted that—I did not know him."

EPIG. 28.

Of Zeno.

"Zeno would faine th' old widdow Ægle have;
Trust me hee's wise, for shee is rich and brave:
But Zeno, Zeno—shee will none of you;—
In my mind, shee's the wiser of the two."

EPIG.

EPIG. 65.

Of Nigrina.

"Because Nigrina hath a painted face,
 Many suspect her to be light and base:
 I see no reason to repute her such,
 For, out of doubt, she will abide the touch."

T. P.

ART. X. *Gabriel Harvey's Character of Dr. Perne,
 Master of Peter-house, Cambridge, and Dean of
 Ely.**

[FROM PIERCE'S SUPEREROGATION, 1593.]

Harvey styles this D.D. the "Apollo Doctour, whose epitaph none can display accordingly, but some sprite of the air or the fire. For his zeal to God and the church, was an airy triplicity; and his devotion to his prince and the state, a fiery trigon: and surely he was well advised, that comprised a large history in one epithet, and honoured him with the title of the *thrice learned Dean*. He was an old soaker indeed, and had more wit in his hoary head, than 600 of flourishing green-heads and lusty-curled pates. No man could bear a heavy injury more lightly, or forbear a learned adversary more cunningly, or laud a wilful friend more drily, or circumvent a dangerous foe more covertly, or lullaby the circumspectest Argus more

* This Dr. Perne, who is reported (in Fox's Acts and Monuments) to have been a reputable man in his religion, and of a facetious nature, yet a great Mecænas of learning, died at Lambeth in Surrey, April 26, 1589. Vid. Fasti Oxon. I. 80.

sweetly,

sweetly, or transform himself into all shapes more deftly, or play any part more kindly. He had such a patience as might soften the hardest heart, such a sober mood as might ripen the greenest wit such a sly dexterity as might quicken the duldest spirit, such a scrupulous manner of proceeding in doubtful cases, as might put a deep consideration into the shallowest fantasy, such a suspicious jealousy as might smell out the secretest complôt, and defeat any practice; such an inextricable sophistry, as might teach an Agathocles to hypocrise profoundly, or a Hieron to tyrannise learnedly. Whereas others carried their hearts in their tongues, and their heads in their pens, he liked no such simplicity; but after a smug and fleering guise, carried his tongue in his heart, his pen in his hand, his dagger in his sleeve, his love in his bosom, his spite in his pocket: nothing but the fact discovered his drift; not the beginning, but the end, was the interpreter of his meaning. Some of us, by way of experiment, assayed to feel his pulse, with tickling and glosing as handsomely as we could; but the bottom of his mind was a gulf of the main, and nothing could sound him deeply, but the issue. He could speak by contraries, as quaintly as Socrates; and do by contraries, as shrewdly as Tiberius. Lewis, the French King, might have borrowed the Fox's satchel of him: Sir Stephen Gardener's fox or Machiavel's fox, are two young cubs, to compare with him, that would seem any thing rather than a fox, and be a fox rather than any thing else. He that worshipped *Solem in Leone*, after some few lectures in his astronomy, would have honoured *Solem in Vulpe*. Legendaries may record wonderments, but even Gargantua himself might have been

been his pupil, albeit his gown was furred with 2,500 fox-skinnes. He once kept a cub for his pleasure in Peter-House in Cambridge (as some keep birds, some squirrels, &c.) and ministerd notable matter to St. Mary's pulpit, with stories of the cub and the Foxe, whose Acts and Monuments are notorious; but had the young one been as cunning an artist for his part, as the old one was for his, I believe all the colleges in both universities, or in the great university of Christendom, could not have patterned the young man with such another batchelor of sophistry, or the old master with such another doctour of hypocrisy. He was gentle without familiarity (for he doubled contempt); swore without rigour, (for he feared odiousness), pleasant without levity, (for he regarded his estimation); grave without solemnity, (for he curried popular favour); not rash, but quick; not hasty, but speedy; not hot, but warm; not eager in shew, but earnest in deed; no barker at any, but a biter of some; round and sound. No politician in England so great a temporiser as he, whom every alteration found a new man, even as new as the new-moon. What an ambidexterity, or rather omni-dexterity, had the man, that at one and the same meeting, had a pleasing tongue for a protestant, a flattering eye for a papist, and a familiar nod for a good fellow; and had yawned to be an archbishop or bishop, in the one or other church, in four alterations of kings and queens. I have seen vipers and serpents in sugar work, but to this day, never saw such a standing dish of sugar-work, as that sweet-tongued Doctour; who spake pleasantly, whatsoever he thought, and was otherwhiles a faire prognostication of foul weather. For his smug and canonical countenance,

pance, he might have been S. Boniface himself; for his fair and formal speech, S. Benedict or S. Eulaly; for his merry conceits, S. Hilary; for his good husbandry, S. Servatius; for his invincible sufferance, S. Vincent the Martyr; for his recanting, S. Augustine; for his preaching to geese, S. Frauncis, or S. Fox; for his not seeing all things, S. Bernard; for his praying, a S. Pharisee; for his fasting, a S. Publican; for his chastity, a *Sol in Virgine*; for his pastoral devotion, a Shepherd's Calendar; for his fame, an Almanac of Saints. But if ever any were patience incorporate, it was he; and if any were hypocrisy incarnate, it was he; unto whom I promised to dedicate an eternal memorial of his immortal virtues, and have payed some little part of my vows: *O felix Perne! tua solus ars vivendi.*"

T. P.

ART. XI. *Paul's Church-yard. Libri Theologici, Politici, Historici, Nundinis Paulinis (una cum Templo) prostant venales. Juxta seriem Alphabeti Democratici. Done into English for the Assembly of Divines. 4to. in 2 Parts. Centuria Prima, 8 pages, and Centuria Secunda, 8 pages. No date or printer's name.*

This scarce pamphlet is the vehicle of cutting satire against the Republicans during Oliver's Protectorate, and contains many excellent *hits*, in the form of title-pages, of which a few may suffice as a specimen.

7. "A Catalogue of the Nobility of England and Ireland, from his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell,

well, and the Lord Deputy Ireton, to the severall Peers and Trades of each Regiment."

21. "An Act for turning all Lawes into English, with a short Abridgment for such new Lawyers as cannot write and read."

48. A Confutation of Geographers, who said we of this Island were Antipodes to none, though we tread contrary to all the world."

109. "Bellum Grammaticale. That Parliament-dome, Counceldome, Committeedome, or Sword-dome, are better words than Christendome or Kingdome."

121. "An Act for constituting six new Heraulds, in regard the old ones cannot blazon the Armes of divers new honourable Officers of State."

150. "The Archbishop of Canterbury's Triall, writt by William Prynn, declaring all the Archbishop spake or did before he was borne, and since his Buriall; being the 9th Tome of Master Prynn's Works."

Birmingham.

WILLIAM HAMPER.

ART. XII. *Bibliotheca Militum: or the Souldier's Publick Library. Lately erected for the Benefit of all that love the Good Old Cause, at Wallingford House, and already furnished with diverse excellent Treatises herein mentioned. London: Printed in the year 1659. 4to. 6 pages.*

This pamphlet bears a similar complexion with the last, and, like it, may be dismissed with a few extracts.

8. "Patience per force: or a medicine for a mad dog; treating of the infallible virtue of necessity: by the aforesaid author" (Richd. Cromwell, Esq)

13. "Hey-

13. "Hey-te-Tyte, or to morrow-morning I found an Horse-shoe; being an excellent discourse concerning Government, with some sober and practical expedients, modestly proposed and written by James Harrington."

Birmingham.

WILLIAM HAMPER.

ART. XIII. *A Voyage to the South Sea, and along the Coasts of Chili and Peru, in the years 1712, 1713, and 1714. Particularly describing the genius and constitution of the inhabitants, as well Indians as Spaniards: their customs and manners; their Natural History, mines, commodities, traffick with Europe, &c. by Monsieur Frezier, Engineer in ordinary to the French King. Illustrated with 37 copper cuts of the Coasts, Harbours, Cities, Plants, and other curiosities. Printed from the author's original plates inserted in the Paris Edition. With a Postscript by Dr. Edmund Halley, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. And an account of the Settlement, Commerce, and Riches of the Jesuites in Paraguay. London. Printed for Jonah Bowyer, at the Rose in Ludgate Street. MDCCXVII. 4to. pp. 335, besides Preface and Index.*

This is a book, of which, at the present moment, it may be seasonable to revive the notice.

Louis XIV. having been at a vast expense to support his grandson upon the throne of Spain, thought this a proper opportunity of getting a full information of the least known parts of the Spanish West-Indies,
before

before the French, as well as all other nations, should be excluded those seas by a peace. For this end, he pitched upon our author, an experienced Engineer and mathematician in his service, whom he knew to be every way qualified to make Hydrographical Observations for the use of Mariners, and for the correction of the Charts; and also to take exact plans of the most considerable Ports and Fortresses along the Coasts whither he was going; to direct to their best anchorages, and to point out their respective dangers. He sent him at his own charge on board a merchant-ship, in 1712, to pass as a trader only, the better to insinuate himself with the Spanish Governors, and to have all opportunities of learning their strength, and whatever else he went to be informed of. Monsieur Frezier executed this plan to the King's entire approbation. He says, in the dedication to the Duke of Orleans, (for the King was dead before the book appeared) "it is a collection of the observations which he made in navigation, on the errors of the maps, and the situation of the harbours and roads he had been in; together with a description of the animals, plants, fruits, metals, and whatsoever the earth produces of curious in the richest colonies of the world; and lastly, a most exact account of the commerce, forces, government, and manners, as well of the Creolian Spaniards, as of the natives of the country, whom he treats with all the respect which is due to truth."

The author says his principal "business was to take plans, and to bring the navigators acquainted with the seasons, general winds, currents, rocks, shelves, anchorages, and landing-places, wherever he came." There are excellent plans of Callao, Lima, and most
of

of the principal ports on the Continent of South-America. But no chart of the River La Plata, and its shores, which he never entered.

“One objection,” says the translator, “does indeed lie against Monsieur Frezier, arising perhaps from his ambition to be thought to correct the General Sea-chart of our countryman, Dr. Halley; but besides that the reputation of this chart is established by the experience of our navigators in most voyages, beyond the powers of Monsieur Frezier to hurt it, we must remember that our author is a *Frenchman*; and therefore we need give no further account of their difference, than is contained in the letter, which Dr. Halley wrote to the publisher on the occasion.”

Letter of Dr. Halley.

MR. BOWYER,

April 6, 1717.

“I am glad to hear you have undertaken to print, in English, the voyage of Mr. Frezier to and from the Coasts of Peru and Chili. Our people are very much unacquainted with those seas; and those that are, commonly want either will or language to inform the world properly of what they find worth notice, and of what may be of use to those that shall hereafter make the like voyages. The French have the faculty of setting off their relations to the best advantage; and particularly your author has informed us, in a very instructive manner, of several things, that are not only very entertaining, but also what may be of eminent service to us, either in case of trade or war in the seas he describes. On this account, I cannot doubt but your design must answer your expectation, especially

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since

since you bestow on the book so elegant an edition. But however it may have pleased me in other respects, I find myself obliged to desire of you the liberty to subjoin a small postscript in defence of my chart of the variation of the compass (whereby I hoped I had done service to the sailors of all nations) against the groundless exceptions of your author, who seems to seek all occasions to find fault, and is otherwise unjust to me. If you please to grant me this favour, you will, without any prejudice to yourself, very much oblige

“ Your very humble servant,

EDM. HALLEY.”

To Mr. Jonah Bowyer.
These.

ART. XIV. *A Relation of a Journey begun An. Dom. 1610. Four Bookes, containing a description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the remote parts of Italy, and Islands adjoyning. The Third Edition. London. Printed for Ro. Allot. 1627.*

The first edition was in 1615; others in 1621, 1632, 1652, 1658, 1670, 1673.

ART. XV. *A Relation of some years Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the territories of the Persian Monarchy, and some parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent. London. 1634, 1638, &c. 1677.*

Which

Which last is the fourth impression, wherein many things are added, which were not in the former. All the impressions are in folio, and adorned with cuts.

ART. XVI. *A Voyage into the Levant: or a brief relation of a Journey lately performed by Master Henry Blunt, Gent. from England by the way of Venice into Dalmatia, Sclavonia, Bosnah, Hungary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, and Egypt, unto Grand Cairo. With particular Observations concerning the moderne condition of the Turkes, and other people under that Empire. The Third Edition. London. Printed by J. L. for Andrew Crooke, and are to bee sold at the signe of the Beare in Paul's Churchyard. 1638. 4to. pp. 126.*

The second edition was in 1636. Other editions were in 12mo.

The first of these books of Travels is well known as the work of the celebrated George Sandys the poet, a younger son of Edwin, Archbishop of York, who, dying at the seat of his niece, Margaret, the widow of Sir Francis Wyat, Kt. at Boxley Abbey in Kent, in March 1643, was buried in the parish church there, and has the following entry in its Register of Burials: "Georgius Sandys, Poetarum Anglorum sui sæculi facile Princeps, sepultus fuit Martii VII Stylo Anglic. An. Dom. 1643:"*

It is dedicated in the following energetic words,

"To the Prince.

"SIR,

"The eminence of the degree wherein God and Nature have placed you, doth allure the eyes; and the

* Wood's Ath. II. 46, 47.

hopefulness of your virtues, win the love of all men. For virtue being in a private person an exemplary ornament, advanceth itself in a prince to a publike blessing. And as the sunne to the world, so bringeth it both light and life to a kingdom: a light of direction, by glorious example; and a life of joy through a gracious government. From the just and serious consideration whereof, there springeth in minds not brutish, a thankfull correspondence of affection and duty; still pressing to express themselves in endeavours of service. Which also hath caused me (most noble Prince) not furnished of better means, to offer in humble zeal to your princely view these my doubled travels; once with some toil and danger performed, now recorded with sincerity and diligence. The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroicall actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderfull works; where arts and sciences have been invented, and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policie, and civility, have been planted, have flourished: and lastly, where God himself did place his own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired his prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Sonne of God descended to become man; where he honoured the earth with his beautifull steps, wrought the worke of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now through vice and ingratitude become the most deplored spectacles

tacles of extreme miserie : the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civilitie, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world, to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which (to the astonishment of the understanding beholders) it now faints and groweth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrowne with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of theeves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruines, glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impietie; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobilitie extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no securitie save to an abject mind, and unlookt on povertie; which calamities of theirs so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not onely related what I saw of their present condition; but so farre as convenience might permit, presented a briefe view of the former estates, and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailtie of man, the mutabilitie of what so ever is worldly; and assurance that as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by his grace and protection. Accept, Great Prince, these weak endeavours of a strong desire: which shall be always devoted to do your Highness all acceptable service;

service; and ever rejoice in your prosperity and happiness.

GEO. SANDYS."

The Second of these volumes of Travels was by Sir Thomas Herbert, who has already been mentioned in this work, Vol. III. p. 248.

Locke, in his Explanatory Catalogue of voyages, says of these travels, that "they have deservedly had a great reputation, being the best account of those parts written by any Englishman, and not inferior to the best of foreigners; what is peculiar in them is the excellent description of all antiquities, the curious remarks on them, and the extraordinary accidents, that often occur."

Sir Henry Blount was born at Tittenhanger, in Hertfordshire, in 1602, and educated at Oxford. On May the 7th, 1634, he embarked at Venice for Constantinople, in order to his voyage into the Levant, returned about two years after, became one of the Gentlemen Pensioners to Charles I. and was by him knighted 21 March, 1639. Anthony Wood says, "He was esteemed, by those who knew him, a gentleman of a very clear judgment, great experience, much contemplation though not of much reading, and of great foresight into governments; he was also a person of admirable conversation, and in his younger years a great banterer, which in his elder he disused." He died the 9th of October, 1682, ætatis 80.* His two sons, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, and Charles Blount, are well

* Wood's Ath. II. 712.

known:

known: the lineal representative of the former is the present Lord Hardwicke, through his mother.

Wood says these travels were so well esteemed abroad, that, as he was informed, they were translated into French and Dutch; but Locke observes, "they are very concise, and without any curious observations, or any notable descriptions; his account of the religions and customs of those people, only a brief collection of some other travellers, the language mean, and not all of it to be relied on, if we credit others, who have writ better."

Sir Henry Blount commences his work with the following explanation of his views: "Intellectual complexions have no desire so strong, as that of knowledge; nor is any knowledge unto man so certaine, and pertinent, as that of human affaires: this experience advances best, in observing of people, whose institutions much differ from ours; for customes conformable to our own, or to such wherewith we are already acquainted, doe but repeate our old observations, with little acquist of new. So my former time spent in viewing Italy, France, and some little of Spain, being countries of Christian institution, did but represent, in a severall dresse, the effect of what I knew before.

"Then seeing that the customes of men are much swayed by their naturall dispositions, which are originally inspired and composed by the climate, whose ayre and influence they receive, it seems naturall, that to our north-west parts of the world, no people should be more averse, and strange of behaviour, than those of the south-east: moreover, those parts being now possessed by the Turkes, who are the only moderne
 L 4 people,

people, great in action, and whose empire hath so suddenly invaded the world, and fixt itself such firm foundations as no other ever did; I was of opinion, that hee who would behold these times in their greatest glory, could not find a better scene than Turkey: these considerations sent mee thither; where my general purpose gave mee four particular cares: first, to observe the religion, manners, and policie of the Turks, not perfectly, (which were a taske for an inhabitant rather than a passenger,) but, so farre forth, as might satisfie this scruple, (to wit) whether to an impartiall conceit, the Turkish waye appeare absolutely barbarous as we are given to understand, or rather another kind of civilitie, different from ours, but no lesse pretending: secondly, in some measure, to acquaint myself with those other sects which live under the Turks, as Greeks, Armenians, Freinks, and Zingapacs, but especially the Jews; a race from all others so averse both in nature and institution, as glorying to single itself out of the rest of mankind, remaines obstinate, contemptible, and famous: thirdly, to see the Turkish army then going against Poland, and therein to note, whether their discipline military encline to ours, or else bee of a new mould, though not without some touch, from the countries they have subdued; and whether it be of a frame apt to confront the Christians or not; the last and choice piece of my intent, was to view Gran Cairo, and that for two causes; first, it being clearly the greatest concourse of mankind in these times, and perhaps that ever was; there must needs be some proportionable spirit in the government: for such vast multitudes, and those of wits so deeply malicious, would soon breede confusion, famine, and
utter

utter desolation, if in the Turkish domination there were nothing but sottish sensualitie, as most Christians conceive: lastly, because Egypt is held to have been the fountaine of all science, and arts civill, therefore I did hope to find some sparke of those cinders not yet put out; or else in the extreme contrairietie, I should receive an impression as important, from the ocular view of so great a revolution; for above all other senses, the eye having the most immediate, and quicke commerce with the soul, gives it a more smart touch than the rest, leaving in the fancy somewhat unutterable; so that an eye witness of things conceives with an imagination more compleat, strong, and intuitive, than hee can either apprehend or deliver by way of relation; for relations are not only in great part false, out of the relater's misinformation, vanitie; or interest; but which is unavoydable, their choice, and frame agrees more naturally with his judgement; whose issue they are, then with his readers; so as the reader is like one feasted with dishes fitter for another man's stomacke than his owne: but a traveller takes with his eye, and ease, only such occurrences into observation, as his own apprehension affects, and through that sympathy, can digest them into an experience more natural for himself, then he could have done the notes of another: wherefore I desiring somewhat to informe myself of the Turkish nation, would not sit downe with a booke knowlledge thereof, but rather (through all the hazard and endurance of travel,) receive it from mine owneye, not dazzled with any affection, prejudicacy, or mist of education, which pre-occupate the mind, and delude it with partiall ideas,

Shall fynde acoordynge unto his devise
 This prince Scipio, this myghty Romaine,
 Whiche all for pleasure ever dydde dispyse,
 In continence a lorde and souveraigne.

Lo thus maie menne playnly here beholde,
 That wyly wytte, powre, guyle, nor policie,
 Coude Anniball ever styll upholde,
 But that by Scipio's woorthy chivalrie,
 His manhode, vertue, and dedes knyghtly,
 He was subdued—there is no more to sayne:
 And yet, to speake as trouth wyll verifye,
 There was never founde a better capitayne."

The translation extends to 74 chapters, and is dedicated "to his moste redoubted soveraigne lorde Henry the viii. by his right humble subjecte and servaunt Antony Cope," in seven pages. Any extract might be deemed superfluous. T. P.

ART. XVIII. *This is the Myrrour or Glass of Healtke: necessary and nedefull for every person to loke in, that will kepe theyr bodye from the syckenesse of the pestylence. And it sheweth howe the planettes do reygne in every houre of the day and night: with the natures and exposicions of the xii sygnes: devyded by the xii monethes of the yeare, and shewed the remedyes for dyvers infyrmyties and diseases that hurtethe the bodye of man. Colophon. Imprinted at London in Fleele street, benethe the Conduite, &c. by Thomas Colwel. 12mo. sine anno.*

The prologue of the "auctour" (Tho. Moulton) declares, that this book profiteth greatly to surgeons,
 and

and also to physicians. It seems rather calculated to profit designing empirics and superstitious patients, who look to planetary influence, miraculous medications, or magical amulets, for the cure of disease. Two short recipes will suffice as specimens.

“ For biting of a mad dog.

“ Take the sede of box, and stampe it, and temper it with holye-water, and gyve it hym to drynke,” &c.

“ For the fallynge evill.

“ Take the bloud of hys lytle fynge that is sick, and write these iii verses folowing, and hange them about his necke.

“ Jasper fert mirram, thus, mel, chia, Baltazarum,
Hæc quicunque secum portat, tria nomina regum,
Solvitur a morbo, Domini pietate caduce.”

T. P.

ART. XIX. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 48.]

“ And seems to pearce the cloudie skies:

Such poets Sidney likes,

Whose gentle wind makes dust arise

As hie as morice pikes;

That lifts aloft the soldier's hart,

Who doth advance the same;

And bends his bodie in each part,

Thereby to purchase fame.*

* Virgill entering the colledge of poets in Rome, the rest of the poets there did more reverence to him than to the emperor; and when he came into the senate the senators likewise did so.

The

The sword and lance of marshall men
 Their lions courage shoves;
 The poets, with their wit and pen,
 Tells where their furie flowes.

They both are knowne as soone as scene,
 As things of great import;
 The one may verie far oreweene,
 The other in some sort;

Stands on his honor sundrie waies;
 And offreth life, therefore;
 The poet seekes no more but praise,
 As poets did of yore:

Whose words strooke dead the stoutest groomes
 That ever were in place;
 And sweeped clean, like new-made broomes,
 The foulest cause or case. *

As water washeth each thing white,
 And sope might scour withall,
 The canker of foule worlds delite,
 More sharpe than bitter gall;

So poets, with plaine terms makes cleane
 The foulest consence lives;
 And by good words from vice doth weane,
 Through counsell that it gives,

The childish wit and churlisht mind.
 Lo, then, how poets may
 Both alter manners, and bad kind,
 To frame a better way. †

* David sung the lricke verses to his harp, and those Ebrue songs consisted of diuers feet and unequal numbers, sometime in Iambikes running otherwhile.

† In Sapphicks, swelling again in halfe a foote amiably halting.

Of heavens, and the highest throne
 Where God himselfe doth sit,
 Good poets still should treat alone,
 To shewe their flowing wit; *

As by their Muse they carried were,
 Beyond our sight or view,
 Into a fine and purer aire
 Or speshall climate new: †

Where all things are as cleane as gold
 From furnace to the stamp;
 So poets should this world behold,
 And shine as cleer as lamp.

That light doth give to evry eie
 Which doth in darkness dwell;
 And glorie show, of heavens hie,
 To damned spreets of hell. ‡

Which darknes in a dungeon keeps
 From sight of vertue's lore,
 Where ignorance in slumber sleeps,
 Like dunse, for evermore.

Sir Philip Sydney praiseth those
 Whose waking wits doth see
 The depth and ground of verse and prose,
 And speakes with judgement free; §

* Saloman, in the gardens of Engadda, framed songs to his harpe, which shen was a heavenly musicke.

† Jeremie wrate his funeral lamentations in Saphycks, long before Simonides, the Greeke poet.

‡ Isaias wrate sacred odes and holie verses; and for remembering the mysteries of God therein, a tyrant king caused him to be sawed asunder.

§ The song of Sydrack and his fellowes in the hot flame, was in verse.

Of all the matters, under sun,
 Both secrets, hie and low,
 And over them with pen can run
 As far as skill can goe. *

Sift evrie word and sentence well,
 And cast away the bran,
 To show the kernell, crack the shell
 In pieces now and than ;

That evrie one shall taste the nut,
 Or see where worme hath fed ;
 And shoot an arrowe at the but,
 And drawe it to the head.

Like archer, that can hit the white
 And win the wager straight,
 With cunning knowledge and delite,
 And subtle sence and slaught : †

Which looks into the world so round,
 And searcheth evry place,
 To see what may be easlie found,
 Or spoke of each man's case.

To rime and rove in retchles sort,
 He counted revell rash,
 As whip doth make a horse to snort,
 When carter gives a lash."

[*To be continued.*]

T. P.

* Moses, by some men is thought the first deviser of verse, and his sister Marie [Miriam] devised the hexameter, and by it to have glorified Jehova.

† Ausonius, a Frenchman and poet, schoolmaster to Gracianus the emperor, was an orator and consul of Rome therefore.

ART.

ART. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

Nº. II.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(ABRIDGED FROM HIS LIFE BY LORD TEIGNMOUTH.)

Sir William Jones was the only son of William Jones, F.R.S. an eminent mathematician, who was a native of Wales, of humble origin, and born in Anglesey, in 1680. The account of this eminent person may be found in the Biographical Dictionary: he died in 1749, leaving by Mary, daughter of George Nix, a citizen of London, a daughter Mary, born 1736, afterwards married to Mr. Rainsford, a merchant,* and William the subject of this memoir, who was born in London, on the eve of the festival of St. Michael, 1746.

By his father's death the care of the education of this future prodigy devolved on his mother, when he was three years old. Mrs. Jones was a woman of uncommon energy, and uncommon talent for instruction; and she gave herself to the cultivation of her son's mind. Her success was adequate to her efforts; and at three years old, her pupil could read distinctly and rapidly any English book. Afterwards an accident to one of his eyes gave some check to his progress; but his appetite for books increased; and in his fifth year he was so much struck by the sublimity of the description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, as ever afterwards to remember it with emotions of rapture.

At Michaelmas, 1753, in his seventh year, he was sent to Harrow school, then under Dr. Thackeray,

* She died 1802.

where at first he was rather remarked for industry than talent; and after two years, having the misfortune to break his thigh-bone, was detained at home twelve months: a period not passed in indolence, but in familiarizing himself with the translations of Pope and Dryden, and in endeavours to imitate them.

This absence however operated to his disadvantage on his return to school, and most unjustly created prejudices against his capacity, or his application, which though punishment could not induce him to counteract by increased efforts, yet emulation soon excited him to overcome.

In his twelfth year, he arrived at the upper school, and now began to shew proofs of that extraordinary memory, which so distinguished him. At the same time he began to translate parts of Ovid and Virgil into English verse; and he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager. Hence his reputation rose in the school; and he particularly excelled in his acquaintance with Latin Prosody.

When Jones was fifteen, Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, who immediately took him under his patronage. From this time the following account of his character, habits, and acquirements, by his friend and schoolfellow, Sir John Parnell, stands on the best authority, and comprehends every thing necessary.

“The early period of life is not usually marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the first principles of virtue, and the first symptoms of those talents, which afterwards so eminently distinguished the character of Sir William Jones. He gave very
early

early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to controul. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeable to the most strict classical authority. He imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness. His time being employed in study, prevented his joining in those plays and amusements which occupied the time of his other school-fellows; but it induced no other singularity in his manners: they were mild, conciliating and cheerful. When I first knew him, about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his youthful attention. The same disposition formed the most distinguished features at an early and at a late period of his life. A decision of mind, and a strict attachment to virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uniform spirit of philanthropy, were the characteristics of his youth, and of his manhood: he did no act, he used no expression, which did not justify these assertions."

The time now approached when Jones was to leave school, and his future destination became a subject of solicitude with his mother. Some of her friends advised the profession of the law, and an initiation into it by means of a special pleader's office, but the expence frightened her, and the barbarous language in which the

science was clothed prejudiced her son. These reasons, strengthened by the wishes of Dr. Sumner, prevailed in favour of an university: and Oxford was with some hesitation fixed upon. In 1764 therefore he was removed to University College.

At Oxford he immediately experienced that disappointment, which all boys who have enjoyed the fame of a great school, and who expect that that fame, and the same value for their acquirements which they have hitherto enjoyed, will follow them, are sure to encounter.

After a residence of a few months, he was elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet. He now began to indulge that passion for oriental literature, which he afterwards carried to so high a point; and by the help of a native of Aleppo acquired the pronunciation of Arabic. These occupations, with his Greek studies, which he continued to pursue with unabated application and ardour, soon reconciled him to his new station; and he received that countenance and respect from his tutors, which facilitated the advantageous employment of his time. He added the study of the Persic to that of the Arabic; and his progress in languages was already truly wonderful.

After a year, fearful of intrenching too far on the slender income of his mother, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, now Lord Spencer; then a child, when he spent part of the year at Wimbledon Park, and part in London, and was now first introduced among the great. Here he first formed an acquaintance with Miss Shipley, afterwards Lady Jones. Nor was he unambitious of fashionable accomplishments. He took

took the opportunity, while in the metropolis, of learning the arts of dancing and fencing. Lord Spencer's library afforded him inexhaustible entertainment and instruction; and here in his twenty-first year he began his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry. He was elected Fellow of his college, 7 Aug. 1766.

In 1767 he had an opportunity of seeing the Continent by attending the Spencer family in a journey to Spa. In the close of this year he is said to have conceived that resolution which afterwards fixed him to the profession of the bar, by reading Fortescue's *Treatise De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*.

In 1768, Mr. Sutton, Under Secretary of State, imposed upon him the task of translating the *Life of Nadir Shah* from an Eastern MS. at the desire of the King of Denmark. This was a tiresome task, which however he performed with credit to himself. It was published in 1770. To the *History of Nadir Shah*, he added a *Treatise on oriental poetry* in the language of the original, a work which no other person in England could then have performed.

In 1768 he formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial Minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count, an accomplished and learned nobleman, much addicted to oriental studies, and captivated by the splendid attainments of Jones. This intimacy produced a long, interesting, and learned correspondence.

Their correspondence was principally in Latin; in the first published letter of Jones are the following passages: "*Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii, qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant.*"

Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consecramur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest: nempe tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego vero ut in iis doctus sim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibiliter illis delector, nihil ut supra possit: equidem poesi Græcorum jam inde a puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cùm poesim Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illicò exarescere - - - - "

Again he says, 1768. "Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorē habere notitiā, perlegas velim Smithi librum de Republicā Anglorum, et Fortescuei dialogum de Laudibus Legum Angliæ Primum Latine nec ineleganter scripsit Thomas Smithus, Legatus olim noster in Galliā sub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus est, de quo dici potest id quod de fluvio Teleboa scripsit Xenophon *Μεγας μεν ε, καλος δε*. Auctor fuit Angliæ Cancellarius sub rege Henrico sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora cum alumno suo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, cum esset summā senectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certe leges nostræ, ut in illo libro videbis, persapienter sunt compositæ, et ut ait Pindarus,

Νομος ο παντων βασιλευς
Θνατων τε και αθανατων
Ουτος δε δη αγει εαιως
Το δικαιοτατον, υπερτατα
Χειρι.

Et reliqua, quæ citat in *Gorgiā* Plato."

In

In 1769 he writes to another correspondent, "I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing and elegant; but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius, that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impressions on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the turn of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected words."

In the summer of this year he accompanied Lord Althorpe as his tutor to Harrow, where he had an opportunity of drawing still closer the ties of intimacy with his old master Dr. Sumner.

Towards the end of this year he accompanied Lord Spencer's family to the Continent. In Feb. 1770 he writes from Nice to his friend Reviczki an account of himself; in which he says, "Si roges quomodo hic oblectem, haud multis respondeo. Quidquid habet musicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid mathesis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venustum vel poesis vel pictura, in eo omni sensus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus sine summo opprobrio carere neutiquam potest. Multa patriâ sermone scripsi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis institutione, more Aristoteleo, hoc est, *αναλυτικῶ* Præterea Tragædiam contexere institui, quam inscripsi Soliman, cujus, ut scis, amabilissimus filius per novercæ insidias miserrime trucidatus est; plena est tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æschyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Asiaticis sit abundantissima Mitto tibi carmina duo, unum ex Hafizio depromptum, alterum a poetâ Arabo perantiquo sumptum, in hoc tamen

imagines ad Romanam consuetudinem aptavi. Mitto insuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, Epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam sum imitatus."

He writes from Spain, "næ ego levis homo sum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diu commoror; in Liguriâ hyemavi, in Galliâ verno tempore fruebar: Germaniæ finibus æstatem ago; si modo æstas vocari potest pluviosa hæcce et ingrata tempestas."

His correspondent Reviczki answers from Vienna on the 9th of August.

"En verité, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagé depuis un an entier. C'est le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puisse arriver à un homme qui d'ailleurs a toutes les dispositions pour voyager; vous avez passé les rigueurs de l'hiver, sous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre, il vous reste à passer l'été aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui est le rendezvous général de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tant de différentes nations assemblées; cela n'est il pas charmant? ou ne est ce pas là la partie essentielle des voyages πολλων ανθρωπων γνωμαι νοον."

It seems that in this autumn Mr. Jones returned to England: he now determined to enter upon a new plan of life; with a high spirit of independence, and a warm ambition, he was anxious to obtain both wealth and distinction; he therefore fixt upon the profession of the law, and was admitted of the Temple, 19th Sept. 1770.

On this subject he writes to Reviczki, "Jam inde a reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate
sum

sum quasi irretitus: circumstant amici, sodales, propinqui; hortantur ut poesin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatiar, ut uno verbo actor causarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi, etenim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est quam sim φιλοδοξος καὶ φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικωτεραι; et si velit fortuna ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omnino mansuetiores literas negligere: poemata quædam patrio sermone scripta in lucem propediem edere statui; tragediam, Soliman dictam, in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant: prætereà poema epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneis nomen) contexere institui; sed illud sanè èousque differam donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intereà bellissimos lego poetas Persicos; habeo codicum manu scriptorum lautam copiam, partim a me coëmptam, partim mihi commodatam; inter eos complures sunt historici, philosophi, et poetæ magni apud Persas nominis."

Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

"I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,

'The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,'

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant;

pleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge."

"To Robert Orme, Esq.

April, 1772.

"It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those, who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucydides describes the Achelous, and Xenophon the Teliboos, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his usual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him.

With

With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it; for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise which a composition can claim.

“The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and so earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those, whose opinions you respect; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world*.”

In 1772 he published a small volume of poems, chiefly consisting of translations from the Asiatic languages. On the 30th of April the same year, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1773 took the degree of A.M.

In 1774 he published his commentaries on Asiatic poetry, which he had begun in 1766, and finished 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year. This work was received with admiration and applause by the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country.

In January 1774 he was called to the bar, at which time he had remarked, that the law was a science, which would admit of no participation with the eastern muses, whom therefore he abstained from for some years with the most determined inflexibility.

In November 1774 he writes to G. S. Michaelis,
 “Quod quæris, serîone Musas Asiaticas et politiores
 literas

litteras. deseruerim, nihil scito esse verius, nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juris nostri studio Σπαρταν, ελπεχον tua tamen opera teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam."

In 1776 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

In 1778 he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

In this year he was soliciting a judgeship in India, as appears by the following extract from a letter to Lord Althorpe, dated Oct. 13, 1778. "The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the Minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me, till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have 20,000*l.* in my pocket, before I am eight and thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some degree towards the service of my country in Parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the House of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age:

whereas

whereas in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear Lord, that if the Minister be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt, or a care of any kind."

Lord Teignmouth says, that the year 1780 formed an interesting era in his life, in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded. His views were now more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench at Fort William in Bengal. "In this state of suspense, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not however enroll himself with any party; but looking up to the constitution and liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of '*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*' With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause, and this opinion once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity."

In this year he aspired to represent the University of Oxford, but was unsuccessful.

He

He published about this time a small pamphlet entitled "*An Enquiry into the legal method of suppressing Riots, and a Constitutional Plan of future Defence.*"

In the autumn of this year he was at Paris, to which he had also made a short excursion in the preceding summer. On his return he says, in a letter to Lord Althorpe, "after a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval I have seen not indeed so many men and so many cities, as the hero of the *Odyssey*, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more, but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I have invariably and deliberately condemned as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren and exhaust our own."

Soon after he lost his mother, an event which involved him in the deepest affliction.

He devoted the winter of this year to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest repute in Arabia; while the result of his professional studies was "*An Essay on the Law of Bailments.*"

In the summer of 1782 he again visited France with an intention of proceeding thence to America on a professional business: but this plan being soon given up he returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

"In his journey through life," says Lord Teignmouth, "Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities

tunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying, for the entertainment of his friends, the store which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye.

“ Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
 Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
 Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
 While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure, which *prospects* can give;
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odor of jasmine and roses,
 That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
 Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
 Or tidings from Bronwith † auspiciously brings;
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure, which *odours* can give;
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq. † The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.

How sweet ~~was~~ the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
 And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
 The poet is absent, be just to his merit,
 Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
 For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give;

Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
 Where stately Kilgarran * o'erhangs the brown dale,
 Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
 To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:

Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
 To cull a rude gibberish from Statham or Brooke;
 Leave year-books and parchments to grey bearded sages,
 Be nature, and love, and fair woman, our book;
 For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give;

Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labors were crown'd with full measure,
 And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
 That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
 That Dinevor, † Slebeck, ‡ and Coidsmor § were ours;

* A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.

† Seat of Lord Dinevau's near Landilo, in Carmarthen.

‡ Seat of — Phillips, Esq. near Haverford-West.

§ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give;
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that preferring fair Thames to fair *Thy*,
 We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
 And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
 Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head,
 Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
 More sweet than the pleasure that *honors* can give;
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
 Love can alone make it blissful to live."

In the beginning of 1783 Mr. Jones published his *Translation of the Seven Arabian Poems* which he had finished in 1781. The translator observes, "that these poems exhibit an exact picture of the virtues and vices of the Arabs in the age of the Seven Poets, their wisdom and their folly, and shew what may be constantly expected from men of open hearts, and boiling passions, with no law to controul, and little religion to restrain them."

"The period was now arrived," continues Lord Teignmouth, "when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, at Bengal, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph."

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton.

Sir William Jones embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate, and in April 1783 left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XXI. MAURICE MORGAN.

1802, March 28, died at Knightsbridge, aged 76, Maurice Morgan, Esq. Commissioner of the Hackney-Coach Office, formerly Private Secretary to Lord Shelburne, author of *An Essay on the Character of Falstaff*, and distinguished for his extensive knowledge. Dr. Symmons, in his *Life of Milton*, lately published, has introduced the following eloquent memorial of this author. Having cited some passages from his *Essay*, which he says, "forms a more honourable monument to the memory of Shakspeare, than any, which has been reared to him by the united labours of his commentators, he goes on thus: "With the name of Maurice Morgan, who has fondled my infancy in his arms, who was the friend of my youth, who expanded the liberality of my opening heart, and first taught me to think, and to judge; with this interesting name, so many sadly-pleasing recollections are associated, that I cannot dismiss it without reluctance. He was my friend; but he was the friend also of his species. The embrace of his mind was ample; that of his benevolence was unbounded. With great rectitude of understanding he possessed a fancy that was always creative and playful. On every subject, for on every subject he thought acutely and deeply, his ideas were original and striking.

Even

Even when he was in error, he continued to be specious and to please: and he never failed of your applause, though he might sometimes of your assent. When your judgment coyly held back, your imagination yielded to his seductive addresses; and you wished him to be right, when you were forced to pronounce that he was wrong. This is spoken only of those webs, which his fancy perpetually spun, and dipped in the rainbow: his heart was always in the right. With a mind of too fine a texture for business, too theoretical and abstract: to be executive, he discharged with honour the office of Under Secretary of State, when the present Marquis of Lansdown was for the first time in power; and he was subsequently sent by that nobleman across the Atlantic, as the intended legislator of Canada. His public and his private life were impelled by the same principles to the same object;—by the love of liberty and virtue to the happiness of man. If his solicitous and enlightened representations had experienced attention, the temporary and the abiding evils of the American contest would not have existed; and the mother and her offspring would still have been supported and supporting with their mutual embrace. From a long intercourse with the world he acquired no suspicion, no narrowness, no hardness, no moroseness. With the simplicity and candour, he retained to the last the cheerfulness and the sensibility, of childhood. The tale of distress, which he never staid to investigate, passed immediately through his open ear into his responsive heart; and his fortune, small as his disinterestedness had suffered it to remain, was instantly communicated to relieve. His humanity comprehended the whole animated creation, and

nothing could break the tenor of his temper but the spectacle of oppression or cruelty. His failings (and the most favoured of our poor species are not without failings) were few, and untinctured with malignity. High as he was placed by Nature, he was not above the littleness of vanity; and kindly as were the elements blended in him, his manner would sometimes betray that contempt of others, which the wisest are, perhaps, the least prone to entertain, and which the best are the most studious to conceal. Though he courted praise, and was not nice respecting the hand, which tendered it, or the form in which it came, yet has he refused it in the most honourable shape, and when offered to him by the public. He has been importuned in vain to give a second edition of his *Essay on Falstaff*: and his repeated injunctions have impelled his executrix to an indiscriminate destruction of his papers, some of which, in the walks of politics, metaphysics, and criticism, would have planted a permanent laurel on his grave.

“Such were his frailties and inconsistencies, the objects only of a doubtful smile: but his virtues and his talents made him the delight of the social, the instruction or the comfort of the solitary hour.

“Though he had been accustomed to contemplate the awful crisis of death with more terror than belonged to his innocent life, or to his generally intrepid breast, he met the consummation without alarm, and expired with as much serenity as he had lived. This event happened at his house in Knightsbridge, in the 77th year of his age, on the 28th of March, 1802.

Adieu! Vale!

“I shall

"I shall never cease to think with a sigh of the grave in which I saw your body composed, till my own body shall require the same pious covering of dust, and shall solicit, with far inferior claims, yet haply not altogether in vain, for the same fond charity of a tear."

From Dr. Symmons's Life of Milton.

ART. XXII. *Memoirs of Col. John Hutchinson.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 69.]

Colonel John Hutchinson was eldest son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe in Nottinghamshire, Kt. by Margaret daughter of Sir John Byron, of Newsted in the same county, and was born at Nottingham in 1616. He was educated at Nottingham school, and thence removed to the free school at Lincoln. Here, when not occupied in his studies, he was exercised in all military postures, assaults, and defences, by an old low-country soldier, who was employed to instruct the scholars in this way. Hence he was removed back to the free school at Nottingham, and on quitting it sent a Fellow Commoner to Peter-House, Cambridge, where he attained much credit for his learning, and took a degree with considerable reputation.

After five years stay at the University, being then twenty years old, he returned to his father's house, who had now settled his habitation at Nottingham; but a new brood of children, by a second marriage, having sprung up in the house, which made his abode there not entirely agreeable, he obtained leave to go to London, where he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn.

Here however he did not find society congenial to his taste, and thinking the study of the law unpleasant and contrary to his genius, and the plague, which broke out this spring, beginning to drive people out of the town, he retired to Richmond. At this place, he met his future wife and biographer, Lucy Apsley, as has been already mentioned.

In the two years, which followed, in the bosom of domestic privacy he took the greatest delight in the study of divinity. "It was a remarkable providence of God in his life," says his wife, "that must not be passed over without special notice, that he gave him these two years leisure, and a heart so to employ it, before the noise of war and tumult came upon him: yet about the year 1639 the thunder was heard afar off rattling in the troubled air, and even the most obscured woods were penetrated with some flashes, the fore-runners of the dreadful storm, which the next year was more apparent."

He now being anxious to increase his income, was on the point of concluding a bargain, for the purchase of a place in the court of Star-chamber, which an accident put aside, and which Mrs. H. considers a providential interference. In October, 1641, therefore, he retired to the family house at Owthorpe. Here "he applied himself to understand the things then in dispute, and read all the public papers that came forth, between the King and Parliament, besides many other private treatises, both concerning the present and foregoing times. Hereby he became abundantly informed in his understanding, and convinced in conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause, in point of civil right, and though he was satisfied of the endeavour

deavours to restore Popery, and subvert the true Protestant religion, which indeed was apparent to every one that impartially considered it, yet he did not consider that so clear a ground for the war, as the defence of the just English liberties; and although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do any thing more, contented himself with praying for peace."

He was now by the influence of Henry Ireton, his relation, put by the Parliament into the Commission of the peace, and soon after presented a petition of the yeomanry and others of that stamp belonging to his own county to the King at York, requesting him to return to the Parliament, a circumstance, that gave much uneasiness to his loyal relations the Byrons. He was hence embarked in this cause, and other events immediately followed, which confirmed him in it.

Mrs. H. records that almost the whole county of Nottingham were for the King. "The greatest family," she says, "was the Earl of Newcastle's,* a lord so much beloved in his country, that when the first expedition was against the Scots, the gentlemen of the country set him forth two troops, one all of gentlemen, the other of their men, who waited on him into the north at their own charges. He had, indeed, through his great estate, his liberal hospitality, and constant residence in his country so endeared them to him, that no man was a greater prince than he in all that nor-

* William Cavendish, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Newcastle, who was seated at Welbeck Abbey, and whose landed rental in those days amounted to 22,000l. a year and upwards.

thern quarter, till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court, where he ran himself much in debt to purchase neglects of the King and Queen, and scorns of the proud courtiers."*

Mr. Hutchinson was not willing to quit his house, to which he had so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party. Nottingham now took up the sword, and it was not safe to lay it down again. Upon the Parliament's commission therefore for settling the militia, Mr. Hutchinson was chosen Lieut. Col. of Col. Pierrepont's Regiment of Foot. He now resolved, if possible, to preserve the town of Nottingham to the Parliament; an important service, it being a considerable pass into the north, which, if the enemy had first possessed themselves of, the Parliament had been cut off from all intercourse between the north and south, especially in the winter time, when the river Trent is not fordable, and only to be passed over by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, and up higher at Wilden Ferry, where the enemy also had a garrison. He well knew the difficulty of what he undertook, and considered himself as the forlorn hope of those, who were engaged in it; but his invincible courage and passionate zeal for a cause, which he believed to be just, impelled him to persevere.

On the 29th of June, 1643, the castle of Nottingham was committed to Colonel Hutchinson's care.

* The strong coincidence of this portrait, with that given by Lord Clarendon, though written by one of the opposite party, is a clear presumption of the reliance that is to be put upon both.

This

This fortress was ill fortified and ill provided, all which he set himself as soon as possible to repair. Soon afterwards his father died, and did him much injustice by his will, but this he bore with his accustomed fortitude of mind, and did not suffer it to abate his energy in the cause which he had embraced. Attempts were made to shake his fidelity through the medium of his cousin Sir Richard Byron; he replied, "that except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider, there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; but the grounds he went on were such, that he very much despised such a thought, as to sell his faith for base rewards or fears, and therefore could not consider the loss of his estate, which his wife was as willing to part with, as himself, in this cause, wherein he was resolved to persist in the same place, in which it had pleased God to call him to the defence of it."

From hence Colonel H. continued the defence of his castle with much ability and courage, not only against the enemy but against many internal intrigues, till 1647, when the war being ended he thought the command no longer worthy himself or his brother, and gave it over to his kinsman Captain Poulton. He then removed his family back to his own house at Owthorpe, but found, that as it had stood uninhabited and been robbed of every thing which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelford and Wiverton could carry from it, it was so ruined that it could not be repaired to make a convenient habitation, without as much charge as would almost build another. But he made a bad shift with it for that year.

Not

Not long afterwards followed the trial of the unhappy monarch. "After the purgation of the House," says his biographer, "upon new debate of the Treaty of the Isle of Wight, it was concluded dangerous to the realm, and destructive to the better interest, and the trial of the King was determined. He was sent for to Westminster, and a commission given forth to a court of high justice, whereof Bradshaw, Serjeant at Law, was President; and divers honourable persons of the Parliament, city, and army, nominated commissioners. Among them Colonel Hutchinson was one, who very much against his own will, was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God, and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he run, as the condition of things then was."

As he voted for the death of the King, Mrs. H. justifies it in the following words: "As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God, by prayer, desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion, in these great transactions, he would open his eyes and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience, that it was his duty to act as he did, he upon serious debate, both privately and in addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious upright unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence
against

against the King. Although he did not then believe, but it might one day come to be again disputed among men; yet both he and others thought, they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth, and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience, which he had sought the Lord to guide, and, accordingly, the Lord did signalize his favours to him."

He soon saw through Cromwell's designs of private ambition, and was treated by him accordingly. He still however attended his duty in Parliament. "The only recreation he had during his residence at London was in seeking out all the rare artists he could hear of, and in considering their works in paintings, sculptures, gravings, and all other such curiosities, insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity. Being loath that the land should be disfurnished of all the rarities that were in it, whereof many were set to sale in the King's and divers noblemen's collections, he laid out about two thousand pounds in the choicest pieces of painting, most of which were bought out of the King's goods, which were given to his servants to pay their wages: to them the Colonel gave ready money, and bought so good pennyworths, that they were valued much more worth than they cost. These he brought down into the country, intending a very neat cabinet for them; and these, with the surveying of his buildings, and improving by enclosure the place he lived in, employed him at home, and, for a little time, hawks abroad; but when a very sober fellow,
that

that never was guilty of the usual vices of that generation of men, rage and swearing, died, he gave over his hawks, and pleased himself with music, and again fell to the practice of his viol, on which he played excellently well; and entertaining tutors for the diversion and education of his children in all sorts of music, he pleased himself in these innocent recreations during Oliver's mutable reign. As he had great delight, so he had great judgment, in music, and advanced his children's practice more than their tutors: he also was a great supervisor of their learning, and indeed himself a tutor to them all, besides all those tutors which he liberally entertained in his house for them. He spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, music, dancing, and all other qualities befitting their father's house. He was himself their instructor in humility, sobriety, and all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight, than by constraint. As other things were his delight, this only he made his business, to attend the education of his children, and the government of his own house and town. This he performed so well that never was any man more feared and loved than he, by all his domestics, tenants, and hired workmen. He was loved with such a fear and reverence, as restrained all rude familiarity and insolent presumptions in those who were under him, and he was feared with so much love, that they all delighted to do his pleasure."

"As for the public business of the country, he could not act in any office under the Protector's power, and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole

whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for council as a private neighbour, than to any of the men in power for greater help."

"In the interim Cromwell and his army grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of Government, [which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day."

Mrs. Hutchinson observes of Richard Cromwell, that "he was so flexible to good councils, that there was nothing desirable in a Prince, which might not have been hoped in him, but a great spirit and a just title, the first of which sometimes doth more hurt than good in a Sovereign, the latter would have been supplied by the people's deserved approbation."

During the events that immediately preceded the Restoration, "the Colonel was by many of his friends attempted every way to fall in with the King's interest, and often offered both pardon and preferment, if he could be wrought off from his party, whose danger was now laid before him; but they could no way move him."

He was chosen in the new parliament to represent the town of Nottingham, and on the twenty-fifth of April, 1660, went up to attend his duty there. On the 29th of May Charles the Second again entered London. They, who had acted a principal part in the late times, and who now sat in the house, were expected to make some recantation of their conduct. When it came to Colonel H.'s turn, he said, "that for his acting in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country

country more than his own, and if the sacrifice of him could induce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent, that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he made shipwreck of all things, but a good conscience, and, as to that particular action of the King, he desired them to believe, that he had that sense of it, that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman."

The result of the house that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house. But he was not one of the seven, who were excepted from mercy.

Yet afterwards although he was "cleared both for life and estate in the House of Commons, not answering the court expectations in public recantations, and dissembled repentance, and applause of their cruelty to his fellows, the Chancellor was cruelly exasperated against him, and there were very high endeavours to have razed him out of the act of oblivion; but Sir Allen Apsley's interest, and most fervent endeavours for him turned the scales in his favour."

He now retired into the country, but, while he saw his old compatriots suffering, he was ill satisfied with himself for accepting mercy.

He continued retired, all that winter, and the next summer; but it seems that his enemies continued to cherish their malice against him, and only watched for

an opportunity to shew it. In autumn 1663 he had relieved with money one Palmer, a non-conforming minister, then in Nottingham jail, and on the 11th of October that year, a body of soldiers came to his house at Owthorpe, and conducted him a prisoner to Newark; and here he continued no man coming to him, or letting him know why he was brought there. On the 19th of October he was carried by a party of horse to the Marquis of Newcastle's, who treated him very honourably, and dismissed him without a guard to his own house. On the 22d of October another party of horse came and carried him back to Newark, from whence he was soon removed to London, where he was confined in the Tower, being committed by a warrant of Secretary Bennet for treasonable practises. On November the sixth he was carried to Whitehall and examined by Bennet himself; whose questions to him were answered in such a way, as to leave no impression of guilt. Soon after he was examined a second time with the hope of entrapping him, but with no effect. It seems the suspicion was founded on the idea of a northern plot: when Sir Allen Apsley appealed to the Chancellor, his answer was 'your brother is the most unchanged person of his party.'

An order at length came to remove him to Sandown castle, on the sea side, close to Deal, in Kent. "When he came to the castle, he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town, the rooms all out of repair, not weather free, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life."

There being no room for his wife or family, Mrs. H. and her daughter were obliged to take lodgings

at

at Deal. Yet the Colonel did not lose his cheerfulness. He entertained himself with sorting and shadowing cockle shells; but his business and continual study was the scripture. As it drew towards the close of the year, Mrs. H. was obliged to go to Owthorpe to fetch her children and other supplies to her husband. His daughter and brother staid at Deal, and coming to him every day, walked out with him to the sea-side, a liberty with which he was now indulged. When his wife went away, he was well and cheerful, and confident of seeing Owthorpe again. On the third of September, after walking by the sea-side, he came home aguish, and went to bed. The disorder, with some variations, increased, and on the fourth day he rose to sleep no more until his last sleep came upon him, continuing the whole time in a feverish distemper. The day on which he died was the 11th of September, 1664. His body was conveyed to Owthorpe for burial. He died in the forty-ninth year of his age.

ART. XXIII. *Three Brief Biographical Notices.*

DR. GLO'STER RIDLEY.

Dr. Glo'ster Ridley was of the same family with Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who fell a martyr to the persecutions of Queen Mary. He was born 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, from whence he took his name; educated at Winchester; Fellow of New College, Oxford, LL.B. 29 April, 1729. Here he laid the foundation of those acquirements, which afterwards distinguished him as a poet, historian, and divine. For many years his only preferment

ferment was the small college living of Weston Longueville, in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex: to these the College afterwards added the donative of Rumford in Essex. In this seclusion he was content with domestic happiness; and the friendship of a select few, distinguished for learning and worth. In 1740 and 1742 he preached eight sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1763, he published "The Life of Bishop Ridley" in 4to. In 1765, he published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768 in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which the "Confessional" produced, was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden Prebend at Salisbury. He died Nov. 3, 1774, æt. 72, leaving a widow, and four daughters; of whom Mrs. Evans, the only married one, published several novels.

In the latter part of his life, he lost both his sons; each a youth of abilities. The elder, James Ridley, was author of, 1. The Tales of the Genii. 2. A humorous paper, called "The Schemer," afterwards collected into a volume. 3. The History of James Lovegrove, Esq.; and some other literary works. Thomas, the younger, died of the small-pox, a writer at Madras.

Two poems by Dr Ridley, one styled "Jovi Eleutherio, or an offering to Liberty;" the other, called "Psyche," are in Dodsley's Collection. "Melampus," the sequel of the latter, has since been published by subscription. His Transcript of the Syriac Gospels has been published with a literal Latin translation by Professor White, in 2 vols to. at Oxford.

From a Note to Nichols's Collection of Poems, Vol.

VIII. p. 74.

VOL. IV.

O

2. MISS

2. MISS PENNINGTON.

This young poetess died in 1759, at the early age of 25. She was daughter of the Rev. Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. Mr. John Duncombe has celebrated her in his "Feminead," for her "Copper Farthing," printed in Dilly's "Repository," 1777, Vol. I. p. 131. Her "Ode to a Thrush" is in Dodsley's Collection; and her "Ode to Morning" and "a Riddle" in Nichols's Collection.

From the same, Vol. VI. p. 27.

3. MISS FARRER.

This lady was a cotemporary, and probably of the same neighbourhood, with Miss Pennington. Mr. Edwards. (in Richardson's Correspondence, edited by Mrs. Barbauld,) speaks of her "charming Ode on the Spring;" and in the same publication is inserted the following "Ode to Cynthia."

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

BY MISS FARRER.

" Sister of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene;
Whose friendly beams by night appear
The lonely traveller to cheer!
Attractive Power, whose mighty sway
The Ocean's swelling waves obey;
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise!
Thee wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bower.

But

But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
 Thy kindly beams alone impart,
 To find the youth, who stole my heart;
 And guide me, from thy silver throne,
 To steal *his* heart, or *find* my own!"

ART. XXIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series
 of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

Nº. IV.

On the state best adapted to human happiness.

"*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorẽ,*
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt ;
Res non parta labore, sed relicta ;
Non ingratus ager ; focus perennis ;
Lis nunquam, toga rara ; mens quieta ;
Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus ;
Prudens simplicitas ; pures amici ;
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa :
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus ;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras ;
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis ;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes."

MARTIAL X. 47.

Translation by Cowley.

"Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
 A true receipt of happiness from me ;

These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
 Take an estate neither too great, nor small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call.
 Let this estate from parent's care descend ;
 The getting it too much of life does spend.
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industrie.
 Let constant fires the Winter's fury tame ;
 And let thy kitchen be a vestal flame.
 Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business draw :
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
 And of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good ;
 If any cares into the day time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed ;
 Be satisfied, and pleased, with what thou art ;
 Act cheerfully and well the allotted part ;
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last."

I have often and deeply reflected how far this state
 of existence is in right of itself capable of happiness ;
 and what are the circumstances which afford the best
 chance of attaining it ; and I am firmly convinced
 that the description given by Martial of the ingredients

most

most conducive to it, is founded not merely in the dreams of a poet's fancy, but in solid and unalterable truth.

The great difficulty is the concurrence of the ingredient, which is least likely to be combined with the rest, but without which all the rest are vain :

“ Quod sis, esse velis ; nihilque malis.”

Unless a man knows how to value such a lot ; unless he is thoroughly aware of the emptiness or the perplexities of wealth, and grandeur, and rank, and power ; as long as he is dazzled by show, or sighs after distinction, the moderate pleasures within his reach will appear insipid and dull.

To see so large a portion of mankind pass by, unheeded, the very exquisite enjoyments, which offer themselves to their embrace, in pursuit of the most delusive phantoms, which they are seeking at the expense of ease, virtue, health, fortune, and reputation, is indeed amongst the most deplorable proofs of our fallen nature. To rise of a morning with a head unburthened with perplexing business, and a heart unclouded with care ; to behold, as the sun pierces through the mistiness of the dawn, the scenes of nature opening before us in dewy brilliance ; to be at liberty to wander uncontrouled amid this beautiful landscape, and, while exercise strengthens and braces the body, to inhale freshness and exquisite odours, and exhilarating spirits from the pure airs of heaven, is not mere negative happiness, but rapture and enchantment ! From hence to return home, even to a straw-roofed cottage, where there is neatness, and competence, and peace ; and a book, and a virtuous friend, of a cultivated mind, to

meet one, is only a variety, and not a diminution, of the day's pleasure. The sacred charm of innocence, instead of leaving the sting of regret in the recollection of the past, adds, on reflection, to the poignancy of the enjoyment; and the corporeal frame, healthy from its own habits, and untouched by mental uneasiness, becomes attuned to sensations of happiness, such as almost lift it above humanity!

I am as sure, as I am of any human truth, that grandeur and ambition, at the very moment of attaining their utmost wishes, never felt pleasures, which, even in a worldly point of view, could bear a comparison with these cheap and innocent occupations! Occupations, in the power of thousands, and tens of thousands, who desert them for the paths of bitterness, disappointment, disgrace, crime, and eternal misery!

But, alas! the rarest of all earthly attainments is content! It seems to be one of the most radical defects of our frail nature. We cannot bear to see our neighbours mounted over our heads; we cannot bear to see bloated greatness look down upon us with neglect and scorn; when we ought to consider the robe of office that covers the insignificant, and the coronet which encircles the brows of the weak, as nothing more than the fool's cloak and cap, which point him out more distinctly to the contempt of the world. It must be confessed, indeed, that there are times, when the best regulated minds cannot entirely restrain their indignation on this subject. Never perhaps did the period exist in this country, when these abuses were carried so far, as they have lately been. Upstarts of the most offensive sort have been obtruded into too many high offices, and decked out with too many unmerited distinctions,

tinctions, which have enabled them to insult men, their superiors as well in all the gifts of nature, as in all those artificial claims which have hitherto been recognized by the wisdom of human institutions. These men, even where they have been blessed with native genius have uniformly been inebriated with the fumes of sudden prosperity, and belied the honourable expectations, which they had raised. In truth, they are so engrossed with themselves, that they have no conception of any pretensions but their own. But these circumstances, though they may palliate, can by no means justify, the disturbance of that peace of mind, which becomes true wisdom, and true virtue!

There is, however, a species of celebrity, which it is not unbecoming a well-tempered disposition to seek. I mean the fame, which is merited by eminence in literature; more especially by the sublime efforts of poetry. This pursuit is not inconsistent with that station and those habits, which Martial describes as affording the best probability of happiness here; but, on the contrary, would be most cherished by them. Anxieties never cease to embitter the pillow of greatness; a large retinue, a crowd of dependents, surround it with intrigues and troubles; calumny, envy, and malice are constantly at work; luxury enfeebles the constitution; idleness weakens the mind; and while all in this world appears but the vanity of vanities, the hopes of the next grow fainter and fainter, for the sake of delusions, from which the unhappy victim is yet too feeble to extricate himself.

O how I sigh for the enviable state, so beautifully delineated by the poet; and in the first place

“*Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta;*”

that *toga*, from which I turn with such unfeigned abhorrence; which covers a heart, so restless, so feverish, so artificial; and is surmounted by a head so full of quips, and quirks, and sophistry; and so occupied in groveling labours, when it might aspire to speculations which would exalt it in the ranks of intellectual existence! To behold a crowd of lawyers, in a narrow and heated court, breathing pestilence and poison, with wan looks, sallow cheeks, and distracted countenances, insisting with artificial energy on some technical nonsense, subversive of wisdom, justice, and equity, is a spectacle, from which I early fled with unconquerable disgust. What wise man would for a moment exchange for it the lot of the poor and uncultivated ploughman, whom I have heard, in the exuberance of his heart-felt joy, make the echoes rebound with his voice, as I have seen him, in a cold drizzling morning of December, striking his furrow in distant fields, far amid solitary woodlands, and remote from all that is deemed the gaiety of life!

The heart, that has lost its zest for the scenery of Nature, that is untouched by the simplest pleasures, however harsh the designation may seem, is depraved! A walk, a ride, in the open air, at a distance from towns, and a return to the most unostentatious cottage, where only competence, and cleanliness, and peace preside, offers to a virtuous bosom the utmost gratification, of which we are capable, except what may arise from the retrospect of a duty performed, or a benefit conferred.

If these sentiments are faintly, or imperfectly expressed, the reader is entreated to notice, that they
have

have been dictated from the couch of debility and sickness.

Feb. 9, 1807.

N°. V.

Literature the only permanent vehicle of Fame.

Feb. 14, 1807.

I have often been struck at the extreme indifference and ignorance of men, who appear to be acting a conspicuous part in the world, in every thing except that which concerns their own immediate line of action. Men, of whom better things might have been expected, have been so engrossed with their own peculiar views of private ambition, that they have been found totally uninformed in matters, which it behoves every liberal mind to be in some degree acquainted with.

The late Mr. Pitt, whose exalted character I contemplate with due reverence, had defects of which his various splendid qualities ought not to obliterate the disapprobation. He seems to have imagined that the temper of the public mind might be, not only best, but exclusively, influenced through the channel of parliamentary oratory. A more narrow, and dangerous mistake has seldom been entertained. With all proper respect for the powers of oral eloquence, it is impossible to contemplate its deficiencies, compared with written compositions, (more especially as conveyed to the public by means of hired reporters of debates,) without astonishment at the error of such an opinion entertained by a strong understanding!

Alas! his own fame is now suffering through the
consequences

consequences of this mistake! He did not know the value of literature; and he never drew its masters around him.* His reputation therefore begins to be eclipsed, in the eye of the nation, by that of the great rival, who soon followed him to the grave; and who, having adorned his brilliant talents with this kind of cultivation, now enjoys the effect of it in the adulation paid to his memory.

In truth, in what other way can the credit now given to Mr. Fox, for superiority in certain points, as a statesman, to which he has no fair pretension, be accounted for? The panegyrists of that illustrious senator seem to take for granted, that because the measures of Mr. Pitt failed to rescue the Continent of Europe from the grasp of France, the opinions and predictions of his opponent have been verified by time, and would have produced both the preservation of the nations which have fallen, and the peace and security and prosperity of Great Britain! An illegitimate inference, which were the friends of the departed premier as zealous, and as active, in the fair means of regulating the public sentiment, as they ought to be, would have been long ago exposed! I conceive, on the contrary, no mathematical demonstration more certain, than that, whatever may be the event of the present struggle, if we had merely stood upon the defensive, nursed our resources, cultivated our commerce, and hugged the blessings of peace in a delusive safety, till we were attacked, while France was cherishing her strength, her ferocity, and her skill in arms, by the difficulties and

* A sensible pamphlet on this subject was published about ten years ago by "A NEAR OBSERVER."

dangers

dangers of warfare, our fate would have been, on the first onset, to have fallen, in all the debility of ease, wealth, and luxury, even without a blow. So much for the wise opinions, which have lately obtained uncontradicted applause for Mr. Fox, who, if he had put the principles, which he promulgated when in opposition, into execution on the attainment of power; (a folly of which I do not for a moment suspect him,) would have brought his country to irreparable ruin!

But such is the predominance, and in many respects the merited predominance, of him, who has courted the favour of the muses!

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae
Celata virtus: non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar laberes
Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones.”*

That they, who adored the son of Chatham when living, would desert his memory when dead, ought to have been within his contemplation, if he had exercised his sagacity on the characters of those, whom for the most part he suffered to surround him.

—————“He rests among the dead!
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn!”

* Hor. Od. 9. Lib. iv,

For

For me, who never received favour or notice from him, when alive, and who am precluded from any effectual co-operation in the principles by which he was actuated, from the coldness and strange indifference of those who have assumed the name of his surviving friends, I will not lightly be driven from the office of strewing his grave with flowers!

Yet how ungrateful a task I perform, how little I have been "fed with the fostering dew of praise," it would seem querulous to detail. But I will not be deterred from recording the following two sonnets, which a late occasion drew forth.

SONNET I.

Composed at midnight, Feb. 11, 1807.

Amid these sylvan shades I live unknown
 To the coarse spirit, who with public brawls
 Shakes in false fury Senatorial walls;
 And, vainly claiming to himself alone
 All worth, importance, talent, and renown,
 Deems him, who, list'ning to the Muse's calls,
 Spends his calm life in distant rural halls,
 A cypher, whom his rolls of Fame disown!
 Poor, narrow-minded, groveling, base-soul'd knave!
 When all the frothy torrents of thy tongue
 Sink, like thyself, forgotten in the grave,
 Still fresh shall flourish what the bard has sung;
 And future Wisdom shall record his praise;
 And unborn Beauty tremble o'er his lays!

SONNET

SONNET II.

Written Feb. 12, 1807.

Tho' in my veins the blood of monarchs flow,
 Plantagenet and Tudor! * not for these
 With empty boasts my lifted mind I please;
 But rather that my heart's emotions glow
 With the pure flame, the Muse's gifts bestow;
 Nor would it my aspiring soul appease,
 In rank, birth, wealth, to loll at sensual ease;
 And none but Folly's stupid flattery know!
 But yet when upstart Greatness turns an eye
 Of scorn and insult on my modest fame,
 And on descent's pretensions vain would try
 To build the honours of a nobler name;
 With pride defensive swelling, I exclaim,
 "Base one, e'en there with *me* thou dar'st not vie!"

ART. XXV. *Literary Epitaphs.*

Nº. I.

Epitaph by Dr. Free, for himself.

Hic sepultus est
 Johannes Free,
 In Academiâ Oxoniensi sacræ Theol. Doctor,
 Et Civitatis ejusdem nominis civis natus,
 Utriusque Pater;

* This is a fact, which may easily be ascertained by obvious authorities,
 of which it is unnecessary to mention any other than Sandford, or Stebbing.
 The sentiments are exactly those, which the author feels, and has ever felt,
 on the subject of descent. He would never oppose it but to those who assume
 airs on that pretence,

Quoniam

Quoniam non supererat in Civitate Civis senior,
Nec in Universitate Doctor.

Hic vir frustra vixit; nam laboravit frustra.
Nunquam enim quod Usus vitæ postulat,
Utrumque Moderatum, aut sibi assecutus est,
Aut suis

Concionator publicus per Annos LIII.
Et Doctor suæ facultatis XLIII.

Quinetiam, frustra :

Nam cum hæc scriberet, licet admodum senex,
Nunquam Ecclesiam obtinuisset,
Quæ redderet quotannis LXXX minas.
Mirum!

Sacerdos attamen fuit
Sub Imperio Georgii III. Magnæ Britanniae
Regis,

Quæ caput esse audit insuper Ecclesiae.
At vero, quanquam Regis Familiae fidus
Subditus,

Et suo damno fidus,
Nunquam tamen tulit, vel fidei politicae
Vel operis Sacerdotalis præmium.
Adeo ut hujus hominis vita comparetur
Proventui arboris, naturâ fertilis
Sed quæ tempestatibus subinde agitata,
Cælique inclementiâ oppressa, et tandem victa,
Fructum suum cum vitâ perdidit.
Quod perinde est, ac si a principio
facta fuisset sterilis.

Sic visum est Creatori
Opus texere, et retexere suum.
Sicciné, ait Psalmista, Deus,
Omnes homines in mendacium,
Aut deceptionem creâsti ? *

* Psalm lxxxix. ver. 48. edit. Jun. et Tremell.

Si hoc verum sit,
 Tum præter inferna illa, ab antiquis temporibus
 Credita et formidata,
 Locus pænæ est etiam hæc Terra nostra,
 Ubi sic decipimur; ubi
 Per tramites perplexos iter, et ad quodvis
 Divorticulum crebri laquei et insidiæ locantur,
 Atque post infinitum molimen
 Spei perpetua frustratio:
 Qui cruciatus!
 Patet, igitur, in hunc orbem eo fine inducimur,
 Semper aliquid pati;
 Et, quod maximum inter homines
 Habitum est, et nominatum supplicium,
 Patiendo mori.
 Nonne hæc est pæna per totum,
 Quando mors, cujus causâ nascimur,
 Ut Supremum et grande officium ultionis
 Coronat opus?
 Cur ita comparatum est, aut quam ob causam
 Huc venimus puniendi? An in hanc vitam
 Ex aliâ vitâ profecti sumus? an-
 sed melius est intactas relinquere
 Quæstiones tam difficiles:—Deus noverit,
 Hominem vero puto scire nullum.
 Abi, Viator:
 Nam adhuc calcanda tibi semita tortuosa vitæ:
 Repone animo, et converte, si potes, in tuum
 Usum
 Arcanum Regis sapientissimi documentuma,
 ‘ Vanitas Vanitatum,
 ‘ Universum hoc est Vanitas!’ *
 De usu aphorismi hujus

* Eccles. i. ver. 1.

Commentariolum adjacet, infra ; dicendo
 Se observasse in diebus sue deceptionis,
 Hoc est, vitæ suæ,
 Est justus scilicet, pericus in Justitiâ suâ ;
 Est sceleratus, qui promulgatur in suo scelere.
 Ideo,
 Pone modum justitiæ, et
 Scientiæ pone modum ;
 Ulterius progredi periculosum :
 Nam cur te ibis perditum * †

N°. II.

In the Chancel of St. James's Church, Westminster.

Near this place lie the remains of
 Mary Delany,
 Daughter of Bernard Granville, Esq.
 And niece of
 George Granville Lord Lansdowne.
 She was married first to
 Alexander Pendarves of Roscrow
 in the County of Cornwall, Esq.
 And secondly, to Patrick Delany, D.D.
 Dean of Down, in Ireland.
 She was born the 14th of May, 1700 ;
 And died the 15th of April, 1788.
 She was a lady
 Of singular ingenuity and politeness,
 And unaffected piety :
 Those qualities
 Had endeared her thro' life
 To many noble and excellent persons,
 And made the close of it illustrious

* Eccles. vii. ver. 16.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. lxi. p. 967.

By

By procuring for her
Many signal marks of grace and honour
From their Majesties. *

Nº. III.

Intended† Epitaph at Kingston, near Canterbury.

‡ H.S.E.

Rev. Gul. Dejovas Byrche, A.M.

Ævi, in quo vixit, decus et ornamentum; §
Suavitatis indolis, candoris, ac benevolentiae,
omnibus exemplar.

Linguarum tam hodiernarum, quam anti-
quarum scientia,
paucis cessit,

rebus mathematicis, ac pietate non ficta,
nulli.

Corporis infirmi diu incola,
carceris tandem impatiens,
Cælum versus avolavit

anima,

die Martis 7º, ætatis 62,

Salutis 1792

Ad memoriam tam chari capitis conservandam,

Elizabetha—illius vidua moriens,

H.M.P.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. lxi. p. 807.

† This seems to me preferable to the epitaph which has since been placed on Mr. Byrche's monument in the above church.

‡ Gent. Mag. Vol. lxii. p. 411.

§ These words are a little extravagant; as Mr. Byrche, from diffidence, or some other cause, never exhibited either his learning or his talents to the public, which is much to be lamented, since they were undoubtedly of a very high kind: and nothing could exceed the goodness of his heart and disposition.

N^o. IV.*From Winchester Cathedral.*

In memory of the Reverend
William Cawthorne Unwin, M.A. *
rector of Stock in Essex.

He was educated at the Charter-
house in London, under the Rev. Dr.
Crusius; and, having gone through the
education of that school, he was at
an early period admitted to
Christ's College, Cambridge.
He died, in this city, the 29th
Nov. 1786, aged 41 years, leaving
A widow and three young children. †

N^o. V.*From Weston Favell Church, Northamptonshire.*

Here lie the remains
of the Rev. James Hervey, A. M.
late rector of this parish;
that very pious man,
and much-admired author ! ‡
who died Dec. 25th, 1733,
in the 45th year of his age.

Reader, expect no more; to make him known
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone:
A name more lasting shall his writings give;
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and live. §

* The husband of Cowper's Mary, and father to his correspondent, the
Rev. W. Unwin.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. lxi. p. 217.

‡ Author of "Meditations among the Tombs," &c.

§ Gent. Mag. Vol. lvi. p. 488.

ART. XXVI. *Bibliographical Catalogue. List of Authors on Gardening, &c. By the Rev. J. S. Clarke.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. III. P. 416.]

ART. 1. *The twelve Moneths, or, a pleasant and profitable discourse of every action, whether of labour or recreation, proper to each particular Moneth, branched into directions relating to Husbandry, as Plowing, Sowing, Gardening, Planting, Transplanting, Plashing of Fences, felling of Timber, ordering of Cattle and Bees, and of Malt, &c. As also of Recreations, as Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling, Coursing, Cockfighting. To which likewise is added a necessary advice touching Physick, when it may, and when not be taken. Lastly, every Moneth is shut up with an Epigram. With the Fairs of every Month. By M. Stevenson. "Humidia solstitia, atque hiemes orate serenas." Virg. (With Plates to each Month; small quarto.) London. Printed by M. S. for Thomas Jenner, and are to be sold at his shop, at the south entrance of the Royal Exchange, 1661.*

ART. 2. *Systema Agriculturæ; the Mystery of Husbandry discovered. Treating of the several new and most advantageous Ways of Tilling, Planting, Sowing, Manuring, Ordering, Improving of all sorts of Gardens, Orchards, Meadows, Pastures, Corn Lands, Woods and Coppices. As also of Fruits, Corn, Grain, Pulse, New Hays, Cattle, Fowl, Beasts, Bees, Silk-Worms, Fish, &c. With an account of the several Instruments and Engines used in this Profession. To which is added Kalendarium Rusticum: or the Husbandman's Monthly Directions. Also the Prognosticks of Dearth, Scarcity, Plenty, Sickness, Heat, Cold, Frost, Snow, Rain, Hail, Thunder, &c. and Dictionarium Rusticum: or the Interpretation of Rustick Terms. The whole work being of*

great use and advantage to all that delight in that most noble Practise. The fourth Edition carefully corrected and amended, with one whole section added, and many large and useful additions throughout the whole work. By J. W. Gent.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas." VIRGIL.

London printed, and are to be sold by John Taylor, at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1698.

(On the frontispiece.) Printed for Tho. Dring at the corner of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street, in 1681, folio.

Art. 3. *An Appendix to the new Improvements of Planting and Gardening, illustrated with Copper Plates.* By R. Bradley, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, and F.R.S. London. Printed for W. Mears, at the Lamb, without Temple Bar. 1726. Dedicated to Knox Ward, Esq. Clarencieux King at Arms.

Art. 4. *The Riches of a Hop Garden explained, by the Same.* London. Printed for Charles Davis in Paternoster-Row, and Thomas Green at Charing Cross. 1729.

In this curious little pamphlet Mr. B. observes—"I am of the opinion with a curious Kentish Gentleman, that if we were to prepare and order the hop-binds as we do hemp, they would make excellent cordage." (Page 92.)

Art. 5. *The Compleat Seedsman's Monthly Calendar. Shewing the best and most easy method for raising and cultivating every sort of Seed belonging to a Kitchen and Flower Garden. With necessary Instructions for sowing of berries, mast, and seeds, of Evergreens, Forest-Trees, and such as are proper for improving of Land. Written at the command of a person of Honour.* By the Same. London. Printed for W. Mears, at his Warehouse at the Lamb on Ludgate Hill. 1738.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 6. *A Treasury of Ecclesiasticall Expositions, upon the difficult and doubtfull places of the Scriptures, collected out of the best esteemed Interpreters, both auncient and moderne, together with the author's judgement, and various observations. Containing 270 Texts, throughout the Gospels of Mathew, Marke, Luke, and John, and the Acts of the Apostles. The very pith, and choicest streines of many bookes in one, and a fully satisfying resolution of above a thousand Questions in solid Divinitie. The next page sheweth the names of the Writers, whose expositions follow in this Booke. By John Mayer, B.D. London. Printed by J. D. for John Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop at the Two Greyhounds in Corne-hill, neere the Royall Exchange. 1622.*

Art. 7. ΔΕΝΔΡΟΛΟΓΙΑ. *Dodona's Grove, or the Vocall Forest. The third Edition more exact and perfect than the former; with the addition of two other Tracts; viz. Parables reflecting upon the Times. And England's Tears for the present Warres.* By J. H.† Esquire. Printed in the Yeare 1645.*

Some of the reflections in this little volume have considerable merit. "For politicall bodies, as well as naturall, have their degrees of age, declinings, and periods; which I cannot so properly term periods, as successions, or vicissitudes. Commonweals have often turned to kingdoms, and realms have been cut out into republicks; the ruine of one, being still the raysing of the other; as one foot cannot be lifted up, till the other be down: witnesse those foure mighty monarchies, which were as spokes upon Fortune's

* See before Vol. III. p. 65.

† viz. James Howell, Esq.

wheel, or as so many nails driving out one another. And so is it also in naturall bodies; the corruption of one, is still the generation of another: so that, it seems, Nature hath her wheel also, as well as Fortune; and these changes and chances, tend to preserve the whole from decaying. So, that the opinion of that *Adrianian*, since much enriched by a learned *Druinian*. is farre from deserving to be exploded for a paradox, viz that the universe do'h not decay or impair at all in the whole, but in its individuals and parts. For, as the preservation of the world is a continuall production; so in this production, as I said before. the corruption of one foreruns the generation of another: therefore to bear up the whole, if there be a decay in one place, it is recompensed in some other: so that one may say Nature danceth in a circle, and by this circulation, preserves the visible world."

Art. 5. England's Improvement by Sea and Land: to outdo the Dutch without fighting, to pay debts without moneys, to set at work all the Poor of England with the growth of our own lands. To prevent unnecessary suits in law; with the benefit of a voluntary register. Directions where vast quantities of timber are to be had for the building of ships; with the advantage of making the Great Rivers of England navigable. Rules to prevent fires in London, and other great Cities; with directions how the several Companies of Handicraftsmen in London may always have cheap bread and drink. By Andrew Yarranton, Gent. London. Printed by R. Everingham for the author, and are to be sold by T. Parkhurst at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheap Side, and N. Simmons at the Princes Arms in S. Pauls Church Yard, 1677. Dedicated to Arthur Earl of Anglesey, Lord Privy-Seal, and to the Worshipful Sir Thomas Player. Knight, Chamberlain of the City of London. 4to. Also to the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Windsor, and besides to Sir Walter Kirtham Blount, Bart. and Sir Samuel Baldurin.

Art.

Art. 6. *England's Improvement by Sea and Land. The Second Part. Containing, I. An Account of its Scituation, and the growths and manufactures thereof. II. The Benefit and Necessity of a Voluntary Register. III. A Method for improving the Royal Navy, lessening the growing Power of France, and obtaining the Fishery. IV. Proposals for fortifying and securing Tangier, so that no enemy shall be able to attack it. V. Advantageous proposals for the City of London, for the preventing of Fires and Massacres therein; and for lessening the great charge occasioned by the keeping up of the Trained Bands. VI. The Way to make New-haven in Sussex, fit to receive Ships of Burthen. (N. B. This last project is at present endeavoured to be accomplished by Government.) VII. Seasonable Discourses of the Tinn, Iron, Linnen, and Woollen Trades; with Advantageous Proposals for improving them all. Illustrated with seven large copper plates. By Andrew Yarranton. London, &c. 1681.*

Art. 7. *Moral Essays on some of the most curious and significant English, Scotch and Foreign Proverbs. By Samuel Palmer, Presbyter of the Church of England. London. 8vo. Printed by Tho. Hodgkin, for R. Bonwicke, W. Freeman, &c. &c. 1710.*

This author, as appears from a MS. note, was once a Nonjuror; and afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England.

Art. 8. *Essays upon several Moral Subjects by Sir George Mackenzie, Knight. To which is prefixed some account of his Life and Writings. London. 8vo. Printed for D. Brown, G. Strahan, &c. 1713.*

Sir G. Mackenzie, of whom an account is given in *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*, was born at Dundee in the county of Angus, 1636. His father was Simon Mackenzie, brother

to the Earl of Seaforth, and his mother Elizabeth the daughter of Dr. Andrew Bruce, Rector of the University of St. Andrew. He was such an early proficient in learning, that when he was about ten years old, he had read his grammar and the best classic authors, so that he was thought fit at that age to be sent to the University of Aberdeen. He died at his lodgings in St. James's Street, Westminster, May 8, 1691. Among various other works, he was the author of *Aretina*, a Romance, 8vo. and hath also, says Wood, left behind him about 14 MSS. of his own composition, which in good time may see the light.

Art. 9. *Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, M.A.* 3 vols. 8vo. *The Seventh Edition corrected.* London. Printed for J. and J. Knapton, G. Strahan, &c. 1732.

It is astonishing that this work has not been reprinted.

J.S.C.

ART. XXVII. *Further Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A Satyricall Dialogue, or a sharplye invective Conference betweene Alexander the Great and that trulye woman-hater Diogynes.* 4to. no date.

Dedication, signed Wm. Goddard.

Art. 2. *A Mastif Whelp. with other ruff Island like Currs fetcht from amongst the Antipedes: which bite and barke at the fantastickall humorists and abusers of the time.* 4to. no date.

Dedicated to his loving friends, Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, by Wm. Goddard. The publication consists of 126 epigrams, entitled satires.

Art.

Art. 3. *A Neaste of Waspes lately found out and discovered in the Low Countreys, yealding as swete hony as some of our English bees. By Will. Goddard. Dort. 1015. 4to.*

In consequence of this production the following quaint lines were addressed by Henry Fitz-Geffrey "to his ingenious friend, Will Goddard, of his booke entituled Waspes."

" True epigrams most fitly likened are
To Waspes, that in their taile a sting must beare:
Thine being Waspes I say, who'st will repine,
They are not epigrams are not like thine."

Art 4. *Pax Volis, or Wits Changes: tuned in a Latine hexameter of Peace, whereof the numeral letters present the yeare of our Lord: and the verse it selfe (consisting only of nine words) admitted 1623 several changes or transpositions, remaineth still a true verse, to the great wonder of common understanding. With a congratulatorie Poem thereupon, and some other chronograms, of the like numeral nature, expressing both the yeare of our Lord, and the yeare of the King's reigne. Composed in celebration of this yeares entrance of his Majestie into the xxi yeare of his blessed raigne over Great Britaine: and of the hopefull Journall of the thrice illustrious Prince Charles into Spaine. By Ro. Tisdale of Graies Inne, Gent. 1623. 4to.*

The title of this chronogrammic poem will afford a sufficient exposition of its contents.

Art. 5. *The Arbor of Amitie; wherein is composed pleasant poems and pretie poesies: set forth by Thomas Howell. 1568. 8vo.*

Art. 6. *Thomas Howell's Devises for his owne exercise and his friends pleasure. Imprinted by H. Jackson. 1581. 4to.*

The

The former of these two titles occurs in the Bodleian Catalogue, and the latter in Major Pearson's, but the purchaser of the volume is unknown, and the author seems to be unnoticed in poetical biography. Ritson positively ascribes to him a translation from one of the *Metamorphoses* entitled

Art. 7. *The Fable of Ovid, treating of Narcissus; translated out of Latin into English mytre: with a moral thereunto, very plesante to rede. By T. H. 1560.*

See Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 417, where Mr. Warton remarks, that the moralization added in the octave stanza, is twice the length of the fable.

Art 8. *A remembraunce of the wel-employed Life and godly end of George Gaskoigne, Esquire, who deceased at Stalmford in Lincolnshire, the 7th of October, 1577: the reporte of Geor. Whetstone, Gent. an eye witnes of his godly and charitable end in this world. Famæ nulla fides. Imprinted at London for Edward Aggas, dwelling in Paul's Churchyard, and, are there to be salde. 4to.*

This interesting memorial of two contemporary poets, appears to have been in the hand of Bishop Tanner, by whom it is slightly mentioned in his *Bibliotheca*, (art. Geo. Gascoign.) But no extant copy had been traced by modern collectors: and the tract was supposed to have perished.* Recently, however, in the curious library of Mr. Voigt, a copy made its appearance, and has been added to what it most suitably appertained, the very choice poetical collection of Mr. Malone. A sight of the tract has served to ascertain, what Tanner left doubtful,† that Gascoigne the poet, was the person commemorated, and that he was the author of the book of Hunting, commonly ascribed to Turbervile.

T. P.

* See *Censura*, I. 114.

† The words of Tanner are "Vita an nostri an alius Georgii Gascoignii descripta est per Geo. Whetstone."

ART.

ART. XXVIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. Dec. 8. Anthony Dalzell, M.A. F.R.S. Edinb. Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, &c. born 1750. He published a series of Collections from Greek authors, entitled "Collectanea Minora," and "Collectanea Majora;" and edited the posthumous Sermons of his father-in-law, Dr. John Drysdale.

Dec 9. John Cade, Esq. aged 72, at Gainford, Co. Durham, Antiquary. See *Archæologia*, VII. p. 74. IX. 276.

1807. Jan. 15. Lady Hesketh, widow of Sir Thos. Hesketh, Bart. daughter of Ashley Cowper, and first cousin, and correspondent, of William Cowper, the poet.

Feb. 20. In London, Mrs. Douglas, of Ednam House, near Kelso, translator of Gellert's Works; widow of the late Dr. Douglas, and formerly of Osmond Beauvoir, D.D. She was daughter and heir of the late Fane William Sharpe, M. P.

WILLIAM STEVENS, ESQ. F.S.A.

Died on the 7th inst. after a few hours illness, with which he was seized, as he was stepping into his carriage, WILLIAM STEVENS, Esq. F.S.A. and Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty. He was a man of singular excellence of character, and of the soundest learning, particularly, in Divinity, which was his favourite study, and in which he was as deeply, if not more

more deeply read, than any layman of his time. In him religion and virtue have lost one of their brightest ornaments, and the Church of England one of her most firm and stedfast friends. Possessed of a liberal income, he employed the greatest part of it, in acts of charity, which were regulated with a degree of system and judiciousness, that were truly admirable; and were performed in that quiet and unostentatious manner, which clearly evinced that he sought for no other reward than the approbation of his own conscience. It may be truly said of him, that "*he did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.*" As a friend he was kind and sincere; and as a companion he was sought after by both old and young, on account of the amiableness of his disposition, the engaging simplicity and cheerfulness of his manners, and the amusement and instructiveness of his conversation.

The following is a list of the literary performances, which have, at different times, issued from his pen.

- I. "*A Treatise on the Nature and Constitution of the Christian Church, wherein are set forth the Form of its Government, the Extent of its Powers, and the Limits of our Obedience,*" &c. By a Layman. Anno 1773.
- II. "*Cursory Observations on the Pamphlet of the Rev. Fras. Wollaston, on the subject of Subscription to the 39 Articles.*"
- III. "*Strictures on a Sermon entitled the Principles of the Revolution vindicated, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Wednesday, 19 May, 1776, by Rd. Watson, D.D. and Regius Professor of Divinity in that University. In a Letter to a Friend.*" 1777,

"IV. The

- IV. "*The Revolution vindicated and Constitutional Liberty asserted; in answer to the Rev. Dr. Watson's Accession-Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, on 25 Oct. 1776. In a Letter to a Friend.* 1777.
- V. "*A New and faithful Translation of Letters from M. J. Abbé ***, Hebrew Professor in the University of *** to Dr. Benjn. Kennicott, with an Introductory Preface, in answer to a late Pamphlet published with a view to vindicate Dr. Kennicott from the arguments and facts alledged against him in the French Letters.*" 1775.
- VI. "*A Discourse on the English Constitution, extracted from a late eminent Writer, and applicable to the present Times.*"
- VII. "*A Review of a Review of a new Preface to the Second Edition of Mr. Jones's Life of Bishop Horne, in the British Critic for Feb. 1800. In a Letter to a Friend. By AIN.*"

The above mentioned works have been some time out of print, except the Treatise on the Church, which has been republished by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, with the author's name.

The Life of the Rev. Wm. Jones of Nayland, prefixed to the works of that learned divine, was also the production of Mr. Stevens; who besides edited the *Third and Fourth Volumes of Bishop Horne's Sermons*, and a *Volume of Occasional Discourses* by the same able and learned hand.

It was to Mr. Stevens, Bishop Horne, the Rev. Dr. Glasse,

Glasse, and the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, that the learned John Parkhurst inscribed his fourth edition of the *Hebrew Lexicon*, as "*the Favourers and Promoters*" of the work.

Between Bishop Horne and Mr. Stevens (who were cousins) a very close and tender friendship existed, which commenced in their youth, and continued, uninterrupted and undiminished, to the decease of the excellent prelate. His Lordship's celebrated "*Letters on Infidelity*," are, in an introductory epistle, dedicated to Mr. Stevens, under the initials W. S. Esq.: and from that epistle, it appears, that the design of the work was suggested to the good bishop's mind by Mr. Stevens. The prefatory epistle to Mr. Jones's *Life of Bishop Horne* is likewise dedicated to Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was an excellent Hebraist, and a considerable Grecian. He was bred to the business of a wholesale hosier, and continued to carry on that business until within a very few years of his death, which took place in the very house, in which he had served his apprenticeship, and had pursued his trade.

A considerable resemblance of character is observable between the subject of these notices, and old Isaak Walton, the author of the well-known and much admired *Lives of Donne, Hooker, Bishop Sanderson, and Herbert*. They were both tradesmen, and scholars; both eminent for sound religious learning; and they both enjoyed the friendship, society, and correspondence of the most distinguished characters of the ages in which they respectively lived; they were also both of them men of the greatest and most active Christian virtues.

Mr. Stevens was in possession of a large collection
of

of letters, on literary and other interesting subjects, received by him from the venerable prelate above-mentioned, during the course of their long and intimate connection. There can be no doubt, that a judicious selection from those letters, would prove a most valuable present to the literary public. Mr. Jones of Nayland was also in possession of several hundreds of his friend the bishop's letters, which, from the interesting matter with which they abounded, he had some intention of publishing, as appears from a passage in his *Life of Dr. Horne*. But he died without carrying this design into effect. These letters, and all the MSS. of Mr. Jones came into the hands of his son, the Rev. W. Jones of Clare, who died in 1804 or 1805.

About ten years ago, Mr. Stevens was prevailed upon by some of his friends to collect his writings together in a volume, which he did; and entitled it ΟΥΔΕΝΟΣ ΕΡΓΑ, *the works of NOBODY*. From this time he went by the name of NOBODY among his friends, who, about that period, to the number of thirty, formed themselves into a dinner society, called "*Nobody's Club*," in honour of Mr. S. which met several times in the year. In this select club, there were several members of both Houses of Parliament, and some of the most distinguished characters in the church, the law, in medicine, and in other respectable walks of life. *

C.

* The Editor is indebted for this memoir to a very valuable Correspondent, to whom he returns his warm thanks.

ART.

ART. XXIX. *Literary Intelligence.*

The enlarged edition of Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, which was announced in the *CENSURA LITERARIA*, Number XI. has been delayed, I understand, for the insertion of some additional portraits. These being completed, the work will be published immediately, in five octavo volumes.

The *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter*, by her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, A.M. with her *Notes on the Bible*, &c. are far advanced in the press, and will appear in about six weeks, in one vol. 4to.

Memoirs and Letters of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, are preparing for publication by her family.

To Correspondents.

The very learned and ingenious Letter from Norwich, regarding an ancient Medal, shall appear next month: it was too late for the present Number; which was also the case with an excellent paper for the *Ruminator*, containing a criticism on a celebrated modern poem. This also, with many other favours, shall have insertion in the succeeding Number.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XV.

[Being the Third Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis; translated into English heroicall verse by Richard Stanyhurst: with other poetickall devises thereto annexed. At London: Imprinted by Henrie Bynnesman, dwelling in Thames Streete, neare unto Baynardes Castell, Anno Dom. 1583. 8vo. pp. 106.**

“After the associated labours of Phaier and Twyne,† says Warton,‡ it is hard to say what could induce Robert [Richard] Stanyhurst, a native of Dublin, to translate the first four books of the Eneid into English hexameters, which he printed at London in 1583, and dedicated to his brother, || Peter Plunket, the learned baron of Dusanay in Ireland.” This dedication is dated from Leyden in Holland, the last of June 1582: and as it may serve to explain a point which seems to

* From an entry in the Stationers' books, this work seems to have been first printed at Leyden; an edition unknown to Ames, or Herbert. See Ritson's *Bibl. Poetica*, p. 357.

† Twyne's continuation did not appear till after this version of Stanyhurst. See Stevens's *List of Ancient Translations*.

‡ *Hist. of Eng. Poetry* iii. 399.

|| Qu. Patrick?

have cramped our poetical historian, while it affords a curious memorial of the writer's pedantical conceit and quaint vulgarity, much of it is here extracted.

"To the right hon. my very loving brother, the lorde baron of Dunsanye. *

"Having (my good lord) taken upon mee to execute some parte of Maister Askam's will, who in his golden pamphlet, intituled the Schoolemaister, doth wish the universitie students to applie their wittes in beautifying our Englishe language with heroicall verses;† I held no Latinist so fit to give the onset on as Virgil, who for his perelesse stile and matchlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane poets. Howbeit, I have here halfe a gesse, that two sorts of carpers wil seeme to spurne at this mine enterprise: the one utterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant wil imagine, that the passage was nothing craggy, in as much as M. Phaer hath broken the ice before mee: the meaner clearkes wil suppose my travaile in these heroicall verses to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice to make what word I woulde short or long, having no English writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whose squire I shoulde leavel my syllables. ‡

"To

* P. Plunket Lord Dunsany, and Stanyhurst, seem to have married two sisters, and thence probably it was, that the latter styles him *brother*.

† Ascham, in 1564, had strongly protested against *rhyme*, as a gothic usage; yet he rather objected to the nature of *carmen heroicum*, because dactylus, the aptest foot for that verse, is so seldom found in English: but "although *carmen hexametrum* (he adds) doth rather trotte and hoble, than runne smoothly, yet I am sure our English tong will receive *carmen iambicum* as naturallie as either Greke or Latin." Scholemaster, fol. 60.

‡ This slur oblique would seem to be directed against Gab. Harvey, who before

"To shape therefore an aunswere to the first; I say—they are altogether in a wrong boxe: considering that such wordes as fit M. Phaer may be very unapt for me, which they would confesse, if their skil were so much as spare, in these verses. Furthermore, I stand so nicely on my pantofles that way, as if I could, yet I would not run on the score with M. Phaer or any other, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language as our English tongue is. And, in good sooth, although the gentleman hath translated Virgil into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and lōstie words can bourd him; none, I am wel assured, overgoe him: yet he hath rather doubled than defalcct ought of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with mine, I was forced to weede out from my verses such choise wordes as were forestalled by him; unlesse they were so feeling, as others could not countervaille theyr signification. In which case it were no reason to sequester my pen from their acquaintance; considering, that as M. Phaer was not the firste founder, so he may not be accounted the only owner of such termes. Truly, I am so farre from embeazling his travailes, as that for the honour of the Englishe I durst

before 1580 had composed, and in that year published, English verses in Latin measures, of which he was proud to be considered as the *primus artifex*. Hence the following egotistic boast in one of his wordy contests with Nash: "If I never deserve any better remembrance, let me be epitaphed *the Inventour of the English hexameter*, whome learned M. Staniburst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia and elsewhere." *Four Letters, &c.* 1592. I suspect that Drant had opposed this fashionable novelty in principle as well as practice, since Harvey speaks of rules for the *Dranting* of verses in *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593; and had done so before, in his correspondence with Spenser.

undertake to run over these bookes againe, and to give them a new liverie in such different wise, as they should not jet with M. Phaer's badges; ne yet bee clad with this appaile, wherewyth at this present they come forth attyred: which I speake not of vanitie, to enhance my cunning; but of meere veritie, to advance the riches of our speech. Moreover, in some points of greatest price, where the matter, as it were, doth bleede; I was mooved to shunne M. Phaer's interpretation, and cling more neere to the meaning of mine authour, in slicing the huske and cracking the shell, to bestowe the kernell upon the wittie and inquisitive reader. I coulde lay down sundrie examples, were it not I shoulde be thought over curious, by prying out a pimple in a bent: but a few shall suffice. In the fourth booke, Virgil, disciphning the force of Mercurie, among other propertie, wryteth thus:

Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat;

M. Phaer doth English in this wise:

And sleepes therewith he gives and takes, and men from death defendes.

Mine interpretation is this:

He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd uphasping.

"This is cleane contrarie to M. Phaer. He wryteth, that Mercurie defendeth from death: I write, that it procureth death; which (under his correction) doth more annere to the authour his minde, and to nature's working.* For, if Mercurie didde not slea before it

* Servius and Turnebus differ just as much in their acceptation of this passage, as Messieurs Phaer and Stanyburst.

did save, and procured sleeping eare it caused waking, Nature, in hir operations, woulde bee founderd; the fat were in the fire; the market were marred. To like effecte Chaucer bringeth, in the fift booke, Troilus thus mourning:

“Thee owle ecke, which that hight, *Ascaphylo*, *
Hath after mee shrigh al these nightes two:
And god Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, it feche.”

“Againe, Virgil in diverse places investeth Juno with this epitheton, *Saturnia*; M. Phaer overpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the authour, to damme up the chappes of yawning verses. I never to my remembrance omitted it, as indeede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as the overslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the poet’s discourse, in such hauking wise, as if he were throuled with the chincoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth booke betwene Dido and Aeneas, I adde, in my verse, *watry Juno*: although mine author used not the epitheton *watrye*, but onely made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fier*. Yet I am well assured, that word throughly conceived of an hedeful student may give him such light as may ease him of sixe moneths travaile; whyche were well spent, if that *wedlocke* were wel understoode. Thus Virgil in hys Aeneis, and Ovid in his Metamorphosis, are so tickle in some places, as they rather crave a construction than a translation.

* Or rather *Ascalapho*.

But it may be hereafter (if God wil grace my proceedings) I shall be occasioned, in my **FIN** **Cou-LEIDOS**, to unlace more of these mysteries: whiche booke I muste be many yeares breeding; but if it be thoroughly effected, I stande in hope it wil fall out to be *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

“ Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will discover. The thre firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serve me. In the fourth booke I did taske my selfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. M. Phaer tooke to the making of that boke fiftene dayes; I hudled up mine in ten: wherein I covet no praise, but rather doe crave pardon. For like as forelittering bitches whelp blinde puppies, so I may be perhaps intwighted of more haste than good speede, as Sir Thomas Moore in like case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verses clouted up *extrumpere*:

Hos quid te scripsisse mones ex tempore versus ?

Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

“ But to leave that to the verdict of others (wherein I crave the good liking of the curteous, and scorne the controulment of the currish, as those that usually reprehend most and yet can amend least) the oddes betweene *verse* and *rythme* is very greate. For in the one, everie foote, everie worde, everie syllable, yea everie letter is to be observed: in the other, the last worde is onelye to be heeded; as is very lively expressed by the lawyer, in empaneling a jurie:

Johannes Doa.

Richardus Roa.

Johannes

Johannes Myles.
 Thomas Giles.
 Johannes Den.
 Willielmus Fen.
 Willielmus Neile.
 Johannes Sneile.
 Johannes Hye.
 Thomas Pye.
 Richardus Leake.
 Johannes Peake.

"Happly, suche curious markers, as your Lordshippe is, wil accompt this but *rythme dogrel*: but we may sute it with a more civil word by terming it *rythme peale meale*; it rolleth so roundly in the hearers cares. And are there not diverse skavingers of draftie poetrie in this oure age, that baste their papers wyth smearie larde, favoring altogether of the frying pan? What Tom Towly is so simple that wil not attempt to be a rythmoure? If your lordship stand in doubt thereof, what thinke you of the thicke-skinne that made this for a farewel for his mistresse, upon his departure from Abingtowne?

"Abingtowne, Abingtowne, God be with thee;
 For thou haste a steeple like a dagger sheathe."

And another in the praise, not of a steeple, but of a dagger:

"When all is gone but the black scabbard,
 Wel fare the haft with the duggeon dagger."

"The third (for I will present your lordship wyth a leshe) in the commendation of bacon:

"Hee is not a king that weareth satten,
 But hee is a king that eateth bacon."

"Have not these men made a faire speake? If they hadde putte in *mightie Jove* and *Gods* in the plurall number, and *Venus* wyth *Cupye the blinde boye*, al had bene in the nicke, the rythme had bin of a right stamp. For a few such stitches botch up our new fashion makers.* Provided notwithstanding alwayes, that Artaxerxes, albeit he be spur galde, being so much galloped, bee placed in the dedicatorie epistle, receiving a cuppe of water of a swaine, or else all is not worth a beane. Good God, what a frie of such wooden rythmours doth swarme in stacioners shops, who never instructed in anie grammar schoole, not attayning to the parings of the Latine or Greeke tongue, yet (lyke blinde Bayards) rushe on forwarde, fostring their vaine conceits with such overweening sillie follies, as they recke not to be condemned of the learned for ignorant, so they bee commended of the ignorant for learned. The readiest way therefore to flap these droanes from the sweet scenting hives of poetrye, is for the learned to applie them selves wholly (if they bee delighted with that vaine) to the true meaning of verses in suche wise as the Greekes and Latines, the fathers of knowledge, have done, and to leave to these doltishe coistrels their rude rythming and balducketome ballads. To the stirring therefore of the ryper, and the encouraging of the yonger gentlemenne of our universities, I have taken some paines that waye; which I thought good to be-

* In the infancy of Greece (says Meres) they that handled, in the audience of the people, grave and necessary matters, were called wise men or eloquent men, which they meant by *Vates*; so the rest which sang of love matters or other lighter devises, alluring unto pleasure and delight, were called *poets* or *makers*. *Palladis Tamia*. 1598.

take to your Lordship's patronage, being of it self otherwise so tender as happily it might scant endure the tippe of a frumping fillip."

Thus much has been selected from the "Dedication" of Stanyhurst, because it may be considered as one of our earliest essays on English metrification, and is of such rarity as to have escaped the notice of Dr. Warton and Mr. Malone, in their retrospects of our critical literature.* A preface of five pages "to the learned reader," proceeds in a still more minute manner to lay down rules for the adjustment of English prosody, when applied to what Mr. Warton has termed an "unnatural and impracticable mode of versification."† From this preface a short extract only shall be adduced, which relates to syllabic quantities:—"The Latines prescribe that the primitive and derivative, the simple and compound, be of one quantitie; but that rule, of al others, must be abandoned from the English; otherwise, all wordes in effect should be abridged. *Mooother* I make long; yet *grandmother* must be short. *Buckler* is long; yet *swashbuckler* is short. And albeit, that worde be long by position, yet doubtlesse the naturall dialect of English will not allowe of that rule in middle syllables, but it must be of force with us excepted, where the natural pronuntiation wil so have it. For otherwise we should banish a number of good and necessary words from our verses, as M. G. Harvey (if I mistake not the gentleman's

* See Warton's *Pope*, I. 175; and Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 59.

† Hist. of E. P. III. 405. A later attempt was made to revive this obsolete whimsy by an anonymous writer in 1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a Vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronuntiation.

name)

name) hath very wel observed in one of his familiar letters : * where he layeth down divers words straying from the Latine precepts, as *majestie, royaltie, &c.*"

Stanyhurst was so far from banishing any of our words, that he is rather to be blamed for introducing a number of new combinations, too uninviting for poetical adoption, and too repulsive even for prose composition. His endeavour indeed seems to have been, to render the sound an imitation of the sense; but he wanted taste and skill to accomplish his purpose with agreeableness. The pure and exquisite style of Virgil, which a modern critic † has pronounced to be his only "preserving pickle," is therefore perverted by Stanyhurst into a species of travestie, which has grossly libelled his original. To the golden car of Phœbus he has yoked the team of a mud-cart, and is more adroit in using the language of a carman than the rein of a charioteer. But it may not be undesirable to exhibit a few samples from this singular version. The opening of the first book furnishes not the least favourable citation, though it contains some expressions which were justly carped at even by contemporaries. The four introductory lines seem to be gathered from the *Bucolics*.

"I, that in old season wyth reeds oten harmonye whistled
My rural sonnet; from forrest flitted (I) forced

* These letters passed between Spenser and Harvey in 1579, and were published by the latter in 1580. Hughes republished them, in a garbled state, at the end of his edition of Spenser's works. Mr. Todd has inserted an accurate reprint of those written by Spenser, in his biographical account of that poet. The letters of Harvey gave such offence to Ld. Oxford and the university of Cambridge, that he was induced to tender a large *Apology*. See his *Four Letters, &c.* touching Robert Greene, 1592.

† See *Letters of Literature*, p. 150.

Ther,

Thee, sulcking swincker, thee soile, though craggie, to
sunder:

A labor and a travaile too plowswains hartily welcom.
Now manhod and garboills I chaunt and martial horror;
I blaze thee, captayne, first from Troy cittie repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim to famosed Italie trudging,
And coast of Lavyn: soust wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,
On land and sayling, by gods' predestinate order:
But chiefe through Junoe's long fostred deadlye revengment
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could stately be buylded,
Or gods there settled: thence flitted thee Latine offspring,
The roote of old Alban; thence was Rome peereles in-
haunced."

The preceding passage is thus pointedly referred to,
in the satires of bishop Hall. "Manhood and gar-
boills I chaunt," is Stanyhurst's imitation of "*Arma
virumque cano.*"

"Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged
fect,
And head-strong dactyles making musick meet."

Puttenham thus points to another phrase in the
above extract: "One, translating certaine bookes of
Virgil's *Æneidos* into English meetre, said—that
Æneas was fayne to *trudge* out of Troy; which terme
became better to be spoken of a beggar, or of a rogue,
or a lackey." It was further observed by Nash, in his
Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, that "Stanyhurst,
though otherwise learned, trod a foule, lumbring,
boystrous, wallowing measure in his translation of
Virgil." The propriety of this observation may be
shewn

shewn by the following excerpts, which display much of the rude barbarism and coarse clownery complained of by Nash. *

"The sea salte foaming wyth brave flantadoe dyd harrow," is his rendering of "*Spumas salis ære rubeant.*" What *flantadoe* adumbrates, our glossarists have not revealed. It may be one of the many uncouth terms manufactured by the translator.

In the following passage he depicts the wrath of Juno, and Æolia, the land of storms:

"Thus she frying fretted, thus deeply plunged in anger,
Æolian kingdoom she raught; where blusterus huzzing
Of wynds in prison, thee great king Æolus hampryth:
Theese flaws theyr cabbans wyth stur snar iarrye doe ræ-
sack."

Neptune being roused from his pallet, by the storm which Æolus had raised at the instigation of Juno, beholds with commotion the "touz'd tost navie" of Æneas, and thus utters his rebuke to the astounded Winds:

"What, sirs? your boldnesse dooth your gentilitie warrant?

Dare ye, loe, curst baretours, † in this my seignorie regal
Too raise such raks jacks on seas, and danger unordered?
Wel, sirs:—but tempest I wil first pacifie raging.
Bee sure this practise wil I nick in a friendly memento.
Pack hence, doggie rakhels, tel your king, from me, this
errand:

* In his epistle prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589.

† Wranglers. See *Minshew*.

Of seas thee managing was neaver allotted his empire.
That charge mee toucheth; but he maystreth, monsterus
hildens. *

Your kennels, good syrs: let your king Æolus hantye,
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardly."

A little further on he describes the gates of Rome

"With steale bunch, chaine knob, cling'd, knur'd, and
narroly lincked."

Well might Puttenham † declare, that his stomach
could hardly digest the hexameters of Stanyhurst, or
the ill-shapen sound of many of his polysyllabic words
and his copulation of monosyllables, to supply the
quantity of a trisyllable. Nash has aptly characterized
the tenor of this translation by the term "Thrasonical
huffe snuffe," ‡ in a passage before cited, and given at
length in the *CENSURA*, Vol. II. p. 241. Some of
the following lines will probably bring to the recollec-
tion of Shaksperian readers, the rant of ancient Pistol.
The downfal of a Trojan tower is thus depicted—"with
an horribil hurring

"Pat fals the turret, the Greeks with crash swash it
heapeth."

And thus he announces an ominous tempest of hail
and rain:

"Thee whilst in the skie-seat great bouncing rumbelo
thundring
Rattleth; downe pouring, to sleete thicke haile knob is
added."

* Hilding is a word used by Shakspeare for hireling or lacquey.

† *Arte of English Poesie*, lib. II. ch. xii.

‡ This term however was derived from Stanyhurst himself.

The

The well-known picture of Polypheme is rendered—

“A fowle fog monster, great swad, deprived of eye-sight.”

In another place Duke Æneas is said to have “gogled his eyesight, wayting for Dido;” while

“Groane sighs deepe reaching, with tears his leers full he blubbred !”

And *exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum* is interpreted—“the towns-men roared, the trump tantara rattled :”

Charles Cotton could not carry his professed burlesque further than this. Yet Mr. Warton has remarked, in the way of critical set-off, that “with all his foolish pedantry, Stanyhurst was certainly a scholar.” He might rather like Lingo, his ludicrous counterpart, have been supposed “a master of scholars;” and at the same time “an Ebrew jew,” for he calls *custos templi Hesperidum*, the “sexton of Hesperides’ sinagog.” Could even the foolery of O’Keefe reach such an apex of absurdity? Had Dryden or Trapp popt on such an hemistic, it must have been taken for a vile banter on their Virgilian master: yet Stanyhurst was always in earnest.

On account of the very rare occurrence of this translation, I am still induced to offer two more extracts, taken from the first and third books. The former is perhaps the most poetical effort of the translator’s pen. It begins at v. 421. *Miratur molem Æneas, &c.*

“Æneas woondreth where dorps * and cottages earst stood
For to se such sturring, such stuffe, such gorgeous hand-
woorck.

* *Dorp* is explained by Bailey to be a country town or village.

The moors* drudge roundly: soom wals are loftelye
 raysing,
 Soom mount high castels; soom stoans downe tumble al
 headlong:
 Soom meare† foorth platfoormes, for buylding curious
 houses;
 Soom doe choose the senat, sound laws and order enacting;
 Soom frame play theaters; soom deepelye dig harborus
 havens:
 Soom for great palaces doo slise from quarrye the chapters: ‡
 Lyke bees in summer season, through rustical hamlets,
 That flirt in sunbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling,
 When they do foorth carry theyr yong swarme fledgy to
 gathring,
 Or cels ar farcing § with dulce and delicat hoonye,
 Or porters burdens unloads, or clustred in heerdswarme,
 Feaze|| away thee droane bees, with sting from maunger or
 hivecot;
 Thee labor hoat sweltreth, thee combs tyme flowrie be-
 sprinckleth."

In the ensuing lines, designed to emulate an cruc-
 tation of Mount Ætna, he summons up that asinine
 dissonance or hexametrical fury which, (as Nash tells
 us) was so terrible to all mild ears, that it affrighted
 our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with
 such a quarrelling kind of verse.

* *Alias* Tyrians.

† To *meare* is to mark or limit. See Minshew, & Mason's Supp. to Johnson's Dict.

‡ Probably *divisions*.

§ i. e. *filling*, a word used by many of our early writers.

|| Beat away. *Faisez. Fr.*

"Neere

" Neere joyntlye brayeth with ruffierye* ramboled *Ætas*:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh † from bulck clowds grimly be-
dimmed,

Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurs
heating:

Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurld,
Ragd rocks up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: steans hudge slag ‡ molten
rowseth,

With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling.
Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haulf blasted, here har-
brought,

Ding'd|| with this squising§ and massive burthen of *Ætas*,
Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil
heateth;

As oft as the giant his broid ** syds croompeled altreth,
So oft Sicil†† al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be
sparckled."

The remaining contents of this extraordinary volume
will furnish matter for a future article.

T. P.

ART. II. *The Italian Schoole-Maister, contayning
Rules for the perfect pronouncing of th' Italian
tongue, with familiarspeeches, and certaine phrases,
taken out of the best Italian Authors. And a fine
Tuscan historie called Arnault and Lucenda. A
verie easie way to learn th' Italian tongue. Set*

* *Ruffling* seems to be turbulent noise. A ruffier was formerly a boisterous bully.

† To bolck, or boke, is *ructare*.

‡ *Slag* is the dross of iron. || *Daub'd* down. § *Squazing*.

** i. e. Broiled sides crumpled. †† Trinacria.

forth

*forth by Clau. Holliband, Gentl. of Bourbonnois.
Dum spiro, spero. At London: Printed by Thomas
Purfoot. 1597. 12mo. **

This is another edition of the work already noticed (Vol. III. p. 68,) in which Holliband's and Elderton's verses are omitted; the dedication is prose, "To the most vertuous and well giuen Gentleman Maister Ihon Smith," and dated "London this 15 of September 1597:" then, "M. N. to the Booke," is prefixed to 8 lines. This edition Ritson appears to have seen, having noticed the verses at the beginning, but certainly did not examine the work; there being several couplets and quatrains, and one piece of seventeen lines, scattered in the history, which is unnoticed by him in the article of Holliband.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. III. *A Dyall of dayly Contemplacion, or de-
vine Exercise of the Mind: instructing vs to liue
vnto God, and to dye vnto the World. First colected
and published in Latin, at the request of a godly
Bishop, and Reuerent Father, Richard, some time
Byshop of Dirham, † and Lorde Priuie seale: nouu
neuely translated into Englishe, by Richard
Robinson, Citizen of London. Seene and allowed.
Matt. 24. Estote, &c. Anno 1578.*

• A later edition, printed by Purfoot in 1608, announces itself, in the title, to have been "revised and corrected by F. P. an Italian, professor and teacher of the Italian tongue."

† Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, 1494—1502, when he was translated to Winchester.

VOL. IV,

R

(At

(At the end)

Here endeth this worke of Contemplacion; fyrst printed in Latine at Westminster, the yeere of our Lord God, 1499; and nowe newly Englished and printed at London, by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane, at the sygne of the gylden Tunne, neare unto Ludgate. Anno. 1578.

This work appears to have been published by the same author as is mentioned at p. 36 of the present volume. It contains about 240 pages, foolscap octavo, and consists of a collection of prayers, religious sentences, proverbs, and sacred poetry, apparently mingled in the most promiscuous manner, and then apportioned to the several days in the week, which are all similarly introduced.

“The author’s commemoration for Munday.

*“Behold this worldly wretchednesse
Of euils which euer us possesse.”*

“The translator’s application.

*“First when Thalmighty prouidence, dyd heauen and earth
create,
An universall darknesse dyd them both obtenebrate;
Then likte the Lorde to make a light, deuided from dark-
nesse,
The darknesse should night signifie, the light should day
expresse.”*

*“This day therfore darkness mundane
Eschevve, and vvalke in light, oh man.”*

Then

Then follow prose extracts from *Romana vi.* 15, Bernard, Hugo, and Proverbs.

" This volume breefe of sclender quantitie,
 Called, of Sinners the Contemplation,
 Accordeth well for eche state and degree,
 Guiding, by grace and due direction,
 Our soule to sease in sure saluation;
 Therefore, this tytyle profoundly knowyng,
 Which of thy conscience may cause correction,
 In hart emprint, with matter folowyng."

Sentences in prose follow, with other eight-line pieces of poetry alternately, without title or other division than a printer's line. The proportion of poetry is, to Monday about 200 lines, Tues. 160, Wed. 80, Thur. 136, Fri. 120, Sat. 112, and Sunday 72; yet the book is not noticed in Ritson's *Bibliographia*.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. IV. *Fortunes Fashion, Pourtrayed in the troubles of the Ladie Elizabeth Gray, wife to Edward the Fourth. Written by Tho. Sampson. London: Printed for William Iones, and are to be sold at his shop at White-crosse streete end by the Church. 1613. 4to. containing pp. 45, with the device of an anchor, sprigs of laurel, &c. round which is "Anchora Spei."*

The author of this historical poem, (evidently written after the manner of "The Myrroure for Magistrates;") is supposed by Wood to be a descendant from the noted Thomas Sampson, dean of Christ-Church, Oxford.

Of his life and situation I have been unable to collect any particulars; yet so far as relates to his literary labours, I conceive this to be his only production.

"*Fortune's Fashion*" is dedicated to Mr. Henry Pilkington, of Gadsby in the county of Leicester, gentleman: it is preceded by "an argument for the better understanding of the readers," and consists of stanzas of six lines each. Although its poetical merit will not, the rarity of this book may in some measure excuse a few extracts: according to the argument we see the unhappy sufferer "newly risen out of her grave, and in the extremity of her grief, speaking as followeth:"

"Some time I was, unhappy was that time,
Wherein I liv'd, and never tasted joys,
That did not wither, ere they were in prime:
Honours are such uncertain, fading toys.
'Twas King Edward's wife, a wofull queen,
As in this history may plain be seen.

O had my love in my first choice remain'd,
How happy had I been, from grief how free?
Of wofull haps I never had complain'd:
But that must needs be that the fates decree.
The cottage seated in the dale below
Stands safe, when highest tow'rs do overthrow.

My youth was bless'd in love with equal choice,
The matter fit prepared for love's fire;
In which while I consum'd ne'er did my voice
Nor thoughts consent to wish my fortunes higher.
Thus in the valley whilst my love did rest,
My love, though lowly, none more highly blest.

But

But fatal powers with unreserv'd decree,
 Whom hecatombs of pray'rs may not persuade
 To add one minute to the bliss they see,
 Or spare one day, what but a day was made :
 Their course is fix'd, and cannot be prevented,
 They best abide their might that are contented,

Whose pow'r in me distressed erst was known,
 When Edward fourth of name obtain'd the crown;
 And put sixth Henry from his regal throne,
 Raising himself by casting others down.
 Greedy Ambition, endless in desiring,
 On others ruin foundeth her aspiring.

Then first began the ground-work of my woe;
 Then lost I him that had my prime of love;
 And then the prime of sorrows I did know,
 In prime of joy, that did more sorrows move.
 The daintiest palate with exactest skill,
 Distastes the relish of the bitter pill.

Then was my husband slain on Henry's part,
 Then was I left a widow desolate :
 Yet once again love chose another dart,
 Whose golden head I thought would raise my fate:—
 King Edward's love I mean; but what ensu'd ?—
 The crown I gain'd I ever after ru'd."

Having continued her sad tale even to the time of
 her interment,

———" this queen return'd unto her rest,
 And vanish'd."

The author, then, in a few more stanzas takes leave
 of his readers, and concludes.

"Thus have you heard, although abruptly pen'd,
 The fortunes of this queen, and of her friends :
 Princes as well as beggars do depend
 On the Almighty's will: whate'er he sends,
 None can prevent, or alter his decree,
 So firm, so sure, his secret judgments be."

P. B.

ART. V. *Original Poems and Translations. By James Beattie, A.M. London: Printed and sold by A. Millar in the Strand. 1760. 8vo. pp. 188.*

In Vol. II. p. 229, of the *CENSURA*, some account has been given of the *second* edition of Dr. Beattie's poems. The above title belongs to the *first* edition, which has now become scarce. The contents are as follow: 1. Ode to Peace. 2. Retirement, an ode. 3. Ode to Hope. 4. The Triumph of Melancholy. 5. An Elegy occasioned by the death of a Lady. 6. The Hares, a Fable. 7. * Epitaph. 8. * Epitaph on two Brothers. 9. Elegy. 10. * Song, in imitation of Shakespear. 11. * Anacreon, Ode xxii. translated. 12. * Invocation to Venus, from Lucretius, translated. 13. * Horace, Book II. Ode x. translated. 14. * Horace, Book III. Ode xiii. translated. 15. * The Ten Pastorals of Virgil translated.

This edition, like that which followed, is inscribed to James Earl of Erroll, whom Boswell has applauded for agreeable manners and softness of address: † but it

! * Those marked with an asterisk were omitted in subsequent editions.

† *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 108.

contains

contains a preface which was not reprinted; and, being characteristic of the amiable and admirable author, cannot therefore be unacceptable to general readers.

“ The Preface.

“ Few writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this subject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the most part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the sentiments of the public with regard to their own compositions, they must be such as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propensity and the force of their own genius. But it is impossible that one who has not experimentally proved

Quid ferre recusent,

Quid valeant humeri,

should be able to judge for himself, either in the choice or the execution of his subject. If he wishes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he must appeal to the public suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at last determine his real character.

“ The author of the following little poems hopes that this to the good-natured reader will apologize for his rashness (if it shall be deemed rashness) in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wish to labour in an hopeless pursuit; nor is he one of those who have determined (as Butler says)

In spite

Of nature and their stars to write;

the sentiments of the public he will regard, whether they suggest hints for writing better, or cautions against writing at all.

“Each of the pieces that compose this small miscellany has been read and approved by several persons of unquestionable taste, whose judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendship. This the author chooses to mention; because he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the suggestions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge *the request of friends* as an excuse for his appearing in his present character; this plea having been so often abused, that it is become even ridiculous.

“The public is already acquainted with several translations of Virgil's pastorals. Mr. Dryden's translations will be admired, as long as the English language is understood, for that fluent and graceful energy of expression, which distinguishes all the writings of that great poet. In his compositions, even in those which have been censured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taste, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

“The translation of Virgil, published some years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the public was finished. That it was well received, even after Mr. Dryden's, is a sufficient proof of its merit.

“The

"The perusal of these two masterly versions might have effectually discouraged the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble copier of Virgil, I hope the present translation will be pardoned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by the great masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of Raphael, an engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even Strange himself. A minute observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination, capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea, may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station it enjoys the satisfaction, not only of viewing the same attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expression of some particular muscle, or feature, not discernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps some such consideration as this, that hath induced those, who are indulgent to my performances, to advise the publishing of this translation; * which was written at a very early time of life, when solitude left the mind at liberty to pursue, with-

* N. B. The versions of the fourth, fifth, and tenth Pastorals, had been printed in former miscellaneous collections; but were copied from unfinished draughts, and swarmed with typographical errors.

out any fixed design, such amusements as gratified the present hour.

“The version from Lucretius was written at the particular desire of a friend, whose commands the translator hath reason to honour.”

The following original pieces are of too interesting a character for consignment to “cold oblivion,” though they breathe not that *ardor aethereus animi* which glows throughout the Minstrel.

SONG

In imitation of Shakspeare's “Blow, blow, thou winter wind.”

“Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smoothe,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest:

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream;
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe,

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
 That linger down the maze
 Of yonder winding grove;
 O let your soft controul
 Bend her relenting soul
 To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
 Gales, fan no more the air!
 Ye streams forget to glide!
 Be hush'd, each vernal strain!
 Since nought can soothe my pain,
 Nor mitigate her pride."

EPITAPH ON TWO BROTHERS.

*Engraven on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of
 Lethnet in the shire of Angus.*

To this grave is committed all that the grave can claim
 of two Brothers ***** and *****
 whoon the vii of October MDCCLVII,
 both unfortunately perished in the *** water :
 the one in his xxii, the other in his xviii year.
 Their disconsolate Father erects this monument
 to the memory of these amiable youths;
 whose early virtues promised
 uncommon comfort to his declining years,
 and singular emolument to society.

O thou! whose steps in sacred reverence tread
 These lone dominions of the silent dead;
 On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
 Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
 And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
 Let each rebellious murmur be suppress;

Heaven's

Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
 Heaven's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!
 Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
 In early bloom of life, *they* left the stage:
 Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
 One moment snatch'd them from the power of death:
 They liv'd united, and united died;
 Happy the friends, whom death cannot divide!"

'EPITAPH

On *****

" Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
 Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
 Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
 No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
 Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
 Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
 Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst passion's threatful blast
 Let steady reason urge the struggling oar;
 Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last
 Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
 Nor read unmov'd my artless tender tale,
 I was 'a friend, O man, to thee, to all!"

This epitaph is said, by Sir William Forbes, to have been designed for its *author*, and to have been printed in the Scots Magazine for 1757. The tone of it seems to have vibrated from the lyre of Gray. Dr. Beattie
 addressed

addressed a humorous poem, in the broad Scottish dialect, to Alex. Ross, of Lochlee, which is prefixed to an edition of *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, printed at Edinburgh, 1804.

T. P.

ART. VI. *The Epistle exhortatorye of an Englyshe Christiane unto his derelye beloved Contrye of Englande, against the pompouse popyshe Byschoppes therof; as yet the true membres of theyr fylthye father, the great Antichrist of Rome. By Henry Stalbrydge. Colophon. Written from Basyle, a cyte of the Helvetyanes, in the yeare from Christes incarnacyon MDXLIIII. and the fyrst daye of August.*

“As I have compyled this treatise, (says the author in his title-page) in the zeale of God and my prince, agaynst the tyraunt of Rome and his secret maynteners; so is yt my desyre that his grace [Hen. 8.] maye have yt as a frute of my Christen obedience. And I doubt yt not, but some godlye manne lovyng his grace better then that wycked pope, will faythfullye delyver yt unto hym, the slayghtes of their false generation consydered. Praye (gentyll reader) that yt maye synde grace in his syght.”

This appears from Ames and Herbert to have been the only printed production of Henry Stalbridge, who writes with inveterate personality against Bonner and Gardiner, the bishops of London and Winchester, and might possibly have felt the effects of their bigotry and persecution. The style of the epistle is very coarse,
and

and the epithets employed are very abusive; but much of it is philologically curious, and much of it historically illustrative.

The following extract refers to the priesthood of the Romish church; and exhibits a specimen of alliterative prose.

“Not only the bloudy bearwolfe of Rome, [the pope] but also the most part of the other bysshoppes and stoute sturdye canons of cathedrall churches, with other petie prowlers and prestigiouse prestes of Babilon, his malignant members in all realmes of Christendome, specially here in Englande, doth yet rore abrode like hongrie lyons, frett inwardlye like angrie beares, and byte as they dare, like cruel wolves; cloisteringe together in corners, like a swarme of adders in a dongehyll, or most wyllye subtile serpentes, to upholde and preserve theyr fylthy father of Rome, the head of theyr bawdye brode.”

The following refers to a barbaric outrage against the birthright of Britons, an unsuborned trial by jury.

“Bonner, the blodye bysshop of Londen, abashed nothing at all extremelye to rebuke, menace, and thretten a quest of honest citezens and menne of good conscience in the Yeldehall at Londen, in the yere of our lorde a M.D. and XLI, for quytinge of a poore innocent ladde called Rycharde Mekyns. Like a ferce, furyouse, ravenynge wolfe, insacyably desyrous of murther, and cruellye gredye upon his praye, refusynge the seyd quest, chose out an other false quest to his purpose, of soche as he and his fylthye generacyon had afore perverted, and never ceased tyll he brought him to a consumynge fyre in Smithfelde, so makynge him a sacrifice to theyr great god Muleiber.”

The

The names of many protestant sufferers are afterwards enumerated: and the causes of offence briefly stated.

“ Some burned ye in Johan Wycleves tyme and after, for not allowynge your pilgrimages, some for not belevynge your pardons, some for not fastynge the Frydaye, some for not prayinge to dead saintes of your makinge, some for youre howsell* at Easter, some for not crepinge to the crosse, some for not goynge proces- syon, and some for holy water, and for other wayne tryfels of your owne inventinge. And now in oure tyme ye hyng † Richard Honne in the Lollards towre at midnyght, for denienge a chyldes mortuarie; and the thre yonge menne in Sothfolke, for destroyng the fowle ydoll of Dovercourt. Whye, Whynchestre, hyng Thomas Saxye, a man lerned, in his porter’s lodge at the stewes: the cause is not yet knowen. Ye brent ‡ Thomas Hytton at Maydston, for not allowynge the pope; Thomas Bylney at Norwych, onelye for preachynge the gospel; Rychard Bayfelde at London, for sellynge Newe Testamentes in Englishe, with Teukesbury and Collyns; Willyam Leton, a monke of Eye, for admittinge both kyndes in the sacrament, and for not gevyng reverence to the rotten roode there; George Baynham, for purgatorie, and for not allowynge Thomas Becket for a saynct; Johan Frith and Johan Lambert, for not admittynge youre purgatorye, also with your saynctes prayinge to, and youre pylde popyshe masse; Willyam Tyndale at Vilforde in Braband, for translatynge the scriptures and disclosynge the slayghtes of your false generacyon; Robert Barnes,

* The Eucharist.

† Hung.

‡ Burnt.

with

with Gararde and Hierome, for reprovyng your pestilent papistrye, &c.

“Ye caused one Somers, with certein other, openlye to burne New Testamentes in the myddes of Chepe at London. And as ye perceyved that it * styll increased, magrye † your hartes, under the auctorite of oure most worthye kyng; then rored you lyke rude rampyon ravenours, then raged also youre ranke rable of Romishe rufflers ‡ in theyr syde swepyng gownes, their shaven crownes, cappos, and typettes, lyke the charminge chaunters of Bell: specially, wode§ Wynchestre, lewde London, lurkyng Lyncolne, dreamyng Durham, York without wytt, chatteringe Chychestre, smylyng Salisbury, fleyng fryer Wattes, and that double-faced trayter Wilson, namyng it full of errours and verye yll translated.

“You, mastre Wyncharde of Wynchestre, broyled in Sainct George’s felde, beyonde Sothwarke, one Gyles a joynar, with one of the Quene’s servauntes, and a paynter, before fyve a’clocke in the morninge, least the common people should have knowen your lewde legerdemayne, by theyr last confessions. And you, blodye bisshop Boner, did murther a godlye yonge manne in Newgate, onlye for reading the Bible in Paules, whose lyfe was well knowen to be unrebukeable amonge menne. You two blinde Babilon braggers, with youre oyled adherentes, made Alexandre Seton, a notable lerned manne, most miserably to recant for your false fre will: Willyam Tolwyn, for your holy water making; Thomas Becon, for your images, your chastite, and your satisfactions; Robert Wisdom, for your

* Verbum Dei.

† Magre.

‡ Swaggers.

§ Mad.

saintes

saintes veneration, youre ceremonies, and the pope's olde religion, with soche other.

"None leave ye unvexed and untroubled: no, not so much as the poore mynstrels and players of interludes. So long as they played lyes, and sange bawdye songes, blaspheminge God, and corruptinge mennes consciences, ye never blamed them; but were verye well contented; but sins they perswaded the people to worshyp their Lorde aryght, accordinge to his holye lawes, and not yours, ye never were pleased with them. Ye playe altogether Hyck * Scorner, under the fygure of Ironia. That ye saye ye hate, ye love; and that ye saye ye love, ye hate."

"An Appendice, joyned to the foresayd Epistle," thus vents the writer's rage against bishop Gardiner:

"Be it known unto you, braggynge Wynchester, that the daye after I had fynyshed my epistle, there came unto my handes an answeere of youre makynge agaynst the lyberall huntynge of youre Romysh father, the foxe of all falshode, wherin ye shewe youre selfe nether lerned nor yet wyse. In dede, ye apere there a verye shamelesse gentylmanne; for whereas nether Scriptures, nor good naturall reasons will serve you, ye fall to playne scoldynge, like an whore of the stewes. Ye stampe and ye stare, ye face, fret, and fare, as it were great Nemroth of Babylon. Nothyng els fynde we in youre wrytynge but boystuouse boastes, bragges, and brawlynges, lordelye checkes, rebukynge, and tyrannycall threttenynges, all after the fashyon of youre cruell kyngedome. They that were blynded

* Hycke Scorner has been repainted in Hawkins's old plays.

afore, are lyke to be so styll, for ought they shall lerne of you. It is not your offyce to make them to see, but to kepe them ignoraunt styll. You bysshoppes cannot chose but shewe youre selves styll as ye be, even the naturall lovyng chyl dren of youre father."

Though this tract assumes to have been written at Basil in Switzerland, it possibly was penned in London, and secretly printed there for confidential circulation: since its acrimonious invectives must have subjected author, printer, and publisher to the inquisitorial tyranny of Gardiner, or his sanguinary agent Bonner, and might have added another triad of victims to this compend of martyrology.

T. P.

ART. VII. *A Briefe of the Fible's History; Draune first into English po. sy, and then illustrated by apt Annotations: whereto is now added a Synopsis of the Bible's doctrine. The third Ædition: in sundry things amended and enlarged. By Henoch Clapham. Imprinted at London by R. B. for Nathaniell Butter. 1608. 16ms.*

Henoch Clapham was the publisher of other performances. The present diminutive work is inscribed to Henry, Prince of Wales. An Address follows, "to all young one's in Christ's schoole." The second part is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Annotations display much biblical knowledge, but the metre is so contracted as almost to threaten annihilation to the sense and meaning of scripture; while it possesses not the rhythm of verse. The New Testament is thus commenced, in what this Lilliputian poet calls "the first staffe."

"Idumean

" Idumean Herod
 King in Judea,
 What time hee raignd
 our Jacob's star appeares :
 Jesus is borne,
 Immanuel, Messiah,
 Shiloh, the seed
 of woman, in full yeares ;
 A virgin brings
 him forth; even Mary, who
 Betrothed was
 to Joseph, all should know."

The prose commentary on this metrical brief extends to eight pages. T. P.

ART. VIII. *Europæ Speculum: or a View or Survey of the State of Religion in the Westerne part of the World. Wherein the Romane Religion, and the pregnant policies of the church of Rome to support the same, are notably displayed: with some other memorable discoveries and commemorations. Published according to the Authour's original copy, and acknowledged by him for a true copy.*

"Multum diuque desideratum."

London: Printed by T. Cotes for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold by George Hutton, at the Turning Stile in Holborne. 1637. 4to. pp. 248.

This book is dated "from Paris 9th April, 1599; and copied out by the authour's originall, and finished 2d Oct. 1613."

"The well-meaning Publisher hereof to the understanding Reader of what rancke or degree soever."

"Whereas not many yeares past, there was published in print, a Treatise entituled "A Relation of Religion of the Western parts of the World," printed for one Simon Waterson, 1605: without name of author, yet generally and currently passing under the name of the learned and worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys, Knt. Know all men by these presents, that the same booke was but a spurious stolne copy, in part epitomized, in part amplified, and throughout most shamefully falsified and false printed from the author's originall; in so much that the same Knight was infinitely wronged thereby; and as soone as it came to his knowledge, that such a thing was printed and passed under his name, he caused it, though somewhat late, when, it seems, two impressions were for the most part vented, to be prohibited by authority; and, as I have heard, as many as could be recovered, to be deservedly burnt, with power also to punish the printers. And yet, nevertheless, since that time there hath beene another impression of the same stolen into the world. Now those so adukerate copies being scattered abroad, and in the hands of some men, I, yet studious of the truth and a lover of my country, and having obtained by a direct means, of a dear friend, a perfect copy, verbatim, transcribed from the author's original, and legitimate one, of his own hand-writing, have thought good to publish it unto the world; first, for the good of the church; secondly, the glory of our English nation; thirdly, for the fame of the ingenuious, and ingenious, and acute author, a gentleman, who deserved
right

right well of his country And lastly, that the world may be no longer deprived of so rare a jewell, in its own lustre, nor abused by the other counterfeit one before named.

"I cannot see how any should be offended hereat, but such as are sworne slaves to their Lord God the Pope, whose Romane kingdome, and Babylonian tottering tower, hath such a blow given it hereby, as I know but few of such force; and not many such blowes more will make the same kingdome and tower fall downe to the ground, with utter desolation.

"Vale in Christo,
Et Fruere."

Sir Edwin Sandys was second son of Edwin Archbishop of York, younger brother of Samuel ancestor of the late Lord Sandys, and elder brother of George the poet, already mentioned. He was educated at Oxford 1577, and had for his tutor the celebrated Richard Hooker, the author of "Ecclesiastical Polity." On May the 11th, 1603, he was knighted by King James, and afterwards made a considerable figure in parliament, being a staunch patriot; on which account exposing himself to the resentment of the court, he was with the famous Selden, in 1621, committed to the custody of the sheriff of London; which being considered as a breach of privilege by the House of Commons, was much resented by them. He was treasurer to the Undertakers for the Western Plantations, which he effectually advanced, and was considered as a solid statesman, a man of great judgment, and of a commanding pen.

He died in 1629, and was buried at Northborne in Kent, where he had a seat and estate granted him by James I. soon after his accession. His monument of marble, with two recumbent figures, but without any inscription, still remains in the south transept of Northborne church, where the present editor surveyed it in a somewhat mutilated state, on the first day of the present year. He had seven sons, * of whom Henry the eldest, died without issue. Edwin, the second, was the well known parliamentary colonel, of whom much may be read in *Mercurius Rusticus*, and other tracts of those days; and who, receiving a mortal wound at the battle of Worcester in 1642, retired to Northborne to die, leaving the estate to his son Sir Richard, who was killed by the accidental explosion of his fowling piece in 1665. His son, Sir Richard, was created a baronet 1684, and dying 1726, without male issue, was the last of the family who lived at Northborne; where the mansion remained many years deserted, and at length, within the memory of old people, was pulled down. The editor has lately seen a very interesting letter of the late Mrs Elizabeth Carter, describing it as she could just remember it in her childhood, and as she had heard old people represent it, contrasted with its present state, and accompanied with many touching reflections on the instability of human affairs. This will soon appear, with several others, in the *Life of that very excellent and justly celebrated Woman*, which is now in the press.

* Richard, third son of Sir Edwin, was also a parliamentary colonel, and was the ancestor of the present Admiral Charles Sandys, &c. &c.

ART. IX. *A New Survey of the West Indies.* By Thomas Gage. London. 1648. 8vo.

This is a book, with which I am unacquainted myself, but presuming it to be the same as Mr. Southey, in the notes to his beautiful poem of Madoc, calls Gage's account of Mexico; I learn from him, that, though the author pretends to have collected his materials on the spot, the account of that place is copied verbatim from Nicholas's Conquest of Weast-India, already mentioned, Vol. III. p. 351, whence I also learn a confirmation of my supposition, that Nicholas's book is a translation from Gomara, (ut sup. p. 398.) It is much to the credit of this volume, that Mr. Southey's notes contain large and frequent citations from it.

ART. X. *Pharonnida, an heroic Poem.* By William Chamberlaine. London: Printed &c. 1659. 8vo.

This person was of Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire, and also wrote "Love's Victory, a tragi-comedy. London. 1658." 4to.

Mr. Southey, in a note to his "Joan of Arc," calls him "a poet, who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingles sublimity of thought, and beauty of expression, with the quaintest conceits and most awkward inversions." Mr. Southey goes on to cite the following passage:

—————"On a rock more high
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds

Its sacred mysteries. A trine within
 A quadrate placed, both these encompass in
 A perfect circle was its form; but what
 Its matter was, for us to wonder at,
 Is undiscover'd left. A tower there stands
 At every angle, where Time's fatal hands
 The impartial Parca dwell; i' the first she sees
 Clotho, the kindest of the destinies,
 From immaterial essences to cull
 The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
 For Lachesis to spin; about her flie
 Myriads of souls, that yet want flesh to lie
 Warm'd with their functions in, whose strength bestows
 That power by which man ripe for misery grows.

Her next of objects was that glorious tower,
 Where that swift-finger'd nymph, that spares no hour
 From mortals' service, draws the various threads
 Of life in several lengths; to weary beds
 Of age extending some, whilst others in
 Their infancy are broke: some blackt in sin,
 Others, the favorites of heaven, from whence
 Their origin, candied with innocence;
 Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
 In sanguine pleasures; some in glittering pride
 Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
 Rags of deformity; but knots of care
 No thread was wholly free from. Next to this
 Fair glorious tower, was placed that black abyss
 Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
 Of death and horror; in each room replete
 With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
 Of pale grim ghosts, those terrors of the night.
 To this, the last stage that the winding clew
 Of life can lead mortality unto,

Fear

Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in
All guests sent thither by destructive sin."

"It is possible," adds Mr. Southey, "that I may have written from the recollection of this passage. The conceit is the same, and I willingly attribute it to Chamberlayne, a poet, to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight, and whom I one day hope to rescue from undeserved oblivion." *

ART. XI. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 160.]

"So ballet makers doth with wind
Stir up a hive of bees,
And of the abundance of vaine mind
With words in aire he flees: †

As though it were a thunder crack,
That never brings forth raine,
But dailie threatens ruine and wrack
With ratling rumors vaine.

Vaine commedies, that stirs up vice,
He did condemne and hate;
He holds that babble of no price
That doth infect a state:

* There was at this time also a poet of the name of Robert Chamberlayne, son of Richard Chamberlayne, of Standish, in Lancashire, Gent. He was of Exeter college, Oxford, 1637, being then aged thirty. He wrote *Nocturnal Lucubrations, or Meditations divine and moral.* London: 1638, 12mo: to which are added *Epigrams and Epitaphs.* Also *the Swaggering Damsel a comedy.* London. 1640. 4to. Also *Sicelides, a Pastoral.* See Wood's Ath. I. 639.

† Homer writes, that Achilles, sonne of Peleus, was a singular linicke poet, singing and playing the noble deeds of cheeftaines.

Corrupts

Corrupts with words good maners still,
 Offends both eie and eare,
 Brings in loose life by custom's ill,
 And takes away true feare *

Of God and men, such poets leud
 Were banisht and exile,
 Because with foule condishons shreud
 Their country they defilde.

Good poets were in evry age
 Made of, and nourisht well;
 They were the flowres of gardens gaie,
 That gave the goodly smell. †

The true forewarners of great things,
 That after did befall,
 The joy of godly vertuous kings,
 And honest subjects all.

Our age and former fathers' daies
 (Leave Goore and Chauser out)
 Hath brought foorth here but few to praise,
 Search all our soyle about.

Yet of all those that newly wrate
 In prose or verse of late,
 Let Sydney weare (for stile of state)
 The garland lawreate. ‡

* Linus of Thebes, a most ancient poet: he was the sonne of Mercury,
 and wrate the course of the sun, moone, and spheres, in excellent verse.

† Tiberius Nero, the emperor, a poet; and Lucan, his tresorer, a poet;
 on a publike theater they shewed the tragedie Orpheus.

‡ Adrianus Augustus, Emperor, a poet and preferer of poetrie.

His bookes makes many bookes to blush,
 They shew such sence and wit,
 Our dribbers shoots not woorth a rush,
 When he the marke doth hit. *

His phrase is sifted like fine flowre,
 That maketh manchet bread,
 Sweet evry where and nothing soure
 That flowes from Sydneys head. †

Sweete dewe dropt out of Sydneys quill,
 As raine great moysture shows,
 And from his muse there did distill
 A liquor sweete as rose. ‡

A quintessence, a spirit of wine,
 Naie nectar better namde,
 A bevrage for the gods devine
 * Of compounds made and famde. §

That whosoever drinks thereon
 Immortall shall be made,
 His books he left to looke upon,
 When we in worldly shade||

Sits mumping evry houre of daie,
 And scarce knows where we are;
 Our braines, like bucke, doth stande at baie,
 Beset about with care. **

* Julianus, emperor, and Caius Julius Caesar.

† Opianus, of great nobilitie.

‡ Sextus Aurelius Propertius, one of the Dedicie.

§ Sceneca, a Spanish knight, Nero's schoolemaster.

|| Sophocles and Pericles.

** Æmilius Scaurus, a man of noble parentage.

Of this or that, when Sydneys book^a
 Cals up a drowping ghost;
 For whosoever thereon looks,
 With worldly troubles tost, *

He shall finde quietness thereby,
 And Christian comfort great,
 Woorth all the treasure under skie
 It climes to Jove's hie seat :

And sits among the angels sweet
 Where psalmes and himnes are sung,
 And all base humors under feet
 Are out of favor flung. †

The poets that can clime the cloudes,
 Like ship boy, to the top,
 When sharpest stormes do shake the shroudes,
 Sets ware to sale, in shop. ‡

Of heavenly things, that earthly men
 Can scarcely understand,
 Did not our Chauser's golden pen,
 That beautifide this land, ||

Reach to the sunne and highest star,
 And toucht the heavens all :
 A poets' knowledge goes so far,
 That it to mind can call §

• Anacreon of Teios, with Policrates, king of the Samians.

† Aratus, all his life-time lived with Antigonus.

‡ Lucius Cecilius, Cæsar's playfelow.

|| Ciras, the poet, treasurer of the emperor Theodosius, and a patrician.

§ Publius and Laberius, companions with Julius Cæsar.

Each wonder since the world began,
 And what was scene in skies:
 A poet is no common man,
 He lookes with Argos' eyes.*

Like linx, throw steele or stonie wals,
 No secret 'scapes his sight,
 Of future time, and what befalls
 In world, by day or night:†

He sees and sometimes writes thereof,
 When scornfull people scowle;
 And makes of earnest words a scoffe,
 Or cals faire speches fowle."‡

[To be continued.]

T. P.

ART. XII. *The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra: devided into two commicall discourses. In the fyrste parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate: the vertuous behaviours of a chaste Ladye: the uncontrowled leawdenes of a favoured Curtisan: and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasyte. In the second parte is discoursed, the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking vice and favouringe vertue: wherein is showne, the ruyne and overthrowe of dishonest practises; with the advancement of upright dealing. The worke of George Whetstone, Gent. Famæ nulla fides.*

* Arian, the poet of Periander, king of Corinth.

† Radullides, with Julianus, the emperor.

‡ Claudianus his tombe honoured by Honorius and Arcadius, emperors.

Colophon.

Colophon. *Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, Aug. 20, 1578. 4to.*

This dramatic history seems to have been the earliest of Whetstone's publications. In the copy, whence the above title is taken, it is spoken of by the printer as having appeared before, and was left in his hands (according to the author's dedication to his kinsman, Wm. Fleetwoode, Esq. Recorder of London), when Whetstone resolved to accompany the adventurous captain, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, in a naval expedition, and dispersed his writings among his learned friends, for their revision. The play has been reprinted in the dramatic selections of Dodsley, and Nichols; and is only noticed here as the earliest publication of Whetstone, respecting whom the following particulars were mostly drawn together by the late intelligent Mr Reed,* whose loss to English literature and to those who studied in the same track will not soon be repaired.

Of George Whetstone very little is known. From being kinsman to the Recorder of London, it is presumed that he was of a reputable family. From his own works it is further supposed that he first tried his fortune at court, where he consumed his patrimony in fruitless expectation of preferment. He therefore, like Churchyard and Gascoigne, commenced soldier, and served abroad; though in what capacity is not told. Such however was his gallant behaviour, that he was rewarded with additional pay: but he returned

* B.og. Dram. I. 468. Respecting which work such preparations had been made by Mr. Reed for a new edition, that he computed its extent would reach to four octavo volumes.

home with more reputation than fortune, and his prospects of advancement were so unpromising, that he determined to convert his sword into a ploughshare. Yet here proving unsuccessful, like many needy gentlemen who become speculating farmers, he was compelled to resort to the generosity of his friends. This having proved to be a broken reed, he had recourse to the navy for support, and embarked on an expedition to Newfoundland, which was rendered abortive by an accidental rencontre with a Spanish fleet. From this period he is thought to have depended upon his pen for subsistence; and, if we may judge from the mediocrity of talent shewn in his writings, this must have been a very precarious support. Yet Webbe spoke of him, in 1586, as a man singularly well skilled in the faculty of poetry; and Meres placed him, in his little calendar of contemporary authorship, between the names of Shakspeare and Gascoigne, as one of the most passionate poets of that age, to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love. These partial panegyrics, resulting perhaps from personal acquaintance, refer to some amatory trifles in his *Heptameron* and *Garden of Unthriftness*, which in truth are little deserving of such praise. T. P.

ART. XIII. *A Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties. Representing the ordinances, policies, and diligence of the noble Emperour Alexander, surnamed Severus: to suppress and chastise the notorious vices nourished in Rome, by the superfluous number of dicing-houses, taverns, and common steues: Suf-
fred*

fred and cheerished by his beastlye predecessor Helyogabalus: with sundrie grave orations, by the said noble emperor, concerning reformation. And hereunto is added, a Touchstone for the time: containyng many perillous mischeifes, bred in the bowels of the citie of London, by the infection of some of thease sanctuaries of Iniquitie. By George Whetstones, Gent. Virhute non vi. Printed at London, by Richarde Jones. 1584. 4to.

The second part, or addition, is the interesting portion of this book, and seems to have been designed, like Mr. Colquhoun's disquisitions on the police, to expose the frauds, impositions, and vices, which disgraced our English metropolis. The work is inscribed to "Sir Edward Osburne, Knt. then Lord Mayor, and to the Aldermen, City-Recorder, &c." An Address follows, "to the Young Gentlemen of the Inns of Court," for whose benefit the author professes to have chiefly undertaken the composition of this treatise. By them however, or by the public at large, he would seem to have been little regarded; for in two years afterward he prefixed a new dedication to Woolstone Dixie, then Lord Mayor, and thus drew up a second title to the same impression of the book:

The Enemie to Unthwyftnesse. Publishing by lawes, documents, and disciplines, a right rule for reformation of pride, and other prodigall and riotous disoraers in a common-wealth. For the worthines of directions, a perfect Miour for all Magistrates: especially of Cities: and for sound counsels and admonitions, a Card or Compase, for every yong gentleman,

gentleman, honorable and profitably to governe his actions. Partely drawne out of the sage government of the most worthie Emperour Alexander Severus, and generallye discoveringe the unsufferable abuses now rainging in our happie English commonwealth. By George Whetstone, Gent. Malgre de Fortunes. Printed at London by Rd. Jones. 1586. 4to.

On the back of this title, which, with the dedication, are the only visible variations, there appears the following curious notice of Whetstone's productions.

"The Printer to the Reader.

"To the intent, that the variable humors of men, (which delight as much in chaynge as they differ in opinion) may be satisfied with the varitie of M. Whetston's workes and writinge: I have therefore not (here) thought it amisse to set downe the severall tytles of his severall workes alredy printed and compiled, viz.

1. The Enemy to Unthryftinesse.
2. The Rocke of Regarde.
3. The hon'ble reputation and morall vertues of a Souldier.
4. The Heptamoron of Cyvill Discourses.
5. The tragicall Comedie of Promos and Cassandra
6. The lyfe and death of M. G. Gascoyne. *
7. The lyfe and death of the great and hon'ble Majestrat Sir Nycholas Bacon, late L. Keeper.
8. The lyfe and death of the good L. Dyer.
9. The lyfe and death of the noble Earle of Sussex.

* See Censura, IV. p. 118.

10. A Mirrour of true honor, shewing the lyfe, death, and vertues of Frauncis, Earle of Bedforde. *

Books redy to be printed.

11. A panoplie of Devices.

12. The English Mirour. † •

13. The Image of Christian Justice."

T. P.

ART. XIV. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

Nº. III.

THOMAS WARTON.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 93.]

I have given a sketch of the life of this author, and am now called upon to enter into some criticism on his writings.

The Suicide is a noble poem: and of an higher tone than most of the compositions of this author. There is indeed an occasional quaintness of language, an alliteration better avoided, and a roughness arising from a crowd of consonants, which Dr. Johnson would have severely censured. There are few finer stanzas in the body of English poetry than the following:

" Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone
Amid the autumnal wood ;

* This occurs in the valuable library of Mr. Bindley, from whose copy the title was given at length in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*.

† Qu. whether this English Mirour was not the Mirour noticed above?

Oft

Oft was he wont in hasty fit
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.
 Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
 Despair for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale appear'd ;
 While, as the shades of eve arose,
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd."

It has been said, that all this writer's poems are cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor. No remark can have less foundation. I cannot recollect the previous existence of the mould, in which the Suicide was formed. But what model have the Ode on Leaving a Favourite Village, the First of April, the Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur followed? In the Hamlet, every image is drawn directly from actual observation; and at once combines the charms of poetry with the accuracy of a naturalist. It possesses also a simplicity and harmony of diction at once original and appropriate, which adds to its uncommon excellence. The favourite village was Wynslade, at the back of Hackwood Park, in Hants, where the poet's brother Joseph Warton then resided. Of what country the scenery introduced in this ode is an exact description:

"The bard who rapture found
 From every rural sight and sound;
 Whose genius warm and judgment chaste
 No charm of genuine nature past;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires;"

was his brother, who well deserved the character, and who was at that time travelling with Charles Duke of Bolton.

Nearly similar praise is deserved by the First of April. It opens indeed with some awkwardness of expression, but it deals in no common-place description and trite hereditary imagery. The season of the year, and the appearances in vegetation which it produces, are delineated with the most exquisite exactness, and with the happiest selection of circumstances. But perhaps as it has less intermixture of a moral cast than the former ode, its attraction is both less striking, and less permanent.

The Hamlet also is a poem of the same stamp, containing a diminutive picture of rural happiness, finished with inimitable beauty, and without a rival among the various attempts which our poets have made upon congenial subjects. It is worth remarking, that the charming paragraph of ten lines beginning "Their little sons," was first introduced in the second of the two editions of 1777.

The Crusade, and the Grave of King Arthur, breathe a spirit of chivalry, and a splendour of romantic fancy, well adapted to their subjects.

But the verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window, were the latest voluntary offering which Warton made to the Muse. They exhibit, in an uncommon degree, the variety of his powers. They have all the harmony and polish of Pope, with infinitely more ease, energy, command of language, and brilliance of imagination.

He begins with a most happy description of his own propensities:

" Ah, stay thy treacherous hand ; forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !

Ab,

Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass:
 Nor steal, by strokes of art, with truth combin'd,
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind !
 For, long enamour'd of a barbarous age,
 A faithless truant to the classic page ;
 Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
 Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime ;
 To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
 That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;
 To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
 And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;
 With gothic manners, gothic arts explore,
 And muse on the magnificence of yore."

He proceeds to assert his attachment to gothic architecture, which he describes, in eighteen lines, with wonderful beauty and force. The whole concludes with the following vigorous paragraph :

" Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
 To add new lustre to religious light :
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine ;
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing graces to the gothic pile!"

Perhaps Warton has not displayed what may properly be called invention in his poetry. But invention is a term so indefinitely used, that till we agree on some precise ideas regarding it, it seems hardly fair to admit such an assertion. In one sense he certainly possesses this power : the images of his descriptive poetry are either new in themselves, or in their combination. Dr. Aikin has long ago remarked, that many of his de-

scriptions possess all the accuracy of the naturalist. The circumstances in vernal scenery, which he has delineated with so vivid a pencil, are not the result of a memory stored with poetical phrases derived from his predecessors, but of a minute and most attentive observer of nature.

I shall insert one of his poems entire, though well known, as it is short; it is perhaps a specimen of his best manner, and is indeed a very beautiful and finished composition.

Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall in Warwickshire.

1.

" Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

2.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies
To lurk with innocence she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

3.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;

And

And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
And o'er the sculptures quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

4.

At eve, within yon studious nook
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

5.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away
To take my staff and amice gray?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?"

But Warton could write in the familiar style, as well as in that, which Mr. Southey, I think, calls "the Ornate." The "Progress of Discontent," is an exquisite poem; and very truly pronounced by his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, to be the best imitation of Swift that has appeared. It ends with a touching moral, very happily expressed:

"Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;

A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pur-suit alone it pleases." *

"The Pleasures of Melancholy," written as it was in 1745, in his seventeenth year, is a very extraordinary performance; and exhibits a command of language, and copiousness of phraseology, which prove both wonderful attainments, and great power of mind. It was at this time that the school of Pope † was giving way: addresses to the head rather than to the heart, or the fancy; moral axioms, and witty observations, expressed in harmonious numbers, and with epigrammatic terseness; the *limæ labor*, all the artifices of a highly polished style, and the graces of finished composition, which had long usurped the place of the more sterling beauties of imagination and sentiment, began first to be lessened in the public estimation by the appearance of "Thomson's Seasons," a work which constituted a new era in our poetry. Then arose a constellation of youths of genius, of a more wild and picturesque school—Gray, and Collins, and Joseph Warton, and Akenside. In this school grew up Thomas Warton. He says himself in this very poem,

"Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;

* This poem was expanded out of a Latin epigram of ten lines, which he wrote as a college exercise, and which ends with the following;

"O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet."

† Pope died in 1744.

Yet

Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
 In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
 Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss."

Joseph Warton, in the Advertisement to his own Odes, 1746, says, "The public has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished, or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon imagination and invention to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy, if the following Odes may be looked upon, as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel."*

It may be curious to compare the coincidence of opinion on this subject between Thomas Warton, and a celebrated predecessor, and celebrated successor.

In the preface of Edw. Phillips's "*Theatrum Poetarum*," supposed to be written by Milton, is the following passage:

"Wit, ingenuity, and learning in verse, even cle-

* Collins's Odes were published the same year.

gancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing; true native poetry is another; in which there is a certain spirit and air, which perhaps the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly comprehend."

In the preface to *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, 1785, T. Warton says, "Wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods, having kept undisturbed possession of our poetry, till late in the eighteenth century, would not easily give way to fiction and fancy, to picturesque description, and romantic imagery."

Mr. Southey, in the preface to his *Specimens of Later English Poets*, just published, says, speaking of the time of Dryden, "The writers of this and the succeeding generation, understood their own character better than it has been understood by their successors; they called themselves wits instead of poets, and wits they were; the difference is not in degree, but in kind. They succeeded in what they aimed at; in satire and in panegyric, in ridiculing an enemy, and in flattering a friend; in turning a song, and in complimenting a lady; in pointing an epigram, and in telling a lewd tale: in these branches of literary art, the Birmingham trade of verse, they have rarely been surpassed. Give them what praise you will, as versifiers, as wits, as reasoners, I wish not to detract a point from it; but versification, and wit, and reason, do not constitute poetry. The time, which is elapsed from the days of Dryden to those of Pope, is the dark age of English poetry."

It now became the fashion to furnish food for the
fancy,

fancy, and pile images upon images, without perhaps, at all times, sufficiently attending to the construction of the language, or the harmony of the rhythm. An instance of this occurs in the very opening of Warton's poem on "Melancholy," already cited: for the sentences are involved, and the meaning at first obscured by this defect, though the images are striking and highly picturesque. The following descriptive passage, commencing at the 42d verse, deserves high praise:

—————"When the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen invites, with beckoning hand,
My lonesome steps thro' the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead thro' flowery paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led

Th

Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
 All heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold."

But if Warton thought less highly of "sentiment and satire, of polished numbers, and sparkling couplets," it was not from inability to excel in that style. His "Newmarket" a satire, published in 1751, is a decisive proof of his talent in that sort of composition, and forms a complete contrast to most of his other poems. The description of the old family seat, a prey "to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms," is highly beautiful.

In short, if we consider the genius and learning of Thomas Warton; if we contemplate him as a poet, a scholar, a critic, an antiquary, and a writer of prose, ages may pass away before his equal shall arise.

ART. XV. MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

[SEE P. 84.]

Since I wrote the memoirs of Mrs. Smith, for which I have had the delight of receiving the approbation of those who knew her best, as to the accuracy of the character I ventured, however weakly, to draw of her, a posthumous volume of her poems has appeared, in which she herself has expressed some of the very sentiments, which I supposed her to have experienced; I cannot therefore refrain from extracting these passages. They are from the principal poem, in blank verse, entitled,

titled **BEACHY-HEAD**, consisting of 731 lines, but, alas ! unfinished.

“ I once was happy, when, while yet a child,
 I learn'd to love these upland solitudes,
 And when, elastic as the mountain air,
 To my light spirit care was yet unknown
 And evil unforeseen : early it came,
 And, childhood scarcely pass'd, I was condemn'd,
 A guiltless exile, silently to sigh,
 While memory, with faithful pencil, drew
 The contrast : and regretting, I compar'd
 With the polluted smoky atmosphere
 And dark and stifling streets, the southern hills,
 That, to the setting sun their graceful heads
 Rearing, o'erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks
 With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,
 When western winds the vast Atlantic urge
 To thunder on the coast. Haunts of my youth !
 Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet !
 Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes
 To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
 By scatter'd thorns : whose spiny branches bore
 Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb.
 There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun,
 And pleasant seated on the short soft turf,
 To look beneath upon the hollow way
 While heavily upward mov'd the labouring wain,
 And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
 To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
 The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still
 The prospect widens, and the village church
 But little, o'er the lowly roofs around
 Rears its gray belfry, and its simple vane ;

Those

Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
 By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring,
 When on each bough, the rosy-tinctur'd bloom
 Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
 For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
 Which, as their owners mark the promis'd fruit,
 Console them for the vineyards of the south,
 Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash, and beech,
 And partial copses, fringe the green-hill foot,
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
 There wanders by a little nameless stream,
 That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
 But still refreshing in its shallow course,
 The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
 Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
 Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
 And panzies rayed, and freak'd and mottled pinks
 Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue:
 There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
 Almost uncultur'd: some with dark green leaves
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
 Others, like velvet robes of regal state,
 Of richest crimson, while in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely, wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now
 In Spring and Summer, what delight I felt
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleas'd.

An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
 I lov'd her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedge rows, bordering unfrequented lanes
 Bowered with wild roses, and the clasping woodbine,
 Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch
 With bitter-sweet, and bryony inweave,
 And the dew fills the silver bindweed's cups—
 I lov'd to trace the brooks whose humid banks
 Nourish the harebell, and the freckled pagil ;
 And stroll among o'ershadowing woods of beech,
 Lending in Summer, from the heats of noon,
 A whispering shade ; while haply there reclines
 Some pensive lover of uncultur'd flowers,
 Who, from the tumps with bright green mosses clad,
 Plucks the wood sorrel, with its light thin leaves,
 Heart-shaped, and triply folded : and its root
 Creeping like beaded coral ; or who there
 Gathers, the copse's pride, Anemones,
 With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
 Most delicate ; but touch'd with purple clouds,
 Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

Ah ! hills so early lov'd ! in fancy still
 I breathe your pure keen air ; and still behold
 Those widely spreading views, mocking alike
 The poet and the painter's utmost art.
 And still, observing objects more minute,
 Wondering remark the strange and foreign forms
 Of sea-shells ; with the pale calcareous soil
 Mingled, and seeming of resembling substance ;
 Tho' surely the blue ocean (from the heights
 Where the downs westward trend, but dimly seen)
 Here never roll'd its surge."

The

The public will look with impatience to the memoirs of her, and a collection of her letters, which are now preparing for the press by her family. In the variety of her talents it seems difficult to decide what she could do best; but those talents appear to have been peculiarly fitted for excellence in epistolary composition. I am informed that the fertility of her mind, and the rapidity with which she wrote, astonished even men of the most quick and copious powers, who had opportunities of observing her, when thus occupied.

I will transcribe, from these posthumous poems, one entire little piece, in that style of exquisite delicacy and pathos, in which Mrs. Smith stands unrivalled.

EVENING.

“ Oh soothing hour, when glowing day
Low in the western wave declines,
And village murmurs die away,
And bright the vesper planet shines !

I love to hear the gale of Even
Breathing along the dew-leaf'd copse,
And feel the freshening dew of heaven,
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For like a friend's consoling sighs,
That breeze of night to me appears ;
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas! for those, who long have borne,
Like me, a heart by sorrow riven,
Who, but the plaintive winds will mourn ?
What tears will fall, but those of heaven ?”

ART.

ART. XVI. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 178.]

During his voyage to India, Sir William Jones sketched out a plan of studies and productions, recorded by Lord Teignmouth, which must appear extravagant even for his stupendous talents and industry.

In his Letter to Lord Ashburton, dated on board the *Crocodile*, 27 April, 1783, he says, "It is possible that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship could I have gratified my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and enjoyed at the same time the comforts of domestic life."

He landed at Calcutta in Sept. 1783, where his fame had preceded him, and he was received with general satisfaction. In December following he entered upon his judicial functions. Finding that the field of scientific research in India was too extensive for any individual, he immediately devised the plan of the Asiatic Literary Institution, in imitation of the Royal Society of London, which first assembled in January, 1804.

He now divided the whole of his time between the laborious duties of his office, and the extension of his oriental knowledge, which he pursued with such unabated zeal and application as continually to injure his health, but with a progress so rapid and wonderful, as nothing but the most decisive proofs of it could render credible.

"Various causes," he says in a letter, 1785, "contribute to render me a bad correspondent, particularly the discharge of my public duty, and the studies which are connected with that duty, such as the Indian and Arabic laws in their several difficult languages, one of which has occupied most of my leisure for the last twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to Islamabad, for the benefit of the sea air and verdant hillocks during the hot season. It is only in such a retirement as the cottage, where I am passing a short vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary subjects."

Again he says, Oct. 5, 1786. "Various are the causes, which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent; first, illness, which had confined me three months to my couch; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country, where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult study of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to establish by degrees, among ten millions of our black subjects, that security of descendable property, a want of which has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and improvable arts; lastly, I may add, though rather an amusement than a duty, my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain-head; an opportunity which, if once lost, may never be recovered."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "the uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence,

existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the consequence of intense application; and others were embittered by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections."

June 24, 1787. "I am well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles before sun-rise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our flocks and herds, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The business of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation as usual; with the Hindu bards."

Aug. 16, 1787. "I thank you heartily for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte,* which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable part of his works; and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes, which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence."

Sept. 27, 1787. "I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cot-

* Sonnets by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

tage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmins, with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service than the introduction of arts, (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate Digest of Hindu and Mahomedan Laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require they should be governed."

Oct. 3, 1787. "Of English politics I say nothing; because I doubt whether you and I should agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending parties, but the great principles of government and legislation, the majesty of the whole nation collectively, and the consistency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be supported,* to suppress the oligarchical power."

Sir W. Jones at this time meditated an epic poem, on the same subject as that which he had designed in his twenty-second year; *the Discovery of England by Brutus*. I confess I do not believe that his powers and habits were adapted to it; nor that he could ever have executed it with success.

But he now also meditated and arranged the scheme of a great national work, more within the compass of his immediate pursuits and qualifications, *A Complete Digest of Hindu and Mahomedan Laws*, after the model of Justinian's Pandects, compiled by the most

* If this was just, when Sir W. Jones wrote, as I believe it to have been, how much more applicable is it to the present government! *Editor*.

learned

learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation of it into English. A prospectus of this he laid before Lord Cornwallis; on whose warm approval, Sir William undertook the amazing labour of superintendence and translation.

Sept. 27, 1788. "My own health, by God's blessing, is firm, but my eyes are weak; and I am so intent upon seeing the Digest of Indian Laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object: the Natives are much pleased with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the security which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects."

Oct. 15, 1790. "If the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that, which I now fill, I should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge, is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every judge, as well as every bishop, should remain for life in the place, which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man, who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four and forty years, and has learned to be contented. My private life is similar to that which you remember; seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate; and one hour to the new Indian Digest; for one hour in the evening I read aloud to Lady Jones."

Lady Jones, finding her constitution no longer able to endure the climate of India, embarked for England in Dec. 1793.

In the beginning of 1794 Sir William published a

work in which he had been long engaged, *A Translation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of Duties religious and civil.*

Oct. 1793. "I will follow Lady Jones as soon as I can; possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that; for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the system of Indian laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work doubts might arise, which the Pundits alone could remove."

As to Sir William Jones's religious opinions, the following testimony, copied from his own manuscript in his Bible, though frequently published, cannot be too often repeated:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

At length we arrive at the close of this most extraordinary man's life; and I shall give it in the words of his noble biographer.

"The few months allotted to his existence, after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India, the completion

pletion of the Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Law. But neither the consciousness of acquitting himself of an obligation, which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had sweetened the toil of application, and cheered his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors, in the different languages of Europe. After her departure he mixed more in promiscuous society; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

“On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that “An ague in the Spring is a medicine for a king.” He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved, in fact, to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was un-

commonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."

It often happens that, in the delineation of the characters of men of genius, the difficulty is increased by the paucity of materials; in the present case it is augmented by their multiplicity. The almost incredible extent of Sir William Jones's acquirements requires a stretch of thought to comprehend, much more to describe them. By a paper of his own writing, it appears that he understood something of eight-and-twenty languages; "eight, critically; eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve, least perfectly, but all attainable."

Lord Teignmouth observes, that "in the eleven discourses, which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects,

subjects, which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound oriental learning in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure."

"There were few sciences, in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency; in most his knowledge was profound."—"His last and favourite pursuit was the study of botany."

"It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous to inquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by constant exercise: and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been impressed upon it. In his early years, he seems to have entered upon his career of study with this maxim strongly impressed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and it has been remarked, that he never neglected, nor overlooked, any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

"To an unextinguished ardour for universal knowledge he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day:
reflection

reflection and meditation strengthened and confirmed; what industry and investigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken "

Sir William entertained a strange opinion, (which was certainly a proof of his humility) that all men are born with equal mental capacities. Having supported this opinion in a conversation with Thomas Law, Esq. that gentleman sent him the following lines :

" Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind*.
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone."

To which Sir William Jones wrote the following answer :

" Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's, or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil ;

And

And say (no higher meed I ask)
 With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task.
 Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
 They best confer, who merit most."

It has been observed, that this eminent man rather employed his mind in acquiring and arranging his materials, than in building structures of his own with them. I doubt whether his faculties, wonderful as they were, were not best adapted to that purpose. But be that as it may, we ought not to regret the mode in which he applied those astonishing intellectual powers; he now stands the first of his order, and that a very high order, and on this account deserves one of the most conspicuous places in the Temple of Fame.

As a poet, he is rather to be considered for his translations, than for original composition; but the tasks he undertook, he executed with uncommon spirit and splendour; and they were such as would have confounded one of less brilliant endowments by their "excess of light."

I will give a short song, as a specimen of his manner,

SONG.

"Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
 Can ye idlers sleep so long?
 Quickly this dull silence break;
 Burst enraptur'd into song:
 Shake your plumes, your eyes uncloset,
 No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not that winter drear
 Still delays your promised tale,
 That no blossoms yet appear,
 Save the snow-drop in the dale;

Tell

Tell me not the woods are bare,
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads;
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow,
Where she treads fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom."

I shall close this account with some lines on his death by the Duchess of Devonshire, of whose talents I am glad to have opportunity of giving a specimen:

On the death of Sir William Jones.

"Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
'The most enlightened of the sons of men.'"

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends revered him, and his country blest.

* Dr. Johnson.

Admired

Admired and valued in a distant land,
 His gentle manners all affection won;
 The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
 And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son;

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
 And public sorrows with domestic blend;
 But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
 Who while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend."

ART. XVII. JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

Of this very ingenious, but unfortunate, man, who, as I now learn from Mr. Southey's "Specimens," died as long ago as 1796, very little is known to the public. I have always understood he was younger brother to the present Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart. If so, he was born 27 Aug. 1754. He was educated at Cambridge, where I became acquainted with his Sonnets, two years after their publication. They appeared with the following title:

"Sixteen Sonnets. London: Printed by J. Millidge; and sold by D. Prince, of Oxford; Messrs. Merrill and Co. Cambridge; and D. Browne, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, in the Strand. 1778. Sm. 4to.

The following is the dedication:

"To Miss Palmer,* these Sonnets, which have been honoured with her approbation, are dedicated by her very sincere and devoted humble servant, John Bampfylde."

* Niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds, now Marchioness of Thomond.

Soon after the publication of these Sonnets, from what unfortunate cause I am ignorant, he began to exhibit symptoms of mental derangement; and is said to have passed the last years of his life in confinement.

These Sonnets, little known, which always appeared to me to possess great and original merit, have now received the sanction of Mr. Southey's praise, with which I am much gratified. But as I am anxious to extend his fame by additional channels, I shall, while a friend of mine is preparing a new edition of the whole, in conjunction with the neglected relics of two or three other deserving young men of genius, insert two specimens here.

SONNET III.

"As when, to one, who long hath watch'd, the Morn
 Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day,
 (What time the young and flowry-kirtled May
 Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
 With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn;)
 And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
 Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray;
 And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
 The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
 Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
 And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
 Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
 To eyes, like mine, that long have wak'd to mourn,
 That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!"

SONNET XI.

To Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

" Tho' Winter's storms embrown the dusky vale,
 And dark and wistful wanes the low'ring year;
 Tho' bleak the moor, forlorn the cots, appear,
 And thro' the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;
 Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays, ne'er fail
 Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to chear;
 Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
 Whether thou lov'st in mournful mood to wail
 Lycid 'bright genius of the sounding shore,'
 Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
 My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
 But chiefest when, (if Delia grace the measure,)
 Thy lyre o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
 Rolls the soft song of joy, and endless love."

Mr. Jackson intended to have published an edition of Bampfylde's poems, with some account of the author, with whom he had a personal acquaintance; but he died without accomplishing his design.

ART. XVIII. MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

I take this opportunity of giving a short account of this author.

William Jackson of Exeter was son of a tradesman of that city, where he was born about 1730. As he early discovered a great genius for music, he was educated to that profession under the organist of the cathedral

thedral there. He afterwards went to London, where he improved himself under eminent masters, and returned to teach music at the place of his nativity. At length, in 1777, he was appointed organist of Exeter cathedral.

In 1782 he rose at once into literary fame by the publication of "*Thirty Letters on various Subjects*," 2 vols. 12mo. These principally consisted of *Essays* on the Belles Lettres, and evinced taste, learning, vivacity, originality, and even genius.

His celebrity in musical composition had already been widely extended, and he now held a considerable rank amongst authors.

In 1798 he published "*The Four Ages; together with Essays on various subjects. By William Jackson, of Exeter.*" 8vo. pp. 454. Printed for Cadell and Davies.

This work consisted of so much instructive, original, and entertaining matter, that it added much to the author's well-earned fame. It contained however some opinions on religion not sufficiently considered, and which gave offence to serious readers.

His account of Gainsborough the painter, will exhibit a characteristic and interesting specimen.

Gainsborough, the painter.

"In the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was perhaps better known to me, than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him, as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him

him and his works given by people, who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

“Gainsborough’s profession was painting, and music was his amusement; yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

“When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure; but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

“He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel’s viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from ‘morn to dewy eve!’ many an Adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed. This was wonderful, as it was Abel’s own instrument, and therefore ought to have produced Abel’s own music!

“Fortunately, my friend’s passion had now a fresh object—Fischer’s hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to

hear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private, not on the hautboy but the violin; but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten; there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

"He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away. If you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians.

"This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill luck would have it, he heard Crossdill; but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crossdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree." *

* P. 147. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 533.

"In this way he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius; he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step; the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable." *

Mr. Jackson died at Exeter, 12 July, 1803. Thomas Jackson, Esq. now or lately Minister Plenipotentiary to Sardinia, is, I believe, one of his sons.

ART. XIX. CAPT. EDWARD THOMPSON.

Edward Thompson was son of a merchant at Hull, in Yorkshire, where he was born about 1738. He was educated at Beverley, under the Rev Mr. Clarke, and thence removed to Hampstead, under the care of Dr. Cox. He early embraced a maritime life, and in 1750 sailed on a voyage to Greenland. In 1754 he was engaged on board an Indiaman, and became what is called "*a Guinea Pig*:" though other accounts say, that he went to the East Indies with Sir Peter Dennis, on board the *Dorsetshire*, and was in the memorable action off Quiberon Bay. By his "*Sailor's Letters*," it appears he was at Madras, Ceylon, and Bengal, of which he has given descriptions, that shew the accuracy of his observation, and the cultivation of his talents.

In 1755 he returned to England; where in November we find him on board the *Sterling-Castle* in the Downs. In 1756 he sailed from Portsmouth to New York, and thence to Antigua; and arriving the following year in

* P. 154. See Brit. Crit. XIII. p. 533.

England, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and appointed to the Jason, which was sent over to Embden with Brudenell's Regiment to reinforce the garrison. In 1758 he sailed in the Dorsetshire to Lisbon, and in 1759, cruising between the Bay of Biscay and the chops of the channel, was engaged in Hawke's celebrated battle with Conflans. In 1761 he sailed in the Bellona.

The peace, that ensued, left his active mind at leisure to cultivate literature. A poem of a temporary nature procured him the acquaintance of Churchill, whose whig principles he strenuously cherished. At this time he lived in a small house in Kew-lane; whence in 1754 he produced a poem called "*The Soldier*," which was well received. He then retired for some time to Scotland, where he meditated a professional work, which he never executed.

In 1765, he published "*The Courtesan*," a poem, 4to. and "*The Demirep*," a poem, 4to. In 1767, he produced his "*Sailor's Letters, written during his Voyages in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1754 to 1759*." In 1769, he commanded the Tartuffe cutter, off the coast of Scotland.

He had during this period written many political and dramatic pieces, which recommended him to the notice of Garrick; and Garrick, through his intimacy with Sir Edward Hawke, procured him a master and commander's warrant in 1771; and in the following year, Sir Peter Denis, commanding in the Mediterranean, made him post into the Niger.

But before this he had edited "*The Works of Oldham*," 3 vols. 1771; a collection of fugitive pieces called

called "*The Court of Cupid*," and a collection of *Bon Mots*, under the title of "*Aristophanes*."

In 1773, he brought forth "*The Fair Quaker, or The Humours of the Navy, a Comedy*," 8vo. and in 1776 and in 1777 fitted for the stage two other pieces, not published.

In 1773 he began in concert with Mr. John Macmillan,* the Westminster Magazine. In 1777, he edited "*The Works of Paul Whitehead*;" and the same year "*The Works of Andrew Marvel*." In 1778 he edited a collection of fugitive poetical pieces, called "*The Muse's Mirror*."

But as soon as the war broke out with France, he was called away from these peaceful occupations, being appointed in 1778 to the command of the *Hyæna*. He was in Rodney's famous action off Cape St. Vincent; of which he brought home the intelligence; and was soon afterwards appointed commodore of an expedition against Demerara, which, with Berbice and Essequibo,

* This young man died Feb. 11, 1774, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a native of Invernesshire. He is said to have been "an accurate critic, an elegant poet, and an agreeable novelist." Thomson wrote the following lines to his memory.

"If modest worth, truth, honour, and good sense,
To public favour ever made pretence,
Surely none bade, in these degenerate days,
At once so fair for universal praise:
Reserv'd, though wise; though gentle, most severe;
Firm, though eccentric; various, though sincere.
Farewell, my friend; and at thy honour'd shrine,
My soul, I own, was near allied to thine:
The Muses taught us one poetic strain,
And in their favourite cradle nurs'd the twain,"

surrendered without opposition. He afterwards conveyed home a fleet of merchantmen from St. Eustathius. At the end of the war he was stationed on the coast of Africa.

In 1785 he was appointed commander of the *Grampus*, and sent again to the coast of Africa; where he caught a fever, and died aboard that ship, Jan. 17, 1786. An event, which filled his crew with universal lamentation, as they considered him a brave and skilful commander, a friend, and a father.

Many young men, since distinguished for naval enterprise, were brought up under his tuition, among which were his nephew Sir Boulden Thompson, and Sir Home Popham.

But the merits, by which Captain Thompson will be best known to posterity, are his *Sea Songs*; which are still on every one's lips; more especially those three beautiful and affecting compositions, beginning "*Loose every sail to the breeze*," "*The Topsail shivers in the wind*," "*Behold upon the gallant wave*."

ART. XX. GREGORY LEWIS WAY, ESQ.

Having by some accident omitted in my various Literary Obituaries the death of this ingenious man, I am anxious to make slight amends to his memory by an account of him in this place, more especially as I have an opportunity of borrowing a sketch of his character by a writer, whose peculiarly simple and elegant style deserves every praise, which a critic can bestow on it.

Mr.

Mr. Way was scarcely known in the literary world before he died. He published

"Fabliaux, or Tales, abridged from French Manuscripts of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, by M. Le Grand, selected and translated into English Verse. With a preface and notes. Vol. I." 8vo. pp. 280. Faulder. 1796.

In this work he was assisted by his friend, Mr. George Ellis; who after his death published *"The Second Volume. With a preface, notes, and appendix."* 8vo. pp. 340. Faulder. 1800.

Mr. Ellis has here completed some of the *Tales*, which his friend had left unfinished, and added the short memoir which I am about to copy.

Memoir of Mr. Way, by Mr. G. Ellis.

"It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is seldom capable of affording much amusement to the reader; and that of Mr. Way was particularly barren of incident: for his biographer would have little to relate, except that he was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards to the Temple; and that having married early in life, he retired almost immediately to a small country seat in Essex, where he died on the 26th of April, 1799, after a very short illness, in the forty-third year of his age. Finding himself possessed of a fortune, which seemed to remove the absolute necessity of addicting himself to any profession, though insufficient without strict economy to meet the wants of a growing family, he voluntarily devoted himself to retirement, which was

not much interrupted by an annual visit of a month to some near relations in the country, and by a fortnight usually allotted to an old friend in London. Under such circumstances, it was scarcely possible that he should fail to contract some peculiarities; because, being neither solicitous for wealth, nor power, and having no habitual occupations or amusements, which required the assistance of society, he was not likely to imitate, or even to notice the vicissitudes, which fashion is daily producing in the dress, and gestures, and manners, and language, and opinions of what is called the world. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry: and from this choice of occupations and amusements, a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more activity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce.

“It has been remarked, that he had some peculiarities; but they were such as it is not easy to describe, because they were not the result of eccentricity, or of any marked deviation from general habits. There was nothing in them on which ridicule could fasten. His manners were easy and unembarrassed, and his address particularly attractive, from being marked with

with that best sort of politeness, which is the expression of benevolence. But that perfect simplicity of demeanour which borrows nothing from imitation, has certainly a singular appearance in the eyes of those who are only conversant with artificial society: perhaps, indeed, few peculiarities are more striking than a total absence of all affectation.

“His conversation was very characteristic, and extremely amusing; particularly on those topics which seemed most remote from his usual pursuits, and in which he was led to take an interest only by that kindness of disposition which prevented him from viewing with indifference any amusement of his friends. There are probably few subjects less propitious to the display of literary acquirements than the discussion of a fox-chace, yet I have seen him voluntarily engage even with this untoward argument: and he applied with such taste and sagacity the learning he had acquired from Master Turberville and the book of St. Albans; his language was so picturesque; and he drew so comical a parallel between the opinions of practitioners in the science in different ages, that the effect was scarcely less striking than if Sir Tristram, or King Arthur, had unexpectedly descended among a company of modern sportsmen. On all occasions the Cervantic turn of his humour was singularly heightened by his researches in antiquarian knowledge.

“It is impossible to consider such a simple and amiable character without lamenting that he neglected to become his own biographer; because no species of writing, perhaps, is more capable of uniting amusement with utility than the genuine unvarnished picture of private life; and certainly no species of writing
is

is so uncommon. Many, indeed, have professed to lay the whole contents of their memory before the public, and to expose all their thoughts and actions to their inspection: but in these reports of their conscience, whether under the humble name of 'confessions,' or the more sincere title of 'appeals to posterity,' we generally find modes of acting and feeling more remote from common nature, than those of an Amadis or a Cassandra; and are unable to draw any practical lesson from such a delineation, unless it be that much real vice and folly may result from a sickly sensibility and an over-delicate organization.

"An eminent French writer has observed, that even in novels, and other fictitious descriptions of human nature, where the hero and heroine are rewarded by the completion of all their wishes, their happiness is announced, indeed, but never particularized: and that no writer has yet been found, whose confidence in his imagination and powers of amusement was so sturdy as to cope with the monotony of domestic felicity. If this sarcastic remark be at all just, it must be because the painter of ideal life is in want of real models from which he may copy his delineations. In every other science we find authentic records of experiments, which have been made with caution, and described with minute and circumstantial accuracy; but in the great art of being happy, the experience of every man becomes useless to the rest of the world. Those who are most attached to life, and most desirous of protracting its duration, have probably passed some hours which they would willingly have retrenched from the sum of existence, and have endeavoured, with more or less success, to quicken their passage. It may be presumed,

sumed, therefore, that the history of a practical moralist, who was forced to construct his scheme of happiness with common materials, and to fight the tediousness of life with weapons which are within every man's reach, would prove neither useless, nor unentertaining. Such a moralist was Mr. Way. He was not, like the imaginary Rasselas, a prince, or a traveller; but he found, in the affection of his wife, in the duty of his children, and the hopes afforded by religion, a compensation for all the disappointments and miseries to which life is subject."

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 205.]

Nº. VI.

Scott's Lay.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Upon reading the poem called "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a few observations have suggested themselves to me, which, if they fall within the compass of your plan, are at your service.

Although this delightful work does not rise to the sublime heights of epic poetry, yet it is never disgraced by the absurdities which are to be met with in most of those which affect that name. Even Homer himself, to whom nothing has appeared as yet aut simile aut secundum, has puerilities which are only to be excused, as Horace says, by supposing him sometimes to nod. Virgil, more equal throughout, is less sublime; but

but was so blind an idolater of his great master that, notwithstanding the judgment for which all ages have given him credit, he even copied some of his most glaring faults. Every schoolboy can point out the bombast and feeblenesses of Lucan, Statius, and Silius Italicus, notwithstanding the fine and even sublime passages which are to be found in them all, especially in the first.

Of the modern Italian poets, Boiardo and Ariosto were writers of romance in verse, and as such, however engaging, are hardly subject to the rules of criticism. Tasso's *Gjerusalemme Liberata* is more regular, and has many beautiful and affecting passages, but seldom rises to sublimity. The same may be said of the Portuguese Camoens, whose subject indeed is less generally interesting than the others'. Voltaire's *Henriade* is more approved by the judgment than the fancy. It is coldly correct, and though it cannot be denied to have beauties, few persons are tempted to search for them a second time.

In our own country the attempts in this difficult line of writing have not been fortunate, always excepted the noble poem of Milton, which shines, among all which have appeared since Homer, *velut inter ignes Luna Minores*. Yet it is far from being free from defects, both in the design and execution of it; and like Homer, *aliquando domitat*. Cowley failed both in his choice of a subject, and in his manner of treating it.* To have read Blackmore requires more patience and

* Subjects taken from Scripture have always failed in the execution; witness the *Dauids*, Mrs. Rowe's *Joseph*, Duck's *Shunammite*, Cumberland's *Calvary*, and many others. The venerable and interesting simplicity

and perseverance than I am master of. Spenser's justly celebrated *Fairy Queen*, with infinite detached beauties, is merely an allegorical romance, and can hardly be considered as a whole. Leonidas, and the *Epigoniad*, proximus sed longo proximus intervallo, are now but little known and seldom read: a sure proof of want of interest and merit.* So that a perfect epic poem is still, and probably always will be, a desideratum in that fascinating art.

Now the work which gave rise to these desultory observations, though it does not arrogate to itself that lofty name, has perhaps as good a claim to it as many that have had more presumption. As the author however has not thought proper so to call it, I have no right to name it for him, but shall proceed to point out some of its most striking beauties and defects.

Nothing can be more engaging than the introduction and close of every book; and no reader, I believe, would wish these to be either shortened or altered. Both the thoughts and the versification are equally fine; and the art of the old bard in his applications of the narrative to his hearers is very pleasing and well imagined. The hero of the story itself appears to be Sir William of Deloraïen, though he acts only a subor-

plcity of the narrative must be lost. Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the Scriptures, they are superfluous; if what is not in them, they are false.

* The epic poems of Southey, Pye, Holo, and others, are purposely omitted, as they are fresh in the minds of the public, which has properly appreciated their merit. Oh that poets would recollect that not to excel is to fail! This does not apply to Joan of Arc, or to Maloc.

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minate part in the conduct of it; and this perhaps may be deemed a fault,* but some amends for it are made by the exquisite delineation of his character, and the admirable manner in which it is supported throughout. He is precisely the Ferrau of Italian and French romance, excepting in the brutality of that giant; for the Scotch marauder could mourn over a fallen enemy; and though he

"Harried the lands of Richard Musgravé,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive,"

he lamented the death of an honourable foe, and would have given his lands to have redeemed his life. The whole of his character is portrayed with a masterly hand, and the contrast between him and Cranstoun, the exact counterpart of the gallant and courtly Knight of Charlemagne, or the Round Table, is drawn with great skill. When they engage, the one thinks of his mistress, and ejaculates a prayer; the other has no mistress, and knows no prayer;† but,

"He stoop'd his head and he couch'd his lance,"

as the only preparations necessary for the combat.

The most interesting and highly-wrought passage of the whole poem is Deloraine's journey to Melrose Abbey and the visit to Michael Scott's tomb there. The whole description of the abbey, of the wizard

* It is however such a fault as is imputed to Milton, who in the opinion of many able critics has erred in making Satan his hero, instead of Adam.

† His ignorance, who could not read, and knew no prayer

"Save to patter an Ave Mary,"

reminds me of one of the Montmorenci's (I think Anne the Comtesse) who used to make his mark only; "attendu" says Brantôme; "qu'il ne s'écrivait ni lire ni écrire."

himself,

himself; (who seems to exist in a state somewhat similar to that of the Vampyres in Hungary,) and of Deloraine's aged conductor, is superior to any thing of the kind that has appeared in modern poems, and perhaps would not lose by a comparison with many of those which are most esteemed among the ancients. It forms several separate pictures adorned with the most vivid and brilliant colouring; and they are so put together as to form a well-blended whole, in which all the parts unite, and without any one of which it would be incomplete.

Thus, for instance, their progress through the cloisters, where

"The pillar'd arches were over his head,
And under his feet were the bones of the dead,"

however common the fact may be to every ancient church, shews the author to have possessed a truly poetic genius; of which one great part is the being enabled to seize upon striking and affecting images, drawn from common occurrences or objects that may be seen every day, and yet are passed unnoticed by vulgar minds.

The beauties of this poem are to be seen in almost every page, while its faults, (for it is not wholly exempt from defects,) are thinly scattered over the surface, rare and in gurgite vasto, neither glaring nor offensive. It is the part of just criticism however, though its least pleasing office, to notice them as well as its excellencies. The most important of them relates to the machinery; and here a violation of the well-known rule of Horace, *Nec Deus intersit*, &c. is but too apparent. The
dialogue

dialogue overheard by the *Grammared Countess* between the two river sprites, concerning Margaret's marriage, is needless, because the information might have been conveyed both to her and the reader by more obvious means; and it is unpoetical, because it is a violent use of supernatural assistance (not to be resorted to without necessity,) and even such as, I believe, forms no part of the local superstition of the Lowlands.

In the tragedy of Douglas, Home, in his fine description of the storm, introduces a similar supernatural being to heighten the horrors of it.

“ And loud and shrill
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.”

But I doubt whether there be any authority for supposing that the river spirits meddle in the domestic concerns of the mansions on their banks, or meet to gossip about the intermarriages of the families which inhabit them. And the same learning that enabled the Countess to interpret their conversation, would have assisted her also to gain the requisite information without their help.

But the machinery of the greatest length, as well as consequence, is that of the magic book. This is so well described; its consequences are so striking and wonderful; the purport of it is concealed beneath a veil so thick, and its mystic contents are so darkly alluded to, and still left in that state of unexplained horror which so powerfully affects the mind, that few readers of taste will be inclined to object to the introduction of it. Yet it has been observed that it is not of use towards the conduct of the story, adequate to the eager-

ness of the Countess to possess it. And so far as to the furtherance of her schemes only, this is true; for the effect it produces is directly contrary to what she wished. But that magic art should deceive its votaries is very consonant to poetical justice; and it was only by the agency of the book that the catastrophe of the narrative, viz. the marriage of Cranstoun and Margaret is produced. For it was through the power of the book that the "young Heir of Branksome" was stolen, and that Cranstoun was enabled to personate Deloraine, conquer Musgrave, and redeem the boy; which was the only way of inducing the Countess to consent to the marriage.

And here it ought to be pointed out, with respect to the moral conduct of the piece, how ingeniously it is contrived that the violent passions of the Countess, which led her to have recourse to those dark arts, which must not even be named, and for which the monk was to do a treble penance for having only "thought them his heart within," had the unlooked-for effect of completely defeating her own purposes.

In this respect therefore here was dignus vindice nodus for the use of machinery; no common means, no human persuasions could have induced her to consent to resign her hatred to the family of Cranstoun. The end of the drama could not have been attained but by the aid of magic.

The conduct of the dwarf, which has also been objected to, is to be defended upon the same principle. The *book* without him would have been useless; and he, though far from intending it, was a principal agent in conducting the poem to its destined conclusion.

The dark obscurity in which his story is involved, both when he was *lost* and *found*, is highly poetical, and affords a delightful scope for the imagination.

As a minor blemish it may be observed, that the character of Margaret is not sufficiently prominent to excite much interest. There is nothing to distinguish it from any other; and therefore to most readers the recovery of the "young Heir" will seem an event of more consequence than her marriage.

It has also been mentioned as a fault, that there are no similies throughout the poem; but whether that can be so deemed, in a work which lays claim to no higher rank than that of a Minstrel's Song is, I think, at least doubtful. If the objection be well founded, it is one which only the judgment makes on reflection; and which the imagination, warmed with the beauty of the piece, and deeply engaged by the attention which it excites, can hardly stop to discover.

But there is another light in which this work has a claim to be considered, which is that of a narrative, meant to exemplify the curious system of Border manners. In this respect it is unrivalled: no history has yet appeared which gives so just an account, so interesting a picture of the lawless ravages of the Borders, which were equally a disgrace to both nations. With regard to these the romance has the singular advantage of being a true history as to the general facts, and the usual conduct of the Moss Troopers; and the characters of the two English leaders, Howard* and Dacre,

* Of the singular character of Lord William Howard there are some curious traits recorded by Gilpin, in his *Tour to the Lakes*. There is a history

Daore, are admirably discriminated, and evidently drawn from the most authentic sources of information.

†††

N^o. VII.*On the proper objects of Biography.*

It is a palpable, but a very common, error, that lives of activity and adventure only can afford proper materials for biography. "What interest," it is asked, "can the Memoirs of * * * * exhibit? That person passed through the world, in peace, leisure, and retirement, without encountering any extraordinary events!" "Is it possible," I answer, "that this remark can be made on a character of transcendent talent, erudition, and virtue; whose writings have illuminated more than half a century, and whose labours in the closet were calculated to produce effects a thousand times more extensive, than all the busy results of the most practical industry?"

Pictures of the mind, delineations of the movements of the heart, the records of the private and undisguised opinions of those, who have been distinguished for their intellectual endowments, are the ingredients which a cultivated reader most values in personal history. "Hair-breadth escapes, and perilous accidents by sea and land," are calculated principally to interest

history of the Borders, by Ridpath, in 4to. and an account of the "Ancient State of the Borders" in Burn and Nicolson's Hist. of Westmorland and Cumberland; but a more complete account of them would be very acceptable to the lovers of history, and there are abundant materials for that purpose.

a vulgar curiosity. The relation of the ramble of a man of genius in a field of daisies, or along banks scented with the early primrose, if it describes his sensations, or any of the visions that floated across his fancy, is more affecting and more instructive, than the account of the most surprising actions, in which a man of a common understanding has been engaged.

If these observations are just, the memoir of one, whose life has been employed in exercising and improving the best faculties of the soul, is of all others, when properly executed, the most attractive, and the most important; even though it should have been spent in the most unvaried solitude, or the most equable course of outward circumstances. We are anxious to know the confidential thoughts of those, on whom Nature has bestowed the power of deeper insight into human affairs, on those points of our existence which come most home to our bosoms, and on which every reflecting mind must occasionally ruminate. Sometimes perhaps we are pleased to find in them weaknesses congenial with our own; and we are consoled with this sympathy, which makes us appear less despicable to ourselves.

The great characteristic of persons of genius seems to be, not that they feel differently from others, but that they feel more acutely, and with more distinctness, and are capable therefore of clearly and forcibly delineating what they feel. Thus the sentiments contained in Gray's Elegy, "find," as Johnson says, "an echo in every bosom;" they are instantly acknowledged to be such, as its readers have continually experienced; but which they could not before analyse, or perceive with sufficient vividness to be expressed by them.

them. When the picture is thus brought before them, they are surprised that they never produced such an one themselves; and, while they admit its truth, think they hereafter could paint like it with the greatest facility. We hear much, among the critics, about *INVENTION* as the first characteristic of poetry: but is not this *INVENTION*?

Endued as they are with powers of this kind, we peruse with eagerness all the private letters, the careless sketches, and retired and unambitious memorials of those, who have been thus distinguished for mental superiority. We delight to see the fleeting visions of the head, or the heart, embodied in language; and fixed before us for leisurely contemplation. What avails the opportunity of having seen "many men and many cities," unless the traveller, like Ulysses, has the talent to make observations and profit by the experience! What signifies, to have beheld all the sublime scenery of Salvator Rosa, unless he, who has viewed it, has the pencil able to paint, or the pen to describe it! Bloomfield, in the early confinement to a poor village in the most flat and unpicturesque part of Suffolk,* could produce descriptions full of a combination of images so brilliant, and so touching, as he, who has been all his life familiar with the richest scenes of Nature, can never, with inferior gifts, produce by any effort!

The mind is surely the scene of action, which we are most interested in studying. When we compare its capacities with those of material power; when we

* See a most interesting volume of Scenery, illustrative of Bloomfield's poems, published by Mr. Grayley.

know that in one minute it can perform journeys and gain victories, which it would consume the whole lives of the most active travellers, and the most able generals to execute, what more copious, what more important theme for delineation can we require? It is this consideration which elevates the study of ethics among the first in the scale of human knowledge; and as long as intellect is superior to matter, it must be classed in the highest rank of philosophy. Its nice and evanescent colours, which, seeming to leave much to conjecture, give to dull faculties an opportunity to call it shadowy and unsubstantial, are the very characteristics, which stamp its value.

Never then let it be said, that the life of a person of genius affords no materials for biography, because it was passed in retirement and inaction. If there remain records of his mental occupations, if his opinions, his feelings, and the rainbow-like colours of his fancy can be remembered, and properly told, they will contribute essentially to the best and most interesting department of human intelligence.

March 21, 1807.

ART. XXII. *Literary Antiquities.*

EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT MEDAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I have often wondered, why a work of a superior kind to the common monthly publications has never subsisted in this country: whether it be from a want of purchasers

purchasers or of sufficient materials, I am ignorant; but being desirous to contribute in both cases to the continuance of yours, I have committed to paper some thoughts which lately occurred to me in reading relative to an unexplained medal of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, a type of which is given in the fifth tom. of the *Histoire de l'Academie* of the 12mo. edition, at p. 256; having on the obverse the head of M. Anthony, with this legend, Μ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ ΟΙΩΝΙΣΤΗΣ ΤΡΙΩΝ ΑΝΔΡΩΝ, and on the reverse the head of Cleopatra with this legend, ΚΛΕΟΠΑΤΡΑΣ ΟΥΣΣΑΝ ΣΩΤΗΡΑΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ. The authors of that article, in 1731, M. Bonhier and De Boze, seem to be quite at a loss for the meaning of ΟΥΣΣΑΝ on the reverse; and by their account it should seem, that no satisfactory explanation had been given of it by any former antiquaries, although it had been published by Goltzius, Tristan, Occo, Nonnius, Spanheim, and Vailant; for Bonhier says, "that certainly it is not easy to explain;" and De Boze adds, "that every thing which has been urged to justify the epithet *Ossav* has so little foundation, that it can be only ascribed to an error in the artist." They contend indeed further, that there is a doubt of its being genuine, or else if it be genuine, whether it has been rightly read: but against both these suppositions they themselves urge, that Occo has published a second medal likewise, with a similar legend, except that *Βασίλισσα* occurs at the beginning of it instead of the end, and is in the nominative, not the genitive case. I shall not enter further into their account, nor do I know whether any later writers have given any more satisfactory explanation

of the legends on this medal, or attempted it; therefore shall confine myself to my own opinion concerning it. It seems then to me to have been struck in some city of Persia, or some city in Asia, where an oriental language was chiefly in use, and but little knowledge of Greek; apparently soon after Anthony's expedition against Parthia, in which Cleopatra accompanied him part of the way; for ΟΞΞΑΝ, or as it may be better divided, 'Ο. Ξ. ΞΑΝ, seems to be an abbreviation of the common Persian title *Schah-Schahin*, the king of kings; which although here applied to a female, yet as it is the title of males, therefore the masculine article has been prefixed to it, as the rest of the legend is in Greek: that Greek was not perfectly understood where it was struck seems confirmed by the word *εὐτυχία*, which should rather be *σωτηρία*; and so Bonhier says, that Scaliger has writ the legend in his notes on Eusebius; another similar erroneous use of a vowel occurs, I conceive, on the obverse. As to *Schah-Schahin*, Hyde, I believe, was the first author who has explained it, where it occurs in Manellinus 19. 2. "Amici Saporem appellabant *Achemenem*:" vera autem lectio in ultima editione jam restituta est Ξααν Ξααν, nempe Schahan Scháh est *regum-rax*." *Rel. Pers.* p. 416. This was thirty years before the abovementioned dissertation. By this it appears, that even the Romans were no strangers to the title. Reland also, in 1706, had observed "H in pronuntiatione persarum vix auditur ut in *Saan sa* pro Schahan Schah." *Diss. de ling. Pers.* p. 227. Bayer, in his *Histor. Bactr.* says "ΞΑ in nummo Phraartis meo iudicio neque urbem neque munitarium significat sed
ΞΑΝΙΑ;

ΣΑΝΣΑ: similiter in nummo Pharnacis *Βασιλεως μεγalon Φαρνακου* ΣΣΑΝ, malo legere ΣΑΝΣΑΝ quàm cum Patino ΟΣΣΑΝ vel cum Spanheimio *refingere Βασιλεως Βασιλεων*, in tom. 1. 487 *de usu numism.* p. 102. By this it appears that the word occurs also on a Parthian coin, where Bayer has given us its true meaning. While by the word *refingere* Spanheim seems to have thought ΟΣΣΑΝ an erroneous reading by Patin for *Βασιλεων*. I am not able to refer to the very words of Spanheim, but here we find both the right reading and meaning of the title, with the article *ο* in like manner prefixed, clearly ascertained by Patin and Bayer, which seem to have perplexed all the other antiquaries. Bayer adds, in p. 105, that Plutarch mentions Anthony's giving to Cleopatra and her sons, after the conquest of Parthia, the title of *Βασιλεως Βασιλεων*, in *Antonio*; moreover that in Vaillant another coin has the legend *Cleopatraz regina regum*. Bayer does not however appear to have known of the medal in question with the oriental title ΟΣΣΑΝ applied to Cleopatra, otherwise he would not have thought that Patin had read the word erroneously with an *ο* prefixed on the Parthian coin; which however proves, that it was no unusual thing to abbreviate the title in this manner, even among orientals themselves, although the examples of it may now be scarce. The Greek *a* had the sound if not of *aw* yet at least of *ar*; and Reland has accounted for the omission of the aspirates when expressed in Greek letters, since they were but little heard even in Persian itself. This abbreviation may account likewise for what we read in Hesychius, who says, that *Zav* means *Zoor*, and *Zavides* means *ἡγεμονίδης*. Here an annotator on Hesychius conjectures,

conjectures, that it is formed from Ζαυυ, Ζηυ, Ζαυ; but the sense of *ἡγεμνίδης* leads us to a better derivation; for what connection in sense is there between *vivens* and *Jupiter*? but *gubernator* has a near connection with the *God of gods*; the name was therefore rather an imitation of the foreign word *Zaan*. That it had been naturalized as well as understood in some Greek cities is further confirmed by Pausanias: for he says, that at Elis “Sunt aliquot ænea Jovis simulachra; appellantur ea patria voce Zanes.” Lib. 5. Now if the name had been formed from Ζαυυ so universal among the Greeks, it would have scarcely been so peculiar to the natives of Elis as to deserve being stigmatized as a provincial word in that city (*patria voce*); it was therefore rather the oriental word *Zaan*, which had by accident been naturalized there, though not universally in Greece. Neither is there any thing extraordinary in the oriental word *Schahan Schah* being thus abbreviated and disguised when pronounced or written in Greek letters, if we attend to similar adulterations of oriental words in modern languages, and even relative to the word in question. Thus Bayer says, in the same page above, “Persarum reges dicti sunt, sicut nunc *Padi-Schah*, ab Indis *Pad scha*, ita olim *Schahin Schah*.” This, I presume, is the same name which the English now give to the chief minister of the Marattas in India, and generally spelt *Peshwa*, while the French write it *Pocheva*: the origin also apparently of the Turkish word *Pacha* and *Bashaw*, thus otherwise distinguished by foreigners, seems to be the same.

As to the legend on the obverse of the medal in question, the French dissertation says nothing of its explanation, nor have I myself any opportunity to consult
concerning

concerning it the other antiquaries, above mentioned, who published the medal; but there must evidently be some difficulty concerning the word or words ΟΙΩΝΙΣΤΗΣ, &c. Now as the horizontal line on the top of the third letter of ΑΤΙΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ is worn out so that T is changed into I, I suppose that the case has been the same with the second letter above, which should be a T; and thus those letters form ὁ τῶν ἰστῆς τριῶν ἀνδρῶν, which I presume mean, that Anthony was *the staff of the triumvirate*, the artist having writ ἰστῆς for ἰσῆς, just as on the reverse we found an η formed instead of α, which becomes another proof of a foreign artist. ἰσῆς means a *mast* of a ship, also a *distaff*, or the rod on which wool or hemp is hung, in order for the spinner to draw out threads from it, *stamina*; it therefore naturally coincides in sense here with our own use of the word *staff* in such a case. Any further information from others on these subjects would be very acceptable, as books are so numerous and so expensive that few can obtain them. S.

ART. XXIII. *Literary Intelligence.*

I am induced by the desire of some friends to enlarge the article of Literary Intelligence, which I have hitherto given occasionally. As my work is principally addressed to readers, whose love of bibliography must necessarily make such information grateful to them, I readily comply with the suggestion; which I am enabled to do by the promise of assistance in this department, without which my absence from the capital, and my retired habits, would render it impossible

sible for me to execute it. Still I shall rather confine myself to some of the principal works than enter into as extensive and minute a catalogue as could be procured.

We are apt to call the age, in which we live, idle, dissipated, and frivolous. But surely literature, and of the soundest kind, was never more encouraged than at present. Works the most expensive, and solid, not merely of this day, but of all former ages, are called forth in the most splendid forms by the public encouragement; and at this moment the great undertakings, which are in the press, must astonish and delight every liberal mind.

I will give the first place to the work of one, whose productions from the late accident of fire, which, on the 13th of this month, occurred, during his absence, to his seat at Hafod, where his volumes are printed at a private press, are become doubly interesting to the public. The new Translation of Froissart, by Mr. Johnes, is well known. Whatever has suffered by the late flames, and it is feared that the loss may be very great, the two following works were already finished, and out of the way, and are on the eve of publication.

I. "Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne. Written by himself. Containing a History of Part of the Life of Louis IX. King of France, surnamed St. Louis, including an account of that King's expedition to Egypt, in the year 1248. To which are added the notes of M. Du Cange on the above; together with the Dissertations of M. Le Baron de la Bastre on the life of St. Louis; M. L'Evesque

vesque de la Ravalierre and M. Falconet, on the Assassins of Syria; from 'The Memoirs de l'Academie des Belles Lettres et Inscriptions de France.' The whole translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq. M. P."

2. "The Travels of the Lord de la Brocquière, Esquire Canon to Philippe le Bon, who returned from Jerusalem to France overland, about the year 1435, and reduced the account of his journey to writing, by command of the Duke, his master."

Mr. Johnes has also, as I understand, finished the Translation of the first volume of "the Chronicles of Monstrelet," who took up his History from 1400, where Froissart ended, and brought it down to 1467.

A new edition of Johnson's Poets, with additions, both of a prior and subsequent date, is far advanced in the press. This edition, under the conduct of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, F.A.S. is also to be accompanied by supplemental Lives.

A new edition is also in the press, of the British Essayists, in 45 vols. augmented by The Looker-On; and additions and corrections to the prefaces.

A work of still more importance is far advanced, which is an improved edition of The Biographical Dictionary, so altered and corrected as to be nearly a new work, to which the supply of the references alone has been an incredible labour.

New editions of Gil Blas, both in French and English, by Mr. Malkin, with prints from the designs of Smirke, are preparing.

Jarvis's Translation of Don Quixotte, improved by Mr. Balfour, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr.

Mr. William Gifford has nearly completed his improved edition of Whalley's Ben Jonson.

A posthumous work, containing the History of Birds, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, is in the press.

There is nearly ready for publication "A View of the present State of Poland, describing the face of the Country, its villages, towns, &c. and containing a particular account of the peasantry, their persons, dress, and political condition; comprising also some account of the customs and manners of the Poles, with a cursory view of the changes which have taken place consequent upon the dismemberment of their country. By G. Burnett."

Mr. Southey is preparing for publication the Poems and Essays of the late Mr. Henry Kirke White, with a Memoir of the author, in two volumes.

Mr. Southey has also in the press a new edition of Palmerin of England, from the original Portuguese; and a translation of the Chronicle of the Cid from the Spanish.

A fourth edition of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's Translation of Epictetus, with the translator's last additions and corrections, is printed.

Mr. Malcolm has in the press "Historical Anecdotes, illustrative of the Charities, Manners, Customs, Eccentricities, Religious and Political Dissentions, Popular Tumults, Amusements, and Dress of the Inhabitants of London, during the Eighteenth Century, with a general Review of the Domestic and Ecclesiastical Architecture, Sculpture, &c. &c. now extant in the Metropolis of Great Britain."

Mr. Walter Scott has in forwardness a new poetical work, entitled, "Six Epistles from Ettreck Forest."

A fourth

A fourth volume of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," is preparing by Bishop Percy's nephew.

Mr. Gilchrist's edition of Bishop Corbet's Poems is on the eve of publication.

Mrs. Chapone's Posthumous Works and Correspondence have been announced.

The vast accession which Oriental literature received in the capture, at Seringapatam, of the Library of Tippoo Sultan, consisting of 2000 volumes of Arabic, Persian, and Hindostany MSS. now deposited in the College of Fort William at Calcutta, will be illustrated by a descriptive Catalogue, made in 1805 by Captain Charles Stewart, then Assistant Persian Interpreter, now appointed to the East India Company's College at Hertford. This Catalogue is intended to point out the subject and contents of each volume, with memoirs of its author, &c. and will therefore exhibit the nature and extent of Mohammedan literature. The work is already in the press, and will consist of nearly 300 quarto pages: but only a small impression will be taken off, for Messrs. Longman and Co.

Sir William Ouseley is translating *Nozahat al Coloub*, the celebrated Persian geographer.

A new edition, in a small 8vo. volume, of Poems, published originally more than twenty years ago, by the Editor of the *Censura Literaria*, with many additions not before collected together, is nearly ready for publication.

ART. XXIV. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, Mr. William Taplin, author of "The Gentleman's Stable Directory."

Feb.

Feb. 2, 1807. In Gloucester Street, Dublin, William Preston, Esq. Barrister at Law, the well-known poet, a man of great genius, of constant activity of mind, and of the most amiable disposition, and of whom one who, standing in the nearest relationship to him, knew him best, wrote to a friend, that "he died as he had lived, like an angel." As I am unable to give a satisfactory memoir of him, or complete list of his works, I will not attempt it, but trust to his friends to assist me hereafter with a full account of him, only adding, that his "Poetical Works" were published together in 2 vols. 8vo. at Dublin in 1794; and that many of his later poems, full of feeling and fancy, have been printed in the Poetical Register; of which the Fifth Volume, just published, contains two or three, that will now be read with double interest. He furnished two short articles to this work.

Feb. 17. At St. Edmund's Hill, near Bury, aged 77, John Symonds, LL.D. Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, A.B. of St. John's College, 1752, A.M. 1754, LL.D. 1772. He succeeded Gray the Poet, in the Professorship 1771, and is succeeded in it by Mr William Smyth, of Peter House. He was author of several tracts; among which were "Remarks on the History of Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity," 1777, 4to. and "Observations on the expediency of revising the present English Version of the Four Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles," 1779, 4to. He communicated some articles on the Italian mode of Farming to Young's Annals of Agriculture. He was formerly, and for many years, Recorder of Bury St. Edmund's.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XVI.

[Being the Fourth Number of Vol. IV.]

ART. I. *An Heptameron of civill discourses. Containing, the Christmasse Exercise of sundrie well courted gentlemen and gentlewomen: in whose behaviours the better sort may see a representation of their own vertues; and the inferiour may learne such rules of civil government, as will rase out the blemish of their basenesse. Wherin is renowned, the vertues of a most honourable and brave mynded gentleman. And herein also (as it were in a mirror) the unmarried may see the defectes which eclipse the glorie of mariage; and the wel married, as in a table of housholde lawes, may cull out needefull preceptes to establysh their good fortune. A worke intercoursed with civyll pleasure, to reave tediousnesse from the reader; and garnished with morall noates, to make it profitable to the regarder. The reporte of George Whetstone, Gent. Formæ nullafides. At London: Printed by Richard Jones, at the signe of the Rose and the Crowne, neare Holburne bridge, 3 Feb. 1582. 4to.*

On the back of the title "Ad Mecœnatem, in laudem Auctoris; carmen heroicum:" signed Joan. Botrevcus. Next, a dedication "To the Right Hon. Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt. Captaine of the Queene's Majesties' garde, viz. Chamberlaine to her Highnesse, &c." Then, a preface "unto the friendly reader." After which, 22 lines by T. W. Esq. [f. Tho. Watson] in commendation of the author, and his needful book: and eight four-line stanzas entitled "Verses translated out of Latine, and delivered by Uranie, with a silver pen, to Ismarito, in a device contayned in the seventh daies exercise: placed in this fore front, for the excellencie of Pandora."

This book, which was in the possession of Ames, had not been seen by Herbert; nor had a perfect copy, if any, been inspected by Mr. Warton; since he has cited an entry from the Stationers' books, which agrees with the printed title, without knowing that it referred to Whetstone's Heptameron.* Whetstone, it seems, was little more than a translator: he derived his original from an Italian, whom he calls Segnior Philoxenus, and whom he thus covetly names, lest in giving him his true titles in England, he should make a passage for envy to injure him in Italy. Giraldi Cinthio appears to have been the *autore incognito*: from one of whose novels, † as here unskilfully conveyed, Whetstone drew the plot of his Promos and Cassandra, and Shakspeare of his Measure for Measure. The latter at least was the opinion of Dr. Farmer: ‡ and this has stamped a value upon the book, which its own merits could not have secured. For a specimen

* See Hist. of E. P. III. † Decad. VIII. Nov. 5.

‡ See Reed's Shakspeare. VI. 184.

the following speech may suffice; as offered by Cassandra to Lord Promos, in behalf of her brother Andrugio. Whetstone in his play retained those appellations, but in the drama of our matchless bard, it will be recollected that the same personages are called Isabella, Angelo, and Claudio.

“The wofull Cassandra, with more teares than wordes, thus pleaded for her brother’s lyfe:—‘Most noble lorde and worthy judge, vouchsafe mee the favour to speake, whose case is so desperate, as unlesse you beholde mee with the eyes of mercie, the frayle trespassse of condemned Andrugio, my brother, will bee the death of sorrowfull Cassandra, his innocent sister. I wil not presume to excuse his offence, or reproche the law of rigor: for in the general construction hee hath done most evil, and the law hath judged but what is right. But, reverent judge, (pardon that necessitie maketh mee here tel that your wisdom already knoweth) the most soveraigne justice is crowned with laurell, although shee bee gyrt with a sword: and this priveledge shee giveth unto her administrators, that they shall mitigate the severitie of the law, according to the quallyty of the offence. Then, that justice bee not robbed of her gracious pittie, listen goode Lorde Promos, to the nature of my brother’s offence, and his able meanes to repayre the injurie. Hee hath defyled no nuptiall bed; the stayne wherof dishonoureth the guyltlesse husband: hee hath committed no violent rape; in which act the injured mayde can have no amends: but with yeclding consent of his mistresse, Andrugio hath onely sinned through love, and never ment but with marriage to make amendes. I humbly beseeche you to accept his satisfaction, and by this

example, you shall be as much beloved for your clemencye, as feared for your severitie. Andrugio shalbe well warned, and hee, with his sister, wofull Cassandra, shall ever remayne your Lordship's true servantes."

Among the devices for a masque, a musical bevy of attendants, thus fantastically habited, proceed from the tiring-room. "The musitians in Gyppons and Venetians, of russet and blacke taffata, binded with murrey; and thereon imbroadered this posie—*spero, timeo, taceo*; expressing thereby, the sundrye passions of love: and before them two torch bearers, apparelled in yellowe taffata sarcenet. The generall apparell of the maskers was short Millaine cloaks, dublet and hose of grene satten, bordered with silver; greene silcke stockes, white scarpines, rapiers, and daggers sylvered, blacke velvet cappes, and white feathers. They agreed to be thus attyred, to shewe themselves free in the eye of the world, and covertly bound unto their mistresses.

"Soranso [one of the gentlemen gallants] lighted by a page in orange tawny, watchod and greene, next presented him selfe, who uppon his left side had a harte of crymson Granado silke, so artificially made and fastened to his dublet, as if his body had opened and his hart appeered, which fell downe at his mistresse feete, upon such a fortune, as she was bounde to take it up; which opened, she might beholde the picture of her selfe, reading this submission:

"Even as the hart, a deadly wounde that hath,
Retires him selfe with sighes to solace greefe;
And with warme teares his gored sides doth bath;
But finding none to render small releefe;

Impatient

Impatient beast, he gives a heavy bray,
And hasts the death that many woulde delay.

So I, whose love beyond my hap doth mount,
Whose thoughts, as thornes, yet prick me with desire,
Whose sute and zeale returns with no accompt,
Whose hope is drye, set in a harte of fyre;
Holde this for ease foorthwith to spoyle the eye,
That lookte and lov'de, then in dispaire to dye.

A happy doome, if it for law might stande;
But men condem'd, them selves may not dispatch:
Their lyves and deathes are in their soveraigne's hand,
So myne in her's, whose lookes did me attache:
And therefore I, to pardon or to kyll,
Must yeald my selfe the prysoner of her wyll.

L' Envoy.

"Then, ladie faire, receive what longes to thee,
A fettred thralle attyred with disgrace,
And at thy feete his wounded hart here see,
And in the same the image of thy face?
Whiche bleeding fresh, with throbs throwes foorth his
mone,
Rueth, rueth, dear dame, for that I am your owne."

Whetstone's *Heptameron* was republished in 1593, under the title of "*Aurelia*,"* a leading character in this love-fiction, who was chosen "*Queen of the Christmas pleasures*," and acted as mistress of the revels.

For Berkenhout's *Biographia Literaria*, an account of Whetstone was collected from the MSS of Oldys, and

* Dr. Farmer, in a MS. note before his copy, added the following second title: "*Paragon of Pleasure and Princely Delights*."

communicated by Mr. Steevens, who gave it as his opinion, that George Whetstone was "the most quaint and contemptible writer, both in prose and verse, he ever met with." T. P.

ART. II *Mel Heliconium: or poetick Honey, gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus. The first book divided into VII chapters, according to the first VII letters of the Alphabet: containing XLVIII fictions. Out of which are extracted many historicall, naturall, morall, politicall, and theologicall observations, both delightfull and usefull: with XLVIII meditations in verse. By Alexander Rosse, his Majestie's Chaplain in Ordinary. Motto. Hor. Lib. iv. Ode. London: Printed by L. N. and J. F. for William Leak, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, near unto the Rolls. 1642. Small 8vo. pp. 176.*

This is a well-meaning, but romantic, attempt to spiritualize and Christianize the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or to render (as the author expresses it) "a Babylonish garment serviceable for the tabernacle." Addison has made that author more known than his own performances could have done, by remarking,* that the following doggrel rhymes in *Hudibras* are more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem:

"There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over."

* See *Spectator*, No. 60.

Alexander

Alexander Ross, we are told by Dr. Grey, was a Scotch divine, and one of the chaplains to K. Charles I. who wrote a book entitled "A View of all Religions in the World from the Creation to his own Time." Sir Thomas Urquhart in his *Εκκυβαλαυρον*, 1651, speaks of "that most learned and worthy gentleman, and most endeared minion of the Muses, Master Alexander Ross, who hath written manyer excellent books in Latine and English than he hath lived yeers." He enumerates the following :

"Virgilius Evangelizans : in 13 books.

De rebus Judaicis: libri quatuor. In hexameter verse.

Rasura tonsoris: in prose.

Chymera Pythagoria.

Additions to Wollebius and Ursinus.

The new planet and no planet.

Meditations upon predestination.

The pictures of the conscience.

Questions upon Genesis.

Melissomachia.

Virgilius Triumphans.

Four books of Epigrams : in Latin elegiacs.

The philosophical Touchstone.

Mystagogus poeticus.

Arcana Microcosmi.

Colloquia Plantina.

Medicus Medicatus.

Observations upon Sir Walter Rawley.

Marrow of History, or Epitome of Sir Walter Raleigh's works.

Chronology: in the English tongue. And many other treatises whose titles were forgot "

“Besides all these, he composed above 300 sermons, which (after he had reduced them into an order and diction fit for the press) were, by the merciless fury of Vulcan, destroyed all in onenight, with several metaphysical, physical, moral, and dialectical manuscripts,” &c. His account makes it a most Herculean labour to have “read Alexander Ross over.” Of his poetry a very short specimen is here presented from *Mel Heliconium*. Its moral and metre may remind the reader of Quarles.

"What means the Moon, to dote so much upon
 The fair Endymion?
 Or why should man forsake his sovereign good
 To catch an empty cloud?
 From Heaven shall any man for riches fall,
 And lose his soul and all?
 How can we sleep in such security,
 As that we cannot see
 Our dangers, nor that lamp whose silver ray
 Drives black-fac'd night away?
 What madness is't for thee to lose thy share
 Of Heaven, for bubbling air
 Of honour, or of popular applause,
 Which doth but envie cause;
 And which is nothing but an empty winde,
 That cannot fill the minde."

T. P.

ART. III. *The Genteel Recreation: or the pleasure of Angling, a poem. With a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. By John Whitney, a lover of the Angle. London: Printed in the year 1700. Small 8vo. pp. 70.*

This

This poetic angler did not fish in any of the Muses' streams; but seems to have been some water-side loungeur, who made a study of his amusement, and at the age of sixty, "endeavoured to put his beloved exercise in verse, in such seasons as the sport itself did not yield the pleasure he expected." This was all very well. But he has gone much further: he has given the most nauseous of receipts in his preface, for scowering worms; and he has suggested the most barbarous of practices in his poem, viz. that of baiting with the eyes of fishes to decoy others of the same species. What a Nero of anglers does this proclaim John Whitney to have been! and how unworthy to be ranked as "a lover" of the same pastime, which had been so interestingly recommended by Isaac Walton, in his *Contemplative Man's Recreation*.

The following Song, in his piscatory dialogue, seems most deserving of extraction.

"SONG, BY PHILLIS.

"When midnight ghosts sink to the shades below
 Affrighted, when the cocks begin to crow,
 And tell the day appears;
 No longer they must stay,
 But instant pack away
 Unto infernal spheres.

Then mortals wake, and free from cares
 Injoy the day, expelling fears;
 The lamp of Heaven, the sun,
 Sends forth his glorious light,
 And bids adieu to dismal night,
 Our labours then begun.

A morning-

A morning-hymn, and to the fields away,
 We dairy maidens have no time for play,
 Love, and his idle Houres,
 Neglected always be;
 That grand simplicity
 No pastime is of ours.

But joys supream in udders full we find,
 The blessings of our kine we only mind,
 Whose overflowing vein
 Give nectar at our fire,
 That gods and men admire
 Our happiness and pains."

T. P.

ART. IV. *Anglorum Speculum; or the Worthies of England, in Church and State. Alphabetically digested into the several Shires and Counties therein contained; wherein are illustrated the Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Persons since the Conquest to this present Age. Also an account of the Commodities and Trade of each respective County, and the most flourishing Cities and Towns therein. London: Printed for John Wright at the Crown on Ludgate Hill, Thomas Passinger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, and William Thackary at the Angel in Duck Lane. 1684. 8vo. pp. 974.*

"The Preface to the Reader.

"Courteous reader, I here present you with an abstract of the lives and memoirs of the most famous and illustrious personage of this realm, since the Conquest

quest to this present time: for order sake I have digested it alphabetically into the several shires and counties contained in this kingdom; which I hope will find a kind acceptance, there being nothing of the same method now extant.

“Dr. Fuller in his large history in folio, did go a great way in this matter, but here is included the lives of many more eminent heroes and generous patrons, (which I hope their memory may survive in succeeding ages) this being done with that brevity, which may be more beneficial to the reader. Here you have the original or rise of most of the eminent families in this kingdom.

“Also an epitome of the most material matters in church and state, containing the lives of the most eminent fathers in the English church, and the most flourishing statesmen in the latter times; also the most famous authors, as well divine as historical; together with the lives of the most memorable persons in the law, mathematicks, geographers, astronomers, poets, &c. which have made this kingdom known throughout the world.

“I need not enlarge, or give any further encomium upon this subject, but refer you to the table first, and then to the book itself, which I hope will find that kind acceptance, that may engage me in some further procedure that may please my countrymen, which I shall always endeavour to do in plainness and brevity to the reader’s satisfaction, and in the mean time, am yours to command,

G. S.”

With the articles already mentioned on the “Worthies, &c. of England,” (see *CENSURA*, III. 230,) this

this volume claims an arrangement. The notice for this work is fully supplied by the above preface, which the editor (whose initials I have not discovered) has rather too highly tinted.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. V. *A very fruteful and pleasant boke, called the Instruction of a Christen Woman; made firste in Latyne, by the right famous clerke, Mayster Lewes Viues, and tourned out of Latyne into Englishe by Rychard Hyrde. Londini: Anno M.D LVII. An ornamented title page. 4to. folios 140. b. l. Colophon. Here endeth the boke called the Instruction of a Christen woman; whiche who so shall reade, shall have mucche, bothe knowlage, pleasure, and fruite by it. Imprinted at London in Flete-Strete, by Thomas Powell. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

This volume has the folios; but except that addition, and the printer's name being "Henry Roykes," I have seen a copy which appeared completely similar in date, ornaments, text, and contents. *

In the course of the work are a few translations from the "Pagan Ouide," and others which entitled "Rychard Hyrde," to mention by Ritson in his *Bibl. Poetica*, who probably would have been able to add, what I cannot, some biographical notice.

* Herbert speaks of an edition printed by Berthelet, in 1540, and of two others by the same printer, in 1541. See *Typogr. Antiq.* I. 438, 440. Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca*, p. 426, mentions a later edition by Berthelet, in 12mo. 1585.

Of *Johannes Ludovicus Vives*, the industrious *Wood* has given an account; * he was born at *Valenza* in Spain, educated in grammar there, in logic at *Paris*, and Latin and Greek at the University of *Louvain*. On July 4, 1517, he was made (being then at *Louvain*) one of the first Fellows of *Corp. Christ. Coll.* in *Oxon.* by the founder. *Katherine* of Spain, first wife of *Henry VIII.* had peculiar respect for him, and *Wolsey* invited him to England; where he came, and in Aug. or Sept. 1523, read the Cardinal's lecture of humanity, before the members of the University at *Oxford*; and was made Doctor of Civil Law, the latter end of the same year. He afterwards went to *Bruges* and married; but in March 1525 was at *Oxford* again, and was constituted Latin tutor to *Mary*, daughter of *Henry VIII.* His writings were published at *Basil* in two volumes, 1555. The time of his death is variously given, as 1536—40—41—and 45. The authority of 1545, which is *John Whyte*, in his *Diacosio-Martyriou*, † who has it in the margin "*morit. bruxellæ An. 1545,*" is most relied on by *Wood*; but he afterwards inclines to place it in 1544.

"The preface of the most famos clerke *Maister Lodovic Vives* upon his boke called the Instruction of

* *Athen. Oxon. I. 64.*

† *Diacosio-Martyriou*, id est *Ducentorum virorum testimonium, de veritate corporis, et sanguinis Christi, in seucharistia, ante triennium, adversus Petrum Martyrem, ex professo conscriptum. Sed nunc primum in lucem æditum. Joanne White anglo Colloegij Wicamensis apud inclytam Wintoniam, præside Authore. Math. xviii. In ore duorum aut trium testium, stet omne verbum. Excusum Londini in ædibus Roberti Cali, Typographi. Mense Decembri, Anno 1553. Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum solum. 4to. Folios 102. Tabulæ, &c.*

A Christen

a Christen Woman, unto the moste gracious Princesse, Katharine of Englande," in one part says—"In the firste boke, I wyll beginne at the beginnyng of a woman's life, and leade her foorth unto the tyme of mariage; in the seconde, from mariage unto wydowe head; howe she ought to passe the tyme of hir life well and vertuously with hir husband; in the laste booke, I enfourme and teache the widowhead." Again "I have ben more short, than many woulde I shuld have bene; notwithstanding, who so considreth wel the cause of mine entent, and taketh good heede, shall finde it doone not without a skyl. For in givynge preceptes, a man ought specially to bee breefe, lest he soner dull the wittes of the reders, than teache them with longe bablyng, and preceptes ought to be suche that every body may sone con them, and beare easily in minde." The precept against "longe bablyng" is good, therefore end of preface "and so I pray God geve your good grace longe well to fare. At Bruges the yere of our Lorde God M. D. and XXIII. the V day of Aprill."

Then follows the table. The first book is divided into sixteen chapters—"Of the bringing up a maid when she is a babe; residue of her infancy; exercise; learning; what books be read and what not; virginity; keeping of chastity; ordering of the body; raiment; living alone; examples she should follow; behaviour abroad; dauncing; loving; how a maiden ought to love; and search of an husband."

The second book has fifteen chapters. "Of wedlock; what a woman ought to have in mind when she marries; two greatest points therein; behaviour to her husband; concord in marriage; privately living with
her

her husband; jealousy; raiment; walkyng abroad; home; of children; of step-mothers; behaviour to kinsfolks; of living with married son or daughter; and of a wife well worn in age."

The third book has seven chapters. "Of widows mourning; burying the husband; mynding her husband; chastity and honesty of a widow; behaviour at home; abroad; and of seconde marriages."

Curiosity naturally turns from the contents to inquire, by a virgin, "what bokes be to be redde, and what not," and then conclude with an extract.

"There is an use now a daies worse than amonge the Pagans, that bokes written in our mother's tonges, that be made but for idel men and women to reade, have none other matter but of war and love; of the whiche bokes I thinke it shall not nede to geve any preceptes. If I speak unto Christen folkes, what nede I to tell what a mischiefe is towarde, whan strawe and dry woode is caste into the fyre. Yea, but these be written, saie they, for idell folke, as though idelness were not a vice great enough of it selfe, without firebrondes be put unto it, wherewith the fyre maie catch a man all together, and more hote. What shoulde a maid do with armoure? Which ones* to name were a shame for hir. I have hearde tell, that in some places gentiilwomen behold mervelous busily, the plaies and justinges of armed men, and geve sentence and iudgement of them, and that the men feare and set more by their judgmentes than the mens. It cannot lyghtly bee a chaste maide, that is occupied with thinking on armoure, and turney, and mans raliaunce, what places among these before chastite unarmed and weake. A

* Oare.

woman that useth those feates, drinketh poyson in hir herte, of whom this cure and these woordes bee the playne saieynges. This is a deadlye sickenes, nor yet oughte to be shewed of me, but to be covered and holden under, least it hurt other with the smel, and defile them with the infection. Therefore whan I can not tell, whether it bee mete for a Christen man to handle armour, howe shulde it be leafull for a woman to loke upon them; yea, thoughe she handle them not, yet to bec conversante among them, with herte and mynde, which is worse. Moreover, wher to readeest thou other mennes love and glosyng words, and by littell and littell drinke the enticementes of the poyson unknowing, and many times ware and wittinglye; for many, in whome ther is no good mynd al redy, reden those bokes, to kepe them selfe in the thoughtes of love. It were better for them not only to have no learning at all, but also to lese theyr cies, that thei shuld not reade, and theyr eares, that they shulde not here. For as our Lorde saith in the gospel (Mat. xviii) 'It were better for them to go blind and deffe into life, than with ii cies to be cast into hell.' This mayde is so vyle unto Christen folkes, that she is abominable unto Pagans, wherfore I wonder of the holy preachers, that whan they make great a do about many small matters, many times, they cry not out on this in every sermone. I mervaile, that wyse fathers will suffre their doughters, or that husbandes wyll suffre their wyves, or that the maners and customes of people wyll dissemble and over loke, that women shall use to reade wantounes. It were fyttyng, that common lawes and officers shulde not onely loke upon the
courtes

courtes and matters of sute, but also mattiers bothe commune and private. Therefore it were convenient by a commune law to put awaie foule rebaudy songes, out of the peoples mouthes, which bee so used as though nothyng ought to bee songen in the citee, but foule and fylthy songes, that no good manne can heare without shame, nor no wyse man without dyspleasure. They that made suche songes, seeme to have none other purpose, but to corrupte the maners of yonge folkes, and they dooe none other wyse, than they that infecte the common welles wyth poyson. What a custome is thys, that a song shall not be regarded, but it bee full of fylthynges, and this the lawes oughte to take hede of, and of those ungracious fokes, suche as bee in my countrey in Spayne; Amadise, Florisande, Tirante, Tristane, and Celestina the baude, mother of naughtynes. In Fraunce; Lancelote du Lake, Paris and Vienna, Ponthus and Sidonia, and Melucyne. In Flaunders; Flory and Whyte flowre; Leonell and Canomoure, Curias and Florete, Pyramus and Thisbe. In England; Parthenope, Genarides, Hippomadon, Willyam and Meliour, Livius and Arthur, Guye, Bevis, and many other,* and some translated out of Latyne into vulgare speaches, as the unsavory conceites of Poggius, and of Aneas Silvius, Gurialus and Lucretia. Whiche bokes but ydle men wrote unlearned, and set

* As those "ydle men" Mister Ritson and Mister Ellis have lately again invited us "to waxe more ungraciously subtile by readyng of such bokes," let it be added "what bookes oughte to bee reade, as the Gospelles, the Actes, the Epistles of the Apostels, and the Olde Testament, Sainct Hieronymus, Sainct Ciprian, Augustyne, Ambrose, Hillary, Gregorie, Plato, Cicero, Senec, and suche other on holy daies continually, and sometyme on workyng dayes."

al upon fylth and viciousnes, in whome I wonder what shulde delyte men, but that vice pleaseth them so muche. As for learning, none is to be loked for in those men, whiche sawe never so muche as a shadowe of learning them selfe. And whan they tel ought, what delyte can be in those thynges, that be so playne and folyshe lies. One kylleth xx hym selfe alone, an other xxx, an other wounded with c woundes and left deade, ryseth up agayne, and on the nexte daie made hole and strong, over cometh ii gyauntes, and than goeth awaie loden with golde, and sylver and precious stones, mo than a galy wolde cary awaie. What a madness is it of folkes, to have pleasure in these bokes!"

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. VI. *The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, &c. translated by Richard Stanyhurst: with other poeticall devises thereto annexed, &c. London. 1583.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 240.]

Of Stanyhurst's strange version of the Mantuan bard, more than enough may perhaps have been said. His poetical devices immediately succeed, and consist of the following particulars.

"Hereafter ensue certaine Psalmes of David, translated into English according to the observation of the Latine verses.

1. The first psalme of David, named in Latin, *Beatus vir*, translated into English iambical verse.*

* Amongst us (says Meares) I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst; because I have seen no mo in this kind." *Palladis Tamin*, 1598. It seems odd that Meares should have overlooked the *Iambicum Trimeterum* of Spenser, printed in 1580.

2. The

2. The second psalme, *Quare fremuerant gentes*, translated into English heroical and elegiacal verse.
3. The third psalme, named *Domine quid multiplicati sunt*, translated into English asclepiad verse.
4. The fourth psalme, named *Cum invocarem*, paraphrastically into English saphick verse.
5. A prayer to the Trinitie (in the same measure.)

“ Hereafter ensue certayne Poetical Conceites,

1. A devise made by Virgil, or rather by some other, upon a river so harde frozen, that waynes dyd passe over it. Varied sundrye wayes, for commendacions, as it should seeme, of the Latin tongue, and the same varietie doubled in the English. (In Latin hexameter and pentameter verses.)
2. The same Englished.
3. Ib. So many times is the Latin varied, and yet as many times more, for the honoure of the English.
4. The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eight booke of his *Æneis*, in which place the poet payed, as it weare, his price, by advancing at ful the loftines of his veyne. Done into English by the translatour for his last farewel too the sayd Virgil.”

It was this detached version which supplied most of the passages ridiculed by Nash, in the following couplet;

A A 2

“ Then

"Then did he make heaven's vault to rebounde with
rounce robble hobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with twick thwack thurlery
bouncing." *

But it is not the description of a tempest in which they occur: it is in the detail of Vulcan's work-shop, from which Nash might have strengthened the force of his gibe by further citation, as the ensuing extract will shew :

"Tward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence, with flownce furye
slinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tamponds, maynelye be
towing.
Under is a kennel, wheare chimneyes fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering, with frapping rip rap of
Ætna," &c.

He then describes Brontes and Steropes, with bare limbed swarty Pyracmon, "upbotching, not shapte but partlye wel onward,

"A clapping fier bolt (such as oft, with *rounce robel hobble*,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not fininished holyc.
Thre shows, wringlye wrythen, glimring, and forciblye
sowcing;
Thre watrie clouds, shymring, toe the craft they rampired
hizzing;
Thre wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds ruffled
huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye re-
boundings

* See CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 248.

Of *ruffe raffe roaring*, men's harts with terror agrysing,
 With peale meale ramping, with *thwick thwack* sturdilye
 thundring." •

But it is time to take leave of our translator, where he did of his author, and proceed to the original compositions, &c.

5. The lover long sought unto by his friend, at last repayreth to her presence; and after a few meetings, smelling the drift of the mother, which earst hee did forecast, to tend to the preferring of her daughter in marriage. refrayneth the gentlewoman's company, though eftsoones to the contrarie solicited, as one unwilling to marry at al, and very loath to mar so curteous a dame; and therefore for the preservation of her honoure, and to avoyd the encumbrance of love, hee curbeth affection with discretion, and thus descanteth on the playne song. (This also is hexametrical, as are nearly all the following which are in English.)
6. An endeavoured Description of his Mistresse. (Eng.)
7. His Devise written in his Mistresses booke. (Lat.)
8. The same Englished.
9. Three especial giftes wherein his Mystresse excelleth. (Eng.)

• This has likewise incurred the sensible rebuke of Bishop Hall:

"If Jove speak English in a *thundring* cloud,
Thwick thwack, and *riff raff* roars he out aloud;
 Fit on the forged mint that did create
 New coin of words, never articulate."

VIRGIDEM. LIB. I. SAT. V.

10. Of a creaking Cutter, * extracted out of Syr Thomas Moore his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)
11. Of a tempest, quayling † certeyn passengers; borrowed of the same Syr Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
12. Hesperus his confession; written in Latin by the said Sir Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
13. Of Tyndarus, that frumped ‡ a gentlewoman for having a long nose; delivered by the former author in Latine. (Eng.)
14. Syr Thomas Moore his receipt for a strong breath: translated out of his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)

"Here ensue certaine Epitaphes, framed as wel in Latin as English.

1. An epitaph devised upon the death of the Right Hon. James Earle of Ormond and Ossorie, who deceased at Elie-house in Holborne about the year 1546, the xviii of October; and lieth buried in S. Thomas Acres church, extracted out of the third booke of the Historie of Ireland. (Eight Latin lines, followed by a character, highly laudatory, in English prose.)
2. Upon the death of the Lord of the Out Isles of Scotland; of whom mention is made in the third book of the Historie of Ireland, circa An. Dom. 1543. (Lat.)
3. Upon the death of his father, James Stanyhurst,

* *Creaking Cutter* seems to designate a braggadocio, or Captain Bobadil; in our translator's dialect, "a Thrasonical huff snuffe."

† *Quayling* is sinking into dejection. See Reed's Shakspeare. XIV. 77.

‡ To *frump* is to flout. *Text.*

esquyer,

esquyer, who deceased at Dublyn, anno 1573, xxvii of December, ætatis 51. (Lat.)

4. Upon the death of his father-in-law, Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knight. (Lat. ver. and pr.)
5. Upon the death of his wife Genet, daughter to Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knt. who deceased at Knight-his-bridge, of chield-byrth, anno 1579, Aug. xxvi. ætat xix. and lieth enterred at Chelsye. (Lat.) *
6. Upon the death of the Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mack Maughoun, an Irish Lording, about the yeare 1577. (Eng.) This from its biographical tendency shall be given.

Thus, loe, thyne hast (coosen) bred waste, to cittye, to countrey;

Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye mangled,
Not by his manlye valour, but through thy desperat offer
As the lief is lasting too sutch as in armes ar heedye,
E'en so death is posting too those that in armor ar headye.
Haulf penye, far better than on housful cluster of angels,
Although habit, would not fio thye danger deadiye be parted:

Whom lief combyned, death could not scatter asunder:

Sutch is thee fastnesse of toster brootherhod Irish.

Though Sydyny† and Delvyn‡ the murder partlye revenged:

* Even in this marital tribute the writer's jingling propensity prevails;

e. g. "Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negavit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares."

† Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

‡ This might be Lord Delvin, who in 1567 was authorized by Q. Elis. to extirpate the O'Mores and their followers. Lodge's *Peetr. of Ireland*, l. 134.

A losse so pretious may not bee fullye requited.
 Thee death of a thousand Maghounds is unequal amendment.
 Thee nobles may not but a death so bluddie remember:
 The Plunckets wil not from mind such boutcherie bannish.
 Thy ladie, thy kinred, doo misse thy freendship aprooved.
 Thee cittie mourneth thee lack of a counsaier holsoom;
 And thee countrie moneth thee want of a zealus upholder:
 Vertue eke lamenteth thee lack of an helpe repentant.
 Howbeit, dame Vertue thy goodnesse kindlye rewardeth.
 In memory thine honour, thy soul ecke in glorie reposing."

7. Upon the death of the Right Hon. the Lord
 Girald Fitz-Girald L. Baron of Offalye, who
 deceased at St. Albans, in the ycare 1580, the
 last of June; the xxi ycare of his age. (Eng.
 ver. and pr.)

8. A penitent sonnet written by the Lord Girald, a
 little before his death. (Eng.) This article
 will add another name to the supplementary
 volume of Noble Authors, intended to com-
 prise such as are not contained in the edition
 just published.

9. An epitaph entituled *Commune defunctorum*;
 such as our unlearned rithmours accustomedly
 make, upon the death of everie Tom Tyler,
 as if it were a last for every one his foote, in
 which the quantities of sillables are not to be
 heeded. (Eng.) This is no bad hoax of those
 common-place panegyrics which were penned
 by either mercenary or parasitical scribblers,
 who heaped Pelion upon Ossa in their lapidary
 lays. It begins with the usual invocation:

"Com to me, you Muses, and thou, most chiefly, Minerva,
 Help my pen in writing, a death most soarie reciting,

Of

Of the good old Topas, soon to the mightie Syr Atlas;
 For gravitie the Cato, for wit Mars, Bacchus, Apollo.
 Scipio for warfare, for gentil curtesie Caesar,
 A great Alexander, with a longe white neck, like a gaunder.
 In yeers a Nestor, for wars a martial Hector,
 Hannibal, and Pompey, with Tristram, Gallahad, Orckney.
 For justice Radamanthus, in equity woorthy Lycurgus:
 In learning Socrates, in faithful friendship Achates:
 In travaile Aeneas, for secrets trustful Iolas:
 And in philosophy a Raymond, a Bacon, a Ripley."

Mr. Warton has cited the conclusion of this mock-eulogy, as it mentions Julietta, among the celebrated heroines; but he appears to have overlooked part of its purport and design, when he conceives it was written solely to expose poetical squabbles about *metre*. *

10. An epitaph, written by Sir Thomas More, upon the death of Henrie Abyngdon, one of the gentlemen of the chappel. Wich devise the authour was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie that requested his travel did not like of a verye proper epitaph that was first framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare

* It may also be questioned whether Julietta (as Mr. Warton thought) could have an allusion to Shakspeare's Juliet; since Stanyhurst's verses were printed in 1585, and the earliest computation that has been made to fix the true date of the first sketch of Romeo and Juliet, does not carry the conjecture higher than 1591. It was not printed till 1597. The story of Rhomeo and Julietta, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, or the tragical history of Romeus and Juliet by Brooke, might have formed the sources of allusion. Let me in this note correct the misinformation conveyed in a former one, at p. 225. Mr. Warton was right in his History, and Mr. Steevens has proved wrong, in his list of translations; by dating the appearance of Twyne's Continuation of Phaer's Virgil, 1584: the last book having been finished July 6, 1573, and printed in the same year.

at ful in his Latin epigrammes. Whereupon
Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing,
with which the suppliant was exceedingly
satisfyed, as if the author had hit the nayle on
head. (Lat. and Engl.)

This epitaph, for the humour of the thing, appears
to invite transcription. *

*" Hic jacet Henricus, semper pietatis amicus ;
Nomen Abingdon erat, si quis sua nomina quaerat :
Wellis hic ecclesia, fuerat succentor in alma,
Regis et in bella cantor fuit ipse capella.
Millibus in mille cantor fuit optimus ille.
Præter et hæc ista fuit optimus organista :
Nunc igitur Christe, quoniam tibi serviit, iste,
Semper in orbe soli da sibi regna poli."*

"The same, though not verbatim construed, yet in
effect thus may be translated; wherein the learned are
not to looke for the exact observation of quantities of
syllables, which the authour in the Latin did not very
precisely keepe.

" Here lyeth old Henry, no freend to mischievous envy,
Surnam'd *Abingdon*, to all men most hartily welcoom :
Clerck he was in *Wellis*, where tingle a great many *bellis* ;
Also in thee *chappel* hee was not counted a *mongrel* ;
And such a lowd *singer*, in a thousand not such a *ringer* :
And with a *concordance*, a most most skilful in *organce*.
Now God I crave *duly*, sence this man serv'd the so *truly*,
Henry place in *kingdoom*, that is also named *Abingdon*."

The volume is closed by an address from Bynneman,
which (as it offers an apology for the singularity of

* Mr. Sharon Turner has exhibited a series of middle rhymes somewhat
similar, in the Latin poetry of Bede. See Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, III. 361.

orthography observable through most of the book, and is not long) may serve to close this copious article.

“ The printer to the courteous reader.

“ I am to crave thy patience, good reader, and thy friendly acceptaunce of my paines* in printing this booke. The novelty of the verse, and the absence of the author, put me halfe in a feare either to displease the gentleman that penned it, or not to please the gentlemen that read it. If I should observe the newe orthographie used in the booke (whether with the writer's minde, or the printer's† fault I know not) it might have bred error in the understanding of many, and misliking in the judgement of most. And very lothe I am to seeme injurious to the author, in straying any whit from his prescribed rules in writing, exactly observing the quantity of every syllable. If I have, here and there, changed some one or other letter, my purpose was to give more light to the matter by that maner of speech wherto our country men are most acquainted. The absence of any letter, which for the necessitie of the verse often falleth out, I have noted with an apostrophe thus ('). For the placing of two *oo* and *ee* for one, and contrary one for two,‡ which thou mayst often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the author's epistle at the beginning,§ and

* The book is very neatly and carefully printed: the prose in Roman, the verse in Old English characters.

† *Forsan* Compositor.

‡ This is done in the last metrical extract, but directly contrary to modern usage.

§ Stanyhurst says, in that epistle, “ If *E* be short, I write it usually with a single *E*, as *the*, *me*; if long, with two, a. *thee*, *me*: although I would not wishe the quantitie of syllables to depend so much upon the game of the eye, as the censure of the eare.”

generally

generally to commend to thy curtesie my travaile in so *straunge* and *unaccustomed* a worke."

From Wood, Ware, and Warton, added to casual hints in his own volume, it may be gathered that Stanyhurst was born about 1547, in Dublin (of which city his father had been recorder), that he was educated in grammatical learning under Peter Whyte, sometime dean of Waterford; and admitted of University College, Oxon. in 1563, where he wrote a dialectical commentary on Porphyry in his eighteenth year. Having taken one degree he became successively a student at Furnival and Lincoln's Inn, where he applied to the study of the common law: but this pursuit might possibly have been relinquished on the death of his father in 1573. From his poems it appears that he married Janetta, the daughter of Sir Chr. Barnwell, Knt. and that she died in child-birth at Knightsbridge, near London, anno 1579. His poetical Conceits in 1582 contain a description of his mistress at the Hague, whom he calls Marie, and depicts as a brunette, youthful but sage. Wood says he went abroad (being a married man) and became famous for his learning in France and the Low Countries, &c. * and (his wife being dead) he was made chaplain to the Archduke of Austria, who allowed him a plentiful salary. In the title to his *Hebdomada Mariana*, 1609, he writes himself "*Sacellanus serenissimorum principum.*" He died at Brussels in 1618. Wood specifies several of his productions, but his *Description of Ireland*, as

* Ware intimates that he went into the Low Countries, from being desirous of greater liberty in the enjoyment of his religion, which was Popish.

printed in Holinshed's Chronicles, is the only work that is likely to give him credit with posterity. *

T. P.

ART. VII. *Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie.* 1595.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 269.]

" Our countrie breeds up poets still,
As grasse springs from good ground,
For there doth flourish learned skill
Where knowledge doth abound.

Looke what our elder wits did sowe,
Or left behinde in heapes,
Our age and harvest people mowe,
Or with sharp sickle reapes.

The seede of sence faire fruit brings forth
In feild a thousand fold,
And is in value, price, and woorth,
More preshous than the gold.

What can be counted foule or cleane,
But poets thereon talke,
Yet thousands knowes not what they meane,
When they in cloud will walke.

As from the fountaine water flocs,
Convaied by gushing pipe:
So from the pen of poet goes
Fine words, and sentence ripe.

* His book "De rebus in Hibernia gestis," was severely censured by the Irish historian Keating, and as Harris thought justly, on account of its numerous errors and malicious representations. See Harris's edit. of Ware's *Ireland*, IV. 98.

That

That ech good minde may well digest
 As sweete as hohie sure,
 His termes are taken with the best,
 If verse be neate and pure.

As rider's whisking wand doth feare
 The horse whereon he sits,
 So wrangling people evrie where
 At verses vex their wits.*

If any writer touch the gall,
 In pastime be it sed;
 Then down comes tressels, house, and all,
 Upon the poore man's head.†
 Yet wise men will good words embrace,
 And take each thing in worth,
 And give each line and word a grace
 That poets do set forth.

Divine Du Bartas merits praise,
 Most excellent verse he wrate;
 So sundrie writers in our daies
 Have done full well of late.‡

In Spenser's morall Fairie Queene,
 And Daniel's Roslemound,
 If they be throwly waid and seen,
 Much matter may be found.

One Barnes, that Petrark's scholler is,
 May march with them in ranke,
 A learned Templar's name I mis,
 Whose pen deserves great thanke.§

* Æschiron in his whole millitarie expedition familiar with Alexander.

† Mazonides, honoured of Adrian the emperor.

‡ Ariosto, liked of all good wits.

§ Torquato Tasso, an Italian knight and poet laureat, who departed from oblivion to immortalitie, this last April 1595, whose memorie shall never vanish.

A number more writ well indeed ;
 They spring up newly now,
 As gazing world their works shall read,
 So shall world praise them throw.

But sure my noble Sidneies skill
 I never can forget ;
 To him my service and good will
 Shall ever dwell in debt.

Of learned lore the onely light
 Which blazde like lampe most cleere,
 And as a star in moone-shine night
 Could under cloud appear, *

Seem'd dim and darke to dazled eies,
 But faire and bright to those
 That understood the stately guise
 Of learned verse or prose.

Could crack the nut of hardest shell
 And shew the kernell plaine,
 For by his works, who notes them well,
 In world he lives againe.

The booke that doth of poets treat,
 In golden robes so shines,
 It triumphes still, with honor great,
 Among the best divines : †

Which booke, deckt up in trim attire
 Of authors wise and grave,
 In matters of mine owne desire,
 Great light to poetrie gave :

* Mounsieur Devoreux, a young bishop at this day living in France, accounted now the singular man in Europe for verse and poetickall devises.

† Sir Phillip Sidneyes Appology.

And

And made me write of poets' praise,
 Thus so to starrie skie
 My Sidneies honor heere I raise,
 As far as fame can flie."

FINIS.

On the last page is the following announcement—
 "My next booke comes out shortlie; dedicated to my
 honorable woorthy friende Master Henrie Brooke,
 sonne and heire to the noble Lord Cobham."

At the close of an address to the reader, before
 Churchyard's Challenge,* in 1593, he affirms—"My
 next booke shall be the last booke of the Worthines of
 Wales: and my last booke called my *Ultimum Vale*
 shal be (if it please God) twelve long tales for Chrtistmas,
 dedicated to twelve honorable Lords." It is doubtful
 whether these, or the following, ever appeared: "A
 book of a Sumptuous Shew in Shrovetide, by Sir
 Walter Rawley, Sir Robert Carey, M. Chidly, and
 M. Arthur Gorge[s]: in which book was the whole
 service of my Lord of Lester mentioned, that he and
 his traine did in Flaunders; and the gentlemen pen-
 sioners proved to be a great piece of honour to the
 court." The following is known to have been printed,
 but is not supposed to be now extant: its discovery
 at least still remains a desideratum with the indefatigable
 Mr. Nichols: † "The devises of Warre, and a play at
 Awsterley, [Osterley, in Middlesex] her Highness
 [Q. Elizabeth] being at Sir Thomas Gresham's."

T. P.

* See CENSURA II. 307.

† See Preface to Vol. III. of Progresses &c. and Lysons's Environs, III. 16.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Two Centuries of Pauls Church-Yard: Una cum Indice expurgatorio in Bibliothecam Parliamenti, sive Librorum, qui prostant venales in vico vulgo vocato Little Brittain. Done into English for the benefit of the assembly of divines, and the two Universities. For the date and printer's name, are substituted the arms of Oxford and Cambridge.* 12mo.

This is the title to a second edition of the satirical tract noticed at p. 141. Its reputed author was that eminent wit and loyalist, Sir John Birkenhead. Pater-son, the bibliographer, truly observed, that "the spirited humour of this little book was admirable, and worthy the pen of a Butler."* Much use of it will be found to have been made by Dr. Grey, in his illustrative notes on Hudibras. To this second edition was added "*Biblio eca Parliamenti*," which contains the following among many other "palpable hits."

- "3. *Laus Pediculi.* A short-legg'd treatise wherein is held forth this truth—that because the six-footed creature walks gravely and feeds majestically on our heads, therefore we may trample on the Crown. By five members and Kimbolton.
- 4. *Experientia docet.* A tract proving that there is an hell, contrary to the present sense of the House. By a member thereof, lately deceased.
- 7. *Theopœia.* A discourse shewing to us mortals,

* *Bibl. Westiana*, p. 205.

- that Cromwell may be reckoned amongst the Gods, since he hath put off all humanity.
9. The art of hearing without ears. By Will. Prinn.
27. Cornucopia. The Works of the late Earle of Essex, comprized in one large *horn-look*; set forth by the assembly of divines, and ordered to be used instead of that old almanack, the Directory.
28. Quicquid libet, licet. A tract proving that a man may hang himself at what time soever his stomach shall serve him: provided alwayes, that it be in a parliamentary way. By Alderman Hoyle; dedicated to my good Lord Bradshaw, who hath now little else to do."

" *Acts and Orders.*

6. An act for reforming divers texts of Scripture, as being of dangerous consequence, and contrary to the very being of this present State; beginning at Romans xiii. where it is said 'Let every soul be subject to the *higher powers*: which are thus to be reformed, 'Let every soul be subject to the *lower house*.'
7. Ordered, that malefactors condemned to die, be hanged in *wyths*; because the States want *ropes* themselves.
9. Ordered that the books of *Kings* in the Bible, be hereafter called 'The Bookes of the *Parliament*:' and the *Chronicles* also (being a word too hard for vulgar capacities) be, for the time to come, called by the more familiar title of *Diurnalls*.

" *Cases*

“*Cases of Conscience.*”

1. Whether it be probable that ever any man will be so purblind as to take Sir Wm. Davenant for the Lord General Cromwell.*
3. Whether Colonel *Pride* be not as humble as his very name.
6. Whether the drunkenness of this land hath not caused heaven to set a Brewer over us?
8. Whether we be not turned Papists, since all our devotion consists in praying to saints; as St. Oliver, St. Hugh, St. Pride, adjuva nos?
16. Whether *opera tenebrarum* be not true Latin for our late acts of parliament?
22. Whether *malus*, *pejor*, *pessimus*, be not Latin for Lambert, Harrison, Cromwell?
35. Whether a parliament-man should not take the upper hand of the devil, when they sit next in council; since he hath learned as much deceit?

Finis Bibliothecæ, et (proh dolor!) Parliamenti.”

The following imitative skits may be cited as auxiliaries in the same loyal cause.

Fanatique Queries, proposed to present assertors of the good old Cause, &c. London. 4to. no date.

2. Whether Haslerig, or the devil, more inveterately hate Charles Stuart? since the one hath got a great part of his lands, and the other is in possession of many of his rebellious subjects.
18. Whether Sir Henry Vain ought not to be transposed Vain Sir Henry?

* The contrast of *noses* between the poet and the Protector, may constitute the solution of this query?

21. Whether the saints of our times do not, in their practice, pervert the order of that text of St. Paul, "Godliness is great gain," into "Gain is great godliness?"

Forty-four Queries to the Life of Queen Dick. [i. e. Richard Cromwell] 1659. 4to.

3. Whether White-hall ought not to be called the Fleet, because R. C. is in there for debt?
7. Whether it would not tend more to the purifying of Richard's blood to be in the country at this time o' the year than in the city?—*Quid dixi!* to the purifying of his blood: we are all sensible he wants blood.
34. Whether Mr. Thurlow is not the proudest man in the nation, because he could not be satisfied till he had the protector for his coachman? *

Eighteen new Court-Queries, humbly offered, &c. 1659. 4to.

1. Whether the Lord Protector's [Richd. Cromwell] patience in letting go his hold so calmly and tamely, were in him a virtue or not; and if it were a virtue, whether necessity did not make it so?
4. Whether the army ought not to have given to them new red coats and black buttons, to mourn for the *departure* of this Protector, as well as they had for the *decease* of the old one?

* This alludes to Cromwell's driving Thurlow in Hyde Park, and overturning the carriage.

15. Whether

15. Whether Whitehall be not now a place commodious to make a play-house of? having been accustomed for these many yeares to such alteration of scenes, and the pensioners; &c. well accomlisht to turn stage-players. First, because it is conceived they have now little else to do. Secondly, because they have been bred up upon that stage, and can act any part: and thirdly, because they never wear cloathes longer than the play continues.

Your Servant, Gentlemen; or what think you of a Query or two more? London. 1659. 4to.

Whether Mr Waller ought not to write a panegyrick in praise of the Commonwealth, as well as of the protector, for they sav'd his life?

Whether the mighty men at Westminster ought not to have re-baptized their assembly? no man as yet knowing what name to give it?

Whether the commonwealth's men have any other mark of Christianity, than the prosecution of their interest which is—"to make their calling and election sure?"

"Select City Queries in two parts. By Mercurius Philalethes. 1660. 4to.

Whether the booksellers would not do better in the Barbados, than they do the commonwealth of England, by selling of pamphlets; and if so, whether the trade would not be much better?

Whether Fieri-facias, the upholsterer in Cornhill, loves Sack, Su. Laming, or the subjects' liberty better?

Whether B. C. is not a wise childe to know that Sir Anthony Weldon (Aulicus Coquinariæ) was her father, and not the butcher, her mother's husband; and whether her sister Nell Maddocks is not a chip of the butcher's block, having that bred in her bones, which will not out of her flesh?"

T. P.

ART. IX. *Chrestoleros. Seven bookes of Epigrames: Written by T. B. London: Imprinted by R. Bradocke. 1598. 12mo. pp. 184.*

A prose dedication to Sir Charles Blount, Knt. Lord Mountjoy, concludes with an epigram signed Thomas Bastard: of whom several notices may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. I. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. IV. and the late edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*. Sir John Harrington addressed two of his epigrams to this Master Bastard.* By Heath† and Sheppard he was also complimented. Wood says he was "much guilty of the vices belonging to poets, and given to libelling;" on which account he was removed from a fellowship of New College, Oxford. Two specimens of this libelling propensity have been preserved by Wood, among his manuscript collections in the Ashmolean Museum. A

* See *Censura*, IV. 13.

† Heath's compliment runs thus:

"*Ad Tho. Bastardum Epigrammatistam.*

Thy epigrams are of no bastard race,

For they dare gaze the world's eye in the face."

Latin

Latin poem, by Bastard, occurs in *Ph. Sidnæi peplus*, 1587. From his epigrams, &c. he would seem to have been patronized by Lord Mounjoy, the Earl of Suffolk, and others; yet he frequently speaks of his poverty, and thus contrasts his situation with those earlier and better days when the *furor poeticus* was excited by prosperous fortune.

“ But now, left naked of prosperitie,
And subject unto bitter injurie;
So poor of sense, so bare of wit I am,
Not neede herselfe can drive an epigram.”

Warton describes him to have been an elegant classic scholar, and better qualified for that species of the occasional pointed Latin epigram, established by his fellow-collegian, John Owen, than for any sort of English versification. With allowance however for its quaint close, the following specimen from his epigrams, is creditable to the writer's poetic taste and social feeling.

“ *Ad Thomam Strangwaies.*

“ *Strangwaies!* leave London and her sweet contents,
Or bring them down to me, to make me glad,
And give one month to country-merriments;
Give me a few days, for the years I had.
The poets' songs and sports we will read over,
Which in their golden quire they have resounded,
And spill our readings one upon another,
And read our spillings, sweetly so confounded.
Nulam shall lend us light in midst of day,
When to the even valley we repair;
When we delight ourselves with talk or play
Sweet, with the infant grass and virgin air:

These in the heat, but in the even, later

We'll walk the meads, and read trouts in the water."

Nine or ten passages from Bastard are cited in England's Parnassus, 1600; and besides several sermons, a panegyric poem is still extant, which was addressed on his accession, "Serenissimo potentissimoque monarchæ Jacobo, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, regi magnam Britanniam."

T. P.

ART. X. *Sandys's Travels, 1637, with an Original Poem.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

In the present volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA, page 146, you gave an account of Sandys's Voyages, or Journey to Turkey. I am fortunate enough to possess the copy of this work, formerly belonging to the author himself, which is the *fourth* edition, and bearing a different date to any that you have described, namely 1637.

Subjoined to the whole, and signed with the author's name, are the following lines, written in the clearest and neatest manner; and as they may probably be interesting to the majority of your readers, I have here transcribed them.

"DEO. OPT. MAX.

O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament displaid,

With

With such an undiscerned swiftnesse hurl'd,
 About the stedfast centre of the world:
 Against whose rapid course the restlesse sun
 And wandring flames in varied motions run,
 Which Heat, Light, Life infuse; Time, Night and Day
 Distinguish. in our humane bodies sway:
 That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting aire,
 Vein'd with cleare springs, which ambient seas repaire;
 In cloudes the mountains wrap their hoary heads,
 Luxurious valleies cloth'd with flowry meads;
 Her trees yie'd fruit and shade; with liberall breasts
 All creatures shew (their common mother) feasts.
 Then man, thy image, mad'st in dignitie,
 In knowledge and in beauty, like to thee,
 Plac'd in a heav'n on earth without his toyle;
 The ever-flourishing and fruitfull soile
 Unpurchas'd food produc'd: all creatures were
 His subjects serving more for love than fear:
 He knew no Lord but thee. But when he fell
 From his obedience, all at once rebell,
 And in his ruin exercise their might:
 Concurring elements against him fighte;
 Troupes of unknown diseases, Sorrow, Age,
 And Death assaile him with successive rage;
 Hell let forth all her furies; none so great
 As man to man, Ambition, Pride, Deceit,
 Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter reign'd,
 And flatter'd vice the name of virtue gain'd.
 Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
 And all the globe of earth was but one floude,
 Yet could not cleanse their guilt; the following race,
 Worse than their fathers and their sons more base
 Their god-like beauty lost, sin's wretched thrall;
 No sparke of their divine originall,
 Left unextinguish'd. All enveloped
 With darknesse, in their bolde transgressions dead,
When

When thou didst from the east a light display,
 Which rendred to the world a cleerer day,
 Whose precepts from hell's jawes our stepps withdrawe,
 And whose example was a livinge law,
 Who purg'd us with his blood, the way prepar'd
 To heav'n, and those long chaind-up doores unbar'd.
 How infinite thy mercy, which exceeds
 The world thou madst, as well as our misdeeds,
 Which greater reverence then thy justice wins,
 And still augments thy honor by our sins!
 O who hath tasted of thy clemencie
 In greater measure or more oft than I!
 My grateful verse thy goodnesse shall displaye.
 O thou who went'st along in all my way,
 To where the morning with perfumed wings
 From the high mountains of Panchæa's springs,
 To that new sound out world, where sober night
 Takes from the Antipodes her silent flight,
 To those darke seas where horrid Winter reignes,
 And bindes the stubborne floudes in icie chaines,
 To Lybian Wasts whose thirst no shoures assuage,
 And where swolne Nilus cooles the lion's rage,
 Thy wonders in the deepe have I behelde;
 Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd
 There where the Virgin's son his doctrine taught;
 His miracles and our redemption wrought;
 Where I by thee inspir'd, his praises sung,
 And on his sepulchre my offerings hung.
 Which way so e'er I turn'd my face or feete,
 I see thy glory and thy mercy meete:
 Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
 Of franticke Simoans thou preserv'dst my life,
 So when Arabian thieves belay'd us round,
 And when by all abandon'd thee I found,
 That false, Sidonian wolfe, whose craft put on
 A sheepe soft fleece, and my Bellerophon

To ruine by his cruell letter sent,
 Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent;
 Thou saved'st me from the bloudie massacres
 Of faithlesse Indians, from their treacherous warres.
 From raging feavers, from the sultry breathe,
 Of tainted aire, which clos'd the jawes of death,
 Preserv'd from swallowing seas, when tow'ring waves
 Mix'd with the cloudes, and open'd their deepe grauves,
 From barbourous pirats ransom'd, by those taught
 Successfully with Salian Moores wee fought;
 Then brought'st me home in safetye, that this earthe
 Mighte bury mee which fed me from my birth,
 Blest with a healthful age, a quiet minde,
 Content with little, to this worke design'd,
 Whiche I att length have finnish't by thy aide,
 And now my vowes have att thy altar paid.
 Jam tutigi portum. Valere.

GEORGE SANDYS."

Prefixed to Herbert's Travels, which follow the above work, (see Art. 15, p. 146), in an *engraven* title page (independent of, and varying in point of matter, from the *printed* one which you describe) executed in a good free style, by W. M. (William Marshall.) This is the second edition, bearing date 1638.

I have an edition of Purchas's Pilgrimage in folio, dated 1617, which is one that you have not particularized, (see page 115.)

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES H. MARKLAND.

Ardwick, Lancashire, April 6, 1807.

ART.

ART. XI. *Poems, &c. by James Shirley.*

Sine aliquâ dementia nullus Phœbus.

London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Princes' Armes in St. Paul's Church yard. 1646. 12mo. pp. 80.

ART. XII. *Narcissus, or the Self-Lover. By James Shirley. Hæc Olim. London (as before) 1646. 12mo. pp. 54.*

The history of James Shirley, a fertile dramatic writer, is well known.

These poems are dedicated to Bernard Hyde, Esq. and have commendatory verses by Tho. Stanley, Tho. May, Geo. Bucke, Fra. Tuckyr, Ed. Powel; and two by Geo. Hill, the former in Latin.

Two or three specimens will be sufficient.

"Presenting his Mistress with a Bird.

Walking to taste the welcome Spring,
The birds, which chearful notes did sing
On their green perches, 'mong the rest
One whose sweet warble pleased me best;
I tempted to the snare, and caught;
To you I sent it to be taught;
'Tis young, and apt to learn! and near
A voice so full of art, and clear
As your's, it cannot choose, but rise
Quickly a bird of Paradise."

"The Passing Bell.

Hark, how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell;

All the other sounds, we hear,
 Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
 This doth put us still in mind
 That our flesh must be resign'd;
 And a general silence made;
 The world be muffled in a shade!
 He, that on a pillow lies,
 Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
 Carries, like a sheep, his life,
 To meet the sacrificer's knife;
 And for eternity is prest,
 Sad bell-weather to the rest."

The poem of Narcissus consists of 131 six-lined stanzas, and contains a large proportion of poetical passages, and many very harmonious verses. *

This poem begins as follows :

1.

" Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake;
 Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
 Long since the quiristers of the wood did shake
 Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
 Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
 Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

2.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
 And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air;
 If not the sun, whose new embroidery
 Makes rich the leaves, that in thy arbours are,
 Can make thee rise; yet, lovesick nymph, away!
 Thy young Narcissus is abroad to day.

* By the motto *Hæc Olim*, it is probable this is the same poem, as was originally published under the title of *Echo, or the Infortunate Lovers*, 1618, 8vo. See CENS. LIT. II. p. 382.

3.

Pursue him, timorous maid : he moves apace ;
 Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
 And help thy flight ; see, how the drooping grass
 Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air ;
 Attempt, and overtake him ; though he be
 Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

4.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
 Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him stay ;
 He must be a rock, that will not melt at these,
 Dropping these native d'iamonds in his way ;
 Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
 Who knows how soon ? may help thee to a kiss.

6.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears
 Invent some other way to make him know
 He need not hunt, that can have such a deer ;
 The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo ;
 But hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
 He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

7.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing ;
 Echo hath left her solitary grove ;
 And in a vale, the palace of the spring,
 Sits silently attending to her love ;
 But round about, to catch his voice with care,
 In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

8.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise,
 And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
 Which with loud accents give the woods a voice,
 Proclaiming partly to the fearful deer :

She

She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
As high and musical she returns again.

9.

Rous'd is the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way
The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steals his shine away;
The hunters scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown,
In a dark part of the wood complains alone.

10.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,
Joy'd, you may guess, to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound,
Who yet obscures herself behind some tree:
He, vex'd, exclaims, and asking 'Where am I?'
The unseen virgin answers, 'Here am I!'

11.

'Some Guide from hence! will no man hear?' he cries:
She answers in her passion, 'O man, hear!'
'I die, I die!' say both; and thus she tries
With frequent answers to entice his ear
And person to her court, more fit for love,
He tracts the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

12.

The way he trod, was paved with violets
Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks:
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
And primroses are scatter'd in the walks;
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy emboss'd with stars.

13. Two

13.

Two rows of elms ran with proportion'd grace,
 Like Nature's arras, to adorn thy sides.
 The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
 While folding tops the chequer'd ground-work hides.
 Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
 Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

14.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
 Into a spacious green, whose either side
 A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
 The clouds were busy, binding up his head;
 The flowers here smile upon him, as he treads;
 And but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

15.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
 Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
 Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
 A place more suitable to her distress,
 Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
 Herself had in a careful posture thrown.

16.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
 To see this lodging of the airy Queen,
 Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy
 Thorough a small window of eglantine;
 And that she might be worthy his embrace,
 Forgets not to new dress her blubber'd face.

17.

With confidence she sometimes would go out
 And boldly meet Narcissus in the way:
 But then her fears present her with new doubt
 And chide her over-rash resolve away.

Her heart with over-charge of love must break ;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak."

Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langhaine, says, "Shirley was born in the city of London, near Stock's Market, 1594. Bred up at Catherine Hall in Cambridge, (where he studied some years) with one Thomas Bancroft, as this poet tells us in his *Epigrams*, 4to. 1639: which Bancroft was of Swarston in Derbyshire, where his father and mother were buried, on whom he has an epitaph also, and an enigma on his birth-place. Shirley died in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, having been burnt out of his habitation in Fleet-street, in the great fire 1666."

"In his Dramatic Interlude, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles*, is the fine song, which old Bowman used to sing to K. Charles, and which he has often sung to me.

"The glories of our birth and state," &c.

and therein also the fine lines,

"Your heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust." *

ART. XIII. *The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroical verse, by Richard Stanyhurst, with other poetical devises thereto annexed. 8vo. At London imprinted by*

* See it in Percy's Reliques; and in Ellis's Specimens, III. 106.

*Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Thames streete
neare unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini 1583.*

[BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

The editor having received an additional account of this rare book, before his Correspondent had seen the prior articles, inserts it here.

This singular volume is dedicated "To the Right Honourable my very loving brother the Lorde Baron of Dunsanye."

The dedication is dated from "Leyden in Holland, 1582." It is for the most part a comparison between Phaer's translation of Virgil and the author's, in which he censures Phaer for not using words sufficiently elevated and heroical; and assures his reader that he has weeded out of his translation such choice words as Phaer had used. Next follows a preface, or address, to the reader. Afterwards comes the work, of which the only method of giving any idea is by a few quotations. It is *intended* to be written in English hexameter verse, then much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey.

Book I. p. 18.

"But Venus in musing with cares intoxicall huddling
New sleights fresh forgeth; the face of trim pretty Cupido,
To chang with jaggling, whereby he to Dido resorting,
In place of Ascanius, with gifts might carry the princesse,
Too braine-sick loove-fits, to her boons fire succuldered
huddling.

For Venus haulf doubteth the Moors sly treacherous
handling,

Juno her tormenteth: by night this terror her haunteth.
This reason her stirring, thus spake she to cocknye Cupido,
My sweete choise bulking, my force and my power
onlye." &c. &c.

He

He afterwards calls Cupid a "dandiprat," sometimes a "mopsy," "a prettie peacock," and a "princ Cox."

Book IV. p. 67.

"The pepil in jangling this rayne-beaten * harlotrye filled,
Merrily forth chattering feets past and feats not attempted:
That the Duke Æneas from Trojans auncetre sprouting,
In Libye coast landed, with whom faire Dido the princesse
Her person barter'd, and that they both be resolved
The winter season to wast in leacherie wanton,
Retchles of her kingdom with rutting bitcherie sauted.
This that prat pye cadesse labored to trumpet in ecche
place."

But in a part of the eighth book which he has translated, he seems to have exerted every power of bombast to be sublime and *heroical*.

"The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eighth book of his Æneis, in which place the poet payed, as it were, his price by advauncing at ful the loftines of his veyne: done into English by the translation for his last farewell to the sayd Virgil.

"Tward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence with flounce furies
flinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, maynelye
betowring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
In the den are drumming gods of steele, parchfulye
sparckling,
And flam's fierclye glowing, from fornace flashye be
whisking.

* Fame.
c 6 2

Vulcan

Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.
Down from the hev'nlye palace travayled the fyrye God
hither.

In this cave the rakebels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked ar
hamring,

Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.

These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel
onward,

A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce rebel bobble,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnishd holye.
Three shows wringlye wrythen glimring, and forciblye
sowcing,

Thre watrye clouds shymring to the craft they rampired
hizzing,

Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds ruffled
huffling.

Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grialye re-
boundings

Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye
thundring."

After his translations from Virgil follow "Psalms,
Conceites and Epitaphs." The Psalms have each a
short preface to them containing an explanation of the
sort of meeter in which they are composed, viz. iambics,
asclepiads, sapphicks, &c. though not in quite so lofty
a vein as his Virgil.

The epitaphs are upon "The death of the Right
Hon. James E. of Ormonde and Ossorie, who deceased
at Elie house, in Holbourne, about the year 1546, the
18th of October, and lieth buried in St. Thomas Acres
church: extracted out of the third book of the Historie
of Ireland." In Latin elegiac verse.

"J. Stanyhurst,

"J. Stanyhurst, Esq. his father who deceased at Dublyn, Anno 1573, xxvii Dec. ætatis 51." In Latin elegiac verse.

"Syr Christopher Barnewall, Knight, his father-in-lawe." In Latin elegiac verse.

"His wife Genet, doughter of Sir Chr. Barnewall, Knight, who deceased at Knight his bridge, of chield-byrth, Anno 1579, August xxvi. ætatis 19, and lieth entered at Chelsye.

"Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mackmaughoun, an Irish Lording, about 1577.

"Right Hon. Lord Girald Fitz Girald, L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at St. Albans, A. D. 1580, the 30th of June, æt. 21."

Then follows:

"A penitent sonnet written by the Lorde Girald a little before his death."

The book contains pp. 106, exclusive of the title, preface, &c. consisting of seven leaves. It goes from sheet A to H. Each sheet except H has eight leaves. H only four.

W. S.

ART. XIV. *The Historie of Wyates Rebellion, with the order and maner of resisting the same, wherunto in the ende is added an earnest conference with the degenerate and sedicious rebelles for the serche of the cause of their daily disorder. Made and compiled by John Proctor. Mense Januarij Anno 1555. 12mo.*

At the end. *Imprynted at London, by Robert Caley, within the precincts of the late dissolved house of*

*the graye freers nowe converted to an hospital,
called Christes' Hospital. The x day of January,
1555. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

The book is dedicated "To the most excellent and moste vertuous ladye our moste gracious Sovereigne, Marie, by the Grace of God, Quene of Englande, Fraunce, Naples, Hierusalem and Ireland, Defendour of the Faith, Princesse of Spayne and Sicilie, Archeduchesse of Austria, Duchesse of Millaine, Burgundie and Braband, Cou'tesse of Haspurge, Flaunders and Tyrole, your Majisties moste faythfull, lovyng, and obedient subjecte John Proctor, wisheth all grace, longe peace, quiet rayne, from God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost."

In the dedication he expresses his horror at the wickedness of Wyatt and his accomplices, and says: "These general considerations moving other to indict and penne stories, moved me also to gather together and to register for memorie the merveilous practise of Wyat his detestable rebellioⁿ, little inferiour to the moste dangerous reported in any historie, either for desperate courage in the authour, or for the mo'struous end purposed by his rebellion. Yet I thought nothing lesse at the beginning, then to publishe the same at this time or at this age, minding onely to gather notes therof where the truth mought be best knowen (for the which I have made earnest and diligent investigation) and to leave them to be published by others hereafter to the behof of our posteritie. But hearing the sundrie tales thereof farre dissonaunt in the utteraunce, and many of them as far wide fro^m truth, facioned from the speakers to advaunce or deprave as they fantasied

fantased the parties; and understādyng besydes what notable infamie spronge of this rebellioⁿ to the whole countre of Kent, and to every me^mbre of the same, where sundrie and many of them to mine owne knowledge shewed themselves most faithfull and worthye subjectes, as by the story self shal evidently appeare, which either of hast or of purpose, were omitted in a printed booke late sette furth at Canterbury: I thought these to be special cōsideracions whereby I ought of duety to my countrey, to cōpile and digest such notes as I had gathred concerning the rebellion, in some forme and fashion of historie, and to publish the same in this age and at thys present, cōtrary to my first intē^t, as well that the very truth of that rebellious enterprise myght be thoroughly knowē, as that also the shire where that vile rebellion was practised, might by openi^{ng} the ful truth in some part be delivered fro^m the infamy, which as by report I heare is made so general in other shires, as though very few of Kent uer fre from Wyates conspiracie."

Then follows an address to the "Loving Reader;" afterwards the detail of the rebellion to leaf 80. Then

"An earnest conference with the degenerats and seditious, for the serche of the cause of theyr greate disorder."

This is, in general, a mass of the most fulsome adulation to Queen Mary, for her numberless virtues, particularly her clemency and generosity. This concludes at leaf 91. Then follows, "A prosopey of Englande under the degenerat Englishe."

Proctor was schoolmaster of the free school at Tunbridge, and from his vicinity to the scene of action must have had a greater opportunity of knowing the

particulars of the rebellion than many others. The other accounts of the rebellion, one of which he mentions as having been printed at Canterbury, do not, I fancy, now exist. W. S.

ART. XV. *Q. Horatius Flaccus Venusinus* [round a circle containing a likeness of Horace] *Brevi complector Plurima Cantu. Ut assequar. Odes of Horace. The best of Lyrick Poets, contayning much morallity, and sweetnesse. The Third Edition. Selected, translated, reviewed, and enlarged, with many more, by Sir T. H. 1635. Imprinted at London by J. Hauiland for Will. Lee, and are to be sold at his shopp in Fleet-street, at the signe of the Greatch Turke's head.*

This title is engraved, forming a tablet between two pillars, with circles at top and bottom; in the one compartment against the figure of the pillar, "*Lyrica Poesis*;" in the other "*Imitatio*," 12mo. pp. 178, besides Introduction. Second title, *Odes of Horace, &c. ut sup.*

"Sir Thomas Hawkins, Knight," (the translator) "was an ingenious man, was as excellent in the faculty of music as in poetry:" * he was a person of fine accomplishments and learning; and, among other works, translated Causinus's Holy Court, and died in 1640. In whose descendants resident at Nash, who lie all of them buried in the north chancel of this church, [Boughton under Blean near Canterbury], this seat [Nash Court mansion] at length continued down to

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. 260.

Thomas Hawkins, Esq. of Nash, who rebuilt this seat, of which he died possessed in 1766, æt. 92. In whose time, anno 1715, during the ferment the nation was thrown into, on account of the rebellion in Scotland, this family being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the seat of Nash was plundered by some of the neighbourhood. Every part of the furniture, family pictures, writings of the estate and family, &c. were burnt by them, with an excellent library of books." * Such is the account given by the historian of Kent. A small collection of books, that remained at Nash, was purchased by a bookseller in the course of last year. Haisted authenticates his account "as well from records, as private evidences," yet afterwards states "every part" to have been destroyed, which, from the early account given of the family, makes this statement appear inconsistent: nor is there a doubt of some portion of the library being saved, although it was probably a very small part of the original collection. Several volumes selected by the writer, upon the late sale, are dated earlier than 1600; and two or three MSS. claim a date *ante* the Elizabethan era. One of the last is an old French poem of near four thousand lines, and proves, upon comparing with a MS. in the Harleian Collection (Nº. 270), to be a copy of Guerne's Metrical Life of Thomas a Becket, written 1172. † There is the variance, between the two copies, usually found in collating MSS. the lines not similarly arranged, orthography different, varying of abbre-

* Haisted's Kent, Oct. 1798. V. VII. 10.

† See an account of this poem in Ellis's *Specimens*, &c. Vol. I. 56; or, from whence that account appears abridged, the *Archæologia*, Vol. XII.

viations,

viations, and either copy having occasionally a stanza omitted in the other. To the one in the writer's possession there is a Latin introduction enumerating the festivals and ceremonies to be kept in honour of the Saint, as well as a table of the whole poem, in short six-line verse, rhyming in couplets and third and sixth lines, which are not in the Harleian copy. Some future account will be given of articles derived from the Nash-Court collection, and therefore this digression may not appear ill-timed, especially as they seem relics of what once belonged to our translator; and now an account of his performance.

This translation appears to have been well received by the public, this being the third, and succeeded by another edition in Oct. 1638 (see Wood). The address "to the reader" is short; in one passage the editor says "many, no doubt, will say Horace is by mee forsaken, his lyrick softnesse, and emphaticall muse maimed: that in all there is a general defection from his genuine harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this translation, rather sought his spirit, than numbers; yet the musike of verse not neglected neither, since the English eare better heareth the distich, and findeth that sweetnesse, which the Latine affecteth, and (questionlesse) attaineth in saphick or iambick measures." The address is followed by seven pieces of complimentary poetry, viz,

"To the Translatour.

What shall I first commend, your happy choyce
Of this most usefull poet; or your skill
To make the eccho equall with the voyce,
And trace the lines drawne by the author's quill?

The

The Latine writers by unlearned hands
 In forraine robes unwillingly are drest,
 But thus invited into other lands,
 Ate glad to change their tongue at such request.
 The good, which in our mindes their labours breed,
 Layes open to their fame a larger way:
 These strangers, England with rich plentie feed,
 Which with our countreyes freedome we repay:
 When sitting in pure language, like a throne,
 They prove as great wth us, as with their owne.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bar."

"In fidelissimum Horatii interpretem T. H. Equitem Auratum." Eight lines in Latin, sig. "F. L. Eq. Au."

"To his worthy friend, Sir T. H. Knight, upon his translation." Twelve lines English, sig. "G. Fortescue."

"To my noble friend, Sir T. H. Knight, an ode in pure iambic feet.

"I knew before * thy daintie touch
 Upon the lordly viol;
 But of thy lyre, who knew so much
 Before this happy triall?
 So tuned is thy sacred harp,
 To make her eccho sweetly sharp.

I wote not how to praise enough
 Thy musique and thy muses:
 Thy glosse so smooth, the text so tough,
 Be judge who both peruses.
 Thy choyce of odes is also chaste,
 No want it hath, it bath no waste.

* To what does this refer?

A grace

A grace it is for any Knight,
 A stately steed to stable :
 But unto Pegasus the light
 Is any comparable ?
 No courser of so comely corse,
 Was ever as the winged horse.

That Astrophill, * of arts the life,
 A knight was and a poet :
 So was the man † who tooke to wife
 The daughter of La-Roët. ‡
 So thou that hast reserv'd a part,
 To rouse my Johnson, || and his art.

Receive the while my lowly verse,
 To wait upon thy Muses ;
 Who cannot halfe thy worth rehearse,
 My braine that height refuses ;
 Beneath thy méed is all my praise,
 That askes a crowne of holy bayes.

HUGH HOLLAND

"In laudem Authoris Oda. In qua versiones nullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur," 28 lines, "G. D."

"Hendecasyllabon in laudem Authoris," 21 lines, sig. "E. H."

"V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo," 12 lines, "J. Chapperlinus."

The Odes translated were—Book I.—Ode 1. 2. 11. * 12. 14. 15. * 16. * 22. 24. 31. 34. 35. 37. *

* Sir Phil. Sidney.

† Sir Geof. Chaucer.

‡ See Ellis's *Specimens of Early Poets*, Vol. I. 206. 3d edit.

|| Probably Ben Jonson.

Book 2—Ode 1. 2. 3. 9. 10. 11. 13.* 14. 15. 16. 17.
 18.—Book 3.—Ode 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.* 9. 11. 14. 16.
 23. 24. 27. 28. 29. 30.—Book 4—Ode 2. 3. 4. 5. 7. 8.
 9. 12. 13. 14. 15.—Epodes 1. 2. 7. 9.* 13. 16.*—
 Carmen Seculare, &c.

The original is given on the alternate pages, and the asterisks denote the "many more" mentioned in the title. The length of this article demands the shortest specimen.

B. I. Ode 11.

"TO LEUCONOE.

Strive not, Leuconœ, to know what end
 The gods above to thee, or mee will send;
 Nor with astrologers consult at all,
 That thou may'st better know what can befall.
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
 Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks doe cast;
 Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space
 Doe not protracted hopes of life embrace;
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide;
 This day's thine owne, the next may be deni'de."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XVI. *Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses Recreation. Containing several pieces of poetique wit. The Second Edition. By Sir J. M. and Ja. S. London: Printed by J. G. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Anchor in the New Exchange. 1656. Duod. pp. 101.*

The authors of this miscellany were Sir John Mennes, and Dr. James Smith.

The

The former was third* son of Andrew Mennes, Esq. of Sandwich in Kent, by Jane Blechenden, where he was born May 11, 1598. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his literary acquirements; and afterwards became a great traveller, a celebrated seaman, and well skilled in the building of ships. In the reign of James I. he had a place in the Navy-Office; and by Charles I. was appointed its Controulor. In the subsequent troubles, he took an active part, both military and naval, in favour of the Crown; and being a Vice-

* His elder half-brother, Sir Matthew Mennes, was made K. B. by Charles I. at his coronation. His second brother Thomas was buried in the church of St. Peter, Sandwich, 1631. In this office he had the opportunity of bringing back the Queen-Mother to England in 1662; during which absence he lost his wife Jane Liddell, of the family of Ravensworth Castle, who dying at Fredville, then the seat of the Boys family, at Nonington in Kent, was buried in the church of that parish as appears by the monumental inscription still remaining there.

Epitaph on a mural tablet at Nonington, Kent.

" Hic sunt depositæ Janæ Reliquiæ
Ab antiqua generosorum Liddellorum familia oriundæ
Ex castello de Ravensworth in agro Dunelmensi
Johannis Mennes Equitis aurati
Anglo-Cantiani conjugis, maris Anglicani Vice-Admiralli.
Illic, absente sub vexillis Marito Regiis
Reginam ex Gallia Mariam revellentibus
Apud Fredville Johannis Boys armigeri occumbens
Hospitalli istius humanitate
Hic inhumatur.
In sacram dilectissimæ consortis memoriam
Mariti pietate hoc marmor erigitur.
Nata anno circiter 1602, July 23, 1662 Denata." *

* Topogr. III. p. 154.

Admiral

Admiral in 1641 was knighted at Dover. In 1642 he commanded the *Rainbow*: he was afterwards, it seems, displaced from his services at sea for his loyalty; and was implicated in the Kentish Insurrection in favour of the King in 1648. *

After the restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, and Chief Comptroller of the Navy, which he retained till his death. In 1661 he was appointed commander of the *Henry*, and received a commission to act as Vice-Admiral, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleet in the North Seas. †

Sir John Mennes died Feb. 18, 1670-1, with the character of an honest, stout, generous, and religious man, whose company had always been delightful to the ingenious and witty. ‡

Wood says he was also author of a poem, entitled *Epsom Wells*; and several other poems scattered in other men's works. He was buried in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, London; where a monument and inscription were erected over his grave.

* Matthew Carter, in his curious little tract containing "A Relation of this Insurrection," 1650, 12mo. says, after having inserted "The Declaration of the Navy to the Commissioners at London," that the Insurgents having gained possession of the Castles of Deal and Walmer, "marched away and quartered in Sandwich again that night, leaving in Deal Anthony Hamond, Esq. and Capt. Bargrave, who had been formerly an officer of the navy (both justices of peace, and gallant discreet men, not according to those of this wise reformation) as Commissioners for the managing of the business there, and in the fleet; having sent away for Sir John Mennis, Capt. Fogg, and some others, officers that had formerly been employed at sea by the King, and for their loyalties displaced by the Parliament, who were also earnestly desired by the officers and mariners aboard." P. 66.

† Chainock's Biogr. Nav. I. 61.

‡ Wood's Ath. II. 482.

Dr.

DR. JAMES SMITH.

Dr. James Smith, was son of Thomas Smith, Rector of Merston, in Bedfordshire, was born about 1604, and educated at Oxford; went chaplain with Henry, Earl of Holland, when admiral of the squadron that carried supplies to the isle of Rhee; and afterwards was domestic chaplain to the Earl of Cleveland; in whose service he continued six years, and was beneficed at the same time in Lincolnshire. In 1633 he became B. D. and was now in much esteem with Massinger, Davenant, Sir John Mennes, and the other wits of the day. He then obtained the living of King's Nimpton in Devonshire, and went chaplain with the Earl of Holland in the expedition against the Scots: but returning to King's Nimpton, resided there during all the subsequent changes. At the Restoration he was made canon of Exeter, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and chaplain to Lord Clarendon; and in July 1661, D. D. Next year he became chaunter of Exeter; and in 1663 exchanged King's Nimpton, and the archdeaconry for Alphington, in the same county, where he died 20 June, 1667. Besides his share in the *Muscrum Delicie*, Wood says, he wrote the principal part in the collection, entitled "*Wit Restored, in several select poems. London. 1658.*" 8vo. At the end of which is his translation, or poem, called *The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses, a mock poem. London. 1658.* 8vo. And at the end of that also is *Cleveland's Rebel Scot, translated into Latin.* Wood says "he also composed *Certain Anthems*, not musical, but poetical, which to this day are used and sung in the cathedral of Exeter." *

* Wood's Ath. II. 397.

Of this small collection, in which there are stray poems of Bishop Corbet and Sir John Suckling, I shall give the celebrated scoffing ballad on the run-away troop of the latter.

*Upon Sir John Suckling's most warlike preparations
for the Scottish War.*

BY SIR JOHN MANNES.

" Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.

No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado;
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book,
Hee 'ld have conquered a whole Armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart did not relent a,
For, till he came there, he shew'd no fear;
Till then why should he repent a?

The king (God bless him) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop a;
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop a.

None lik'd him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart a,
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
 And all men prepared to fight a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe s—— a.

The colonel sent for him back again,
 To quarter him in the van a,
 But Sir John did swear he came not there
 To be killed the very first man a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,
 Some ten miles back and more a,
 Where he did play at Tre trip for hay,
 And ne'er saw the enemy more a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
 His money, which lately he spent a,
 But his lost honour must still lye in the dust;
 At Barwick away it went a."

The following is probably by Doctor Smith.

An Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son.

" Here lyes his parent's hopes and fears,
 Once all their joys, now all their tears;
 He's now past sense, past fear of pain,
 'Twere sin to wish him here again.
 Had he but liv'd to have been a man,
 This inch had grown but to a span;
 And now he takes up the less room,
 Rock'd from his cradle to his tomb.
 'Tis better die a child at four,
 Than live and die so at fourscore.
 View but the way by which we come,
 Thou 'lt say, he's best, that's first at home."

ART. XVII. *The Blazon of Jealousie. A subject not written of by any heretofore. First written in Italian, by that learned gentleman Benedetto Varchi; sometimes Lord Chauncelor vnto the Signorie of Venice: and translated into English, with speciall notes vpon the same. By R. T. Gentleman. London. Printed by T. S. for John Busbie, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleet street. 1615. 4to. pp. 87, exclusive of preface, &c. which comprise 14 more.*

The dedication from the English translator is "To Sir Edward Dimmock Knight, the most worthy and generous champion vnto the Sacred Maiestic of Great Britaine, &c." This is signed R. T. and dated "from my lodging in Holborne, this 7 of November, 1614."

"The Blazon of Jealousy" was, it appears, first written and delivered as an oration before the academy of the *Inflammati* at Padua by Varchi; it was then published in Italian by Francesco Sansovino, an intimate friend of the author's, who dedicates it "to the no lesse noble then faire, and yet not more faire then learned, the Lady Gaspara Stampa." The translator was Robert Tofte,* and it is evident he was acquainted with the most eminent writers † of his day, and was himself a poet. ‡

* See some extracts from this book in *CENS. LIT.* Vol. I. p. 234.

† In the notes to this work several persons are mentioned, particularly Henry Constable, whom he terms an "old acquaintance and friend;" Thomas Watson, "a quondam kind acquaintance;" Drayton, George Wither, and others.

‡ In a note, p. 6, he says that he translated "Ariosto's Satires into English verse, with Note. upon the same, although," continues he, "unknown to me, they were set forth in another man's name."

Prefixed to the work are short accounts of the author and the first publisher, which are followed by commendatory verses addressed to the translator; these are signed "Il Incognito, Anth. Mar. W. L." The last are not inharmonious.

" So many write, some for the fame of prayse;
And some their empty hooues to entertaine;
That bookes are held but in these later dayes,
Th' abortive issue of an idle braine.

And hence proceeds the generall disesteeme,
The great neglect of learning, and of Wit;
When men proue not in action what they seeme,
But write their fancies, rather then what's fit.

Which errorr thou obseruing, and our age
Fallen into an incurable disease,
Walk'st not with those in common equipage,
But writ'st as well to profit as to please.
This little booke shewes wit and learning to,
A great deale more than greater volumes doe." *

After the "Blazon of Jealousy" is a long poem, in octave measure, entitled "*The Fruits of Jealousie. Contayning the disasterous Chance of two English Lovers, ouer-throwne through meere Conceit of Jealousie.*" This is preceded by an address "to the courteous reader," in which the author says, "I had thought for thy better contentment to haue inserted (at the end of this booke) the disastrous fall of three

* I omit giving any extract from this work of Varchi, owing to the matter being so connected as to render it impossible without a complete analysis, which the limits of CENSURA LITERARIA will not allow. The notes by the translator, which are very numerous, prove the extent of his reading, and do him the greatest credit.

noble Roman gentlemen ouerthrowne thorow jealousie, in their loues; but the same was, (with Ariosto's Satyres translated by mee out of Italian into English verse, and notes upon the same,) printed without my consent or knowledge, in another man's name: so that I might iustly (although not so worthily) complaine as Virgil did:

' Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.'

"In lieu whereof, I make bold to acquaint thee with another like subject, of an English gentleman, a quondam deare and neare friend of mine, who was so strangely possest with this fiend jealousie, as (not many years since) through a meere fantasticque and conceited suspicion, after hee had long enjoyed the friendship of a fayre gentlewoman, he (on the sodaine) shooke her off, and vtterly forsooke her, sending her (for his last fare-well) this most bitter and vnkinde letter following."—"As for the verse I must confesse, 'tis like the old Venetian hose, of an auncient fashion: but thou must consider that some (though not many) yeeeres are past and gone, since this was made: at what time, it was well liked and much sought after. But this nice age, wherein wee now liue, hath brought more neate and teirse wits into the world; yet must not old George Gascoigne, and Turberuill, with such others, be altogether reiected, since they first brake the ice for our quainter poets, that now write, that they might the more safer swimme in the maine ocean of sweet poesie."

Well may the "Loue (but not louing) letter," for such is the running title, be compared to "old Venetian hose;" for never can more tattered, more coarse,

or more unfashionable poetry be perused; if the following can be termed poetry.

"When cherries could not gotten be
With us, for money, love, nor fee,
I four-score miles did send in hast,
Lest that thy longing should be past,
And for one pound, five pounds I paid,
Before my man could have them weigh'd:
So got I thee, rare plumbs and nuts,
Pears, apples too to fill thy guts;
Thou sayst these were but trifles all,
Yet cost they not as trifles small."

I am tired of transcribing, as I doubt not the reader is of perusing, this lamentable epistle, which we are told had such effect on the tender heart of the lady as to deprive her of life: it is signed "Thine own once, R. M."

I am inclined to suppose the book very rare, as I cannot discover a copy of it mentioned in any of the most eminent catalogues I possess.

P. B.

ART. XVIII. *The Canticles or Balades of Salomon, phraselyke declared in Englysh Metres, by William Baldwin. Halleluiah.*

"Syng to the Lord sum plesaut song
Of matter fresh and newe:
Vnto his churche it doth belong,
His prayses to renewe." Psalme cxviii.

1549. 4to. Colophon. *Imprinted at London by William Baldwin, seruant with Edwarde Whit-churche. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

The

The address to the reader is followed by a dedication to King Edward the Sixth, dated "at London, the first of June, 1549."

"The Canticles" are divided into eight chapters, each of which is separated into many distinct "ballades." * These consist first of the text, then the argument of that portion which constitutes the Song, and lastly we have the Song itself. Of these we select one from chap. 4. no. 33.

"The Texte.

"O howe fayer are thy brestes, my syster, my spouse? they are more pleasaunt then wine, and the smell of thyne oyntmentes passeth al the spices. Thy lippes, O my loue, are a dropping hony combe, milke and hony is vnder thy tongue," &c.†

"The Argument.

"After Christe hath prayed his Spouse for thone of her iyes, and for one of her chaynes, dispraysyng the other (for she hath yet one carnal iye, and doeth sum of her wurkes through hipocrisie) he prayseth the rest of her partes throwly, syngyng before the young-lynges."

"Christe to his Spouse. xxxiii.

"How fayre thy dugges, thy charitie is my Spouse,
My syster swete, more fayre they are than wyne;
Thy sauour ake of my gyftes glorious,
Do passe all odours, be they neuer so fine.

* In all they amount to 71.

† I omit transcribing the whole of the original text: it begins at verse 10, and continues to part of v. 16.

Thy lyppes, my loue, the hunney combe are lyke,
 From whiche my prayse doeth drop al men among:
 My scriptures eke, that are not muche vnlyke
 Hunney and mylke, doe vnder lye thy toung;
 Thy garmentes gay, my merites whiche thou hast,
 Do spoure swete, lyke the mount Libanus.
 My Spouse, thou art an orchard locked fast
 Of pleasaunt trees, my elect most bounteous.

The planted trees and frutes whiche grow in thee,
 Of pomegranates are lyke a paradise,
 Beset about with frutes that pleasaunt bee,
 Of cumly heygth that spryng in goodly wyse.

In thee doeth grow spykenarde and calamus,
 With saffron, camphor, and swete cypres,
 And all the trees that grow in Libanus:
 Swete cynamome, strong myrrhe and aloes;

With all hote spices aromatical,
 These are the elect and faythfull that doe dwell
 In thee my church, in office seuerall:
 Who all through fayth, excedyng swete do smel.

And thou my Spouse of gardeyns art a wel,
 Thy dewie fayth doth moysten euery coast:
 Thou art also a poole the whiche doeth wel
 Vp lyuely springes, from out the holy goost.

With these thy streames, whiche calmly take their course
 From Libanus, my wurde that mountayne clere,
 Thou waterest the gardens fine or course
 Of all good folke, that in thy waye appere.

* A verse here omitted.

Vp North wynde vp, vp tribulacion,

Cum blast my gardeyn, that I may it trye :

Cum south wynde eke, cum consolacion

And cherysh it, least sum part hap to dyé.

That whyle ye two vpon my churche do blow,

The fragrant smell of truth may from her flow."

The work concludes with one page containing "The interpretation of the Hebrue wurdes." And

" Blessyng, honor, glory, and power,

Be vnto God, for euer and euer.

Amen."

P. B.

ART. XIX. *Extract from a Manuscript of Dr. Simon Forman.*

The following transcript, which cannot but be allowed of a curious if not interesting nature, considering the publicity of the character from whom it proceeds, may not be unacceptable to the readers of CENSURA LITERARIA. It is taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of the celebrated doctor Simon Forman, whose base conduct with Mistress Turner in the affair relative to the depraved although beautiful Countess of Essex, is too well known to be here repeated.* The manuscript was discovered prefixed to a volume of very old and valuable tracts formerly in Dr. Forman's possession, to which he has added a vast number of notes :

* For a very satisfactory account of this shameful, or rather shameless transaction, see Brydges's *Memoirs of Peers*, Vol. I. pp. 96, 97, et seq.

it is here copied literally, and should the perusal prove interesting, the trouble of deciphering will be amply repaid to the person who now communicates it.

"Of Lucifer's creation, and of the wordie's creation.

"Lucifer was the first angel that God created, and was created by the Father the first person in Trinity, and was an angel moste brighte, and gloriouse; and wente before all other, and was the greatesse among them, and was created before this wordelie the terme of 5004 yers.

"Lucifer staid in glory, before he fell, the space of 500 years.

"He fell before the creation of this wordle 4504 yeres, and

"He and his compani remayned in the darknes of chaos included in the mundo intelligibili 2004.

"And after they had bin included in that perpetuall darknes of chaos aforsaid the space of 2004 yers, then the Lord created the celestiale wordle, and out of the beste and suprem matter of the chaos he drue out and made the prima mobilc, the watri firmamente, the christallen heauen, the * and all the fixed stars, and orbes, and all the plannets in order as they ar. And included them into a leess rom for their prid and arrogancy. And ther they remained 1800 years more in that darknes, before the Lord created the sonn or mone, and made them to giue lighte over all

* After much trouble and fruitless endeavour, I am compelled to pass over two words here, which I can by no means discover. The whole is written very unintelligibly.

the wordle, or y^t the Lord seperated the earth and the waters; for yt is said, that darknes was over the face of the whole earth, and this darknes remained after the heauens were created the space I say of 1800 yers. And the Lord made the sonn to governe the dai, and the mone and the stars to governe the night. And then the earth he saith was void and empty: That ther was nether tre nor herbe nor any thing ells theron; for yt was naked and bare, and the Lord bad the earth bring forth trees, herbes, and grasse, and all things necessary. And then he created beastes, fish, foulle, wormes, and divers other thinges, and put them on the earth, and in the ayer and waters. And this was done 200 yers before Adam was created. For the biides, the beastes, the fish, the foulle, y^e wormes and every thing on the earth, or in the earth necessary for man, were mad and created 200 yers before man was created, and the brcath of lyfe put into him.

“The heauens were created before Adam 2000 yeres.

“The beasts, birds, and all other things were created 200 yers before Adam.

“Yt is from the tyme of the creation of Lucifer vnto the year of Christ 1593, the 4 of May 15541 yers.

“Lucifer staid in glory 500 yers.

“He fell before the creation of the heauens or prima mobile 4574 yers.

“The heauens, as the prima mobile, watri firmament and christalen heauē, were created before Adam 2000 yers

“From the creation of Adam vnto this day, viz. the first of October, 1593, are 8537 years and almoste 6 months, for yt was created in Aprill as yt seams.”

Thus

*the world
the world
the world*

Thus ends this singular production of Simon Forman. P. B.

ART. XX. *Origin of the name of Mount Caucasus.*

In the sixth vol. of *Researches by the Asiatic Society*, Mr. Wilford has inserted a dissertation on the origin of the name of mount Caucasus: he says "The real name should be *Casas*, or *Cas*; for in Persian *Cohor Cas* signifies a mountain. Now if we should translate *Coh-Cas* into the Sanscrit tongue, it would be *Cas-giri*; and actually the true name of this mountain in Sanscrit is *C'hasa-giri*, that is, the mountain of the *Chasas*, a most antient and powerfull tribe, who inhabited this immense range of mountains, extending even from the eastern limits of India not only to Persia, but probably as far as to the Euxine sea. They are often mentioned in the sacred books of the Hindus; and their descendants still inhabit the same mountainous regions, and are called to this day *C'hasas* and in some places *Cossais*. The Greeks also mention the mountains of Persia as inhabited by *Cossæi*, *Cusseæi*, and *Cissii*: the *Caspian* sea also, and its adjacent mount *Caucasus*, were probably denominated from them. In the language of the Calmuc Tartars, *C'hasu* signifies snow. This name of *C'hasa-giri* is now confined to a few spots, and that immense range is constantly called in Sanscrit, *Himachel*, i. e. snowy mountain, and *Himalaya*, the abode of Snow; whence the Greeks formed their name of one part of that range *Imaus*." Etymology is little better than the art of conjecturing; happily, however, it has some use; for while it amuses
some,

some, it contributes to preserve relics of antiquity, which might otherwise be altogether lost. Now as Mr. Wilford conceives *Caucasus* to be a compound of two words, I do not dispute but he may be right with respect to the origin of the last half of it; yet as I do not conceive the sacred books of the Hindus to be so antient as he may suppose, and as the name of *Asia* for that part of the globe is certainly antient, it seems possible, that *C'hasas* might mean only *Asiatics*, and that the Hindus gave that name of *C'hasas* to all Scythians, and other western Asiatic tribes, who possessed themselves at different times of different mountainous tracts on the north of India: for that the Hindus considered themselves as included within that district called by the Greeks *Asia* does not appear. But certainly we never heard of *this ancient and powerful tribe* before; and whether they gave name to *Asia* or *Asia* to them is a matter of doubt; or whether both were derived from *C'hasu*, snow, or from any other source, such as Bochart has given.

What I most doubt of, therefore, is the origin of the first half of *Caucasus*. It is indeed true that *Coh* does in Persian mean a mountain, which is sometimes molified into *Cuh*: thus Gotius thinks, that *Kuhi stan*, a part of Persia, is not derived from a colony of Arabs or *Chusites* settling there on the east side of the Euphrates, but "a communi montium nomine *Kuhi et stan regio*," p. 195 *not. in alfergan*; it being a mountainous province. Now as the name of *Caucasus* was confined to that portion of the mountainous range between the Euxine and Caspian sea, while the more eastern portions were called *Imaus mons*, or *Riphai*, and by other names, one may rather presume that the name
in

in question arose from some circumstance peculiar to that mountainous portion, rather than from such a general word *coh*, as equally well suited any other mountain or portion of that enormous range. I apprehend, then, that the *C* formed one part of the first half of Caucasus, i. e. *Cauc-asus*, or else was doubled, as *Cauc-casus*; and that Bayer has unintentionally pointed out both the property itself and the original name of it, out of which the Greeks formed the word *Cauc*, as the name of the mountain. In the acts of the Academy at Petersburg, Bayer inserted a tract *de Scythiæ situ*, in which he has these words, "Herodotus ad occidentem Caspii maris Caucasum collocat, ad orientem vero *immensam planitiem*: hæc planities *celebratissima* est apud Arabes Persasque scriptores nomine *Kaphgjak* et *Dascht* quod *planitiem* significat." Now as *quod* refers to *nomen*, I presume that the first word means *planities* as well as the second; but whether *Kaphg-ia* be a single word, or two, may admit of some doubt; however, either way it may be the origin of the Greek *Kauc*, and also of the Hebrew name *Gog*. But it is not merely on the east side of the Caspian sea, that an immense plain is extended of a desert nature, for that sea is quite surrounded by immense plains, except on the south side by a range of hills dividing those desert plains from the inhabited parts of Asia. A vast extent of plains also surrounds Astracan on the north of that sea, called the *Step*, and the same on the west of it, called the desert of Astracan; the whole frequented only by roving hordes of Scythians, formerly and now Tartars, who occasionally depasture on any fertile parts of it. This western desert extends quite to the sea of Asof, or Palus Mæotis,

and

and ranges along the whole sides of mount Caucasus on the north close to the foot of it. We can little doubt, then, but this western plain had obtained the same name *Kaphgjak* as the eastern one. Bayer doubtless has tried to express the Tartarian and Persian pronunciation of this word as nearly as he could in Roman letters; but it is well known that in those languages there are indistinct sounds of a guttural and aspirated kind, which no Roman letters can perfectly express: and this possibly is the cause of that assemblage of consonants *phgj* in the middle, the full pronunciation of which the Greeks would be scarcely bold enough to attempt, or able to do it with safety to their teeth; they would therefore naturally soften it into *Kauc*, just as they softened other oriental aspirates into *s*, *z*, or *x*. What the Jews also might pronounce with *G* hard, as in *Gog*, the Greeks might soften into *Kauc*: Thus Bayer may have given us the original word, which has been thus corrupted in both cases, together with the true meaning of it. And it may have been these immense, and as Bayer says *celebrated*, plains, to which this mountain was contiguous, that was the distinguishing property, which gave rise to the name of this portion of the long range of mountains running from west to east, and to the inhabitants of it, as well as to the mountain itself: for, although the *plains* were little habitable, yet the vallies at the foot of the mountain on both sides were very fertile, and full of the same race of men, who occasionally roved over those plains on the north side of it. Stephanus, an ancient Greek author, expressly says, that the inhabited district on the south side was called *Gogarena*. "*Gogarena est locus inter Colchos et Iberos orientales.*" Iberia was
on

on the south side, and Colchis at the western extremity of the mountain; this name then included the whole southern side of it, and sufficiently proves, that it was called *Gog* by some nations as well as *Kauc* by others, and both of them apparently so called from the contiguous plains: the usual word for which is still *Kaphgjak*, among the natives, unless it be two words *Kaphg-iak*, and meant to express that part of the desert plain only which was contiguous to the *iak*, i. e. the river *Jakartes* on the east side of the Caspian sea: in which case *Kaphg* would be the original still, and mean *the plains* themselves, by others corrupted into *Gog* and *Kauc*. We know, that at first the Romans had no distinct letter for *G* different from *C*, so much were those letters confounded in writing as well as pronunciation. Bayer therefore has here, without any intention, confirmed the opinion of Bochart long ago, that *Gog* and *Kauc* were the same word: Bochart adds, indeed, that *Cauc-asus* came from *Kauc-hasan*, for *hasan* in some oriental dialects means *a fortress, manimentum*; not intending thereby any artificial fortress on that mountain, but that it was the natural *bulwark* between the inhabited south part of Asia, and those desert plains on the north of it. But whether this derivation be preferable to the *C'hasas* of Mr. Wilford, as giving origin to the last half of the name, I cannot determine. This only I may mention, that the names of nations were probably prior to the names of aggregate countries, so that *C'hasas* rather gave name to Asia than contrariwise: and we know, that a nation of the name of *Asch* did exist in antient times, the inhabitants of Asia Minor being probably those called *Aschenaz* in scripture. In Celtic *Innis* means an island, and is applied to a peninsula as well as island;

island; if we could suppose the original inhabitants of Asia Minor to have been Celts, *Asch-enex* might mean the nation dwelling in that peninsula; and Bochart has even given a reason, either true or not, why they were called *Asch* or *As*, and from which he derives the name *Asia*; but this etymology would not suit so well with Mr. Wilford's *C'hasas*, who lived on the north of Persia and India. There is something however so venerable in antiquity, that a peep into it is attended with pleasure of an awful kind, like the view of old weather-beaten oaks; and when such immense destruction has been made of ancient books, it is sometimes even useful to bring together the scattered relics of antiquated words, in order to understand those books of ancient times, which have fortunately escaped from the general ruin caused by ignorance. We know likewise, that even some of the Gothic nations, who inundated the north, and came from the banks of the Euxine sea, brought with them the memory of having formerly lived near a town called *As-gard*; and they also gave the name of *Asæ* to their gods, who were probably some deified heroes among their ancestors, formerly resident near the sea of *Asoff*. Thus profane accounts give some aid to scriptural ones, and the thought of the immensity of time past has this further utility, of turning our minds to the thought of future eternity. Immensity of time is indeed so vast an object as necessarily to excite our wonder and astonishment; but when we thus find, that the ancient residence of *Gog* in scripture can be traced to mount Caucasus, and that the name of the scriptural *Aschenaz* has too much resemblance to *Aænos*, the ancient name of the Euxine sea, to be the effect of accident, we become not

only more sensible of the mutability of all human things, but even impressed with a more ready belief of the future things, which scripture points out to us, after having found its accounts so well verified concerning distant events past, as to render it a supplement to the lost history of mankind in past ages, beyond all other records of time. S.

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 326.]

Nº. VIII.

Rowley and Ossian.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

In this age of critical inquiry; of patient, accurate, and laborious investigation; it might be supposed that no author would be so hardy as to attempt to deceive the world; it might be thought that no literary imposture could be so well carried on, as to escape discovery from the lynx-like eyes of the wise and learned, or the acute discernment of the readers of the works of other times. Yet in point of fact, this does not appear to be the case; deceits of this kind are often attempted, and not always, at least satisfactorily, discovered. Though that ingenious young gentleman, Master Ireland, made a full confession (but not till it was too late) and even had the hardiness to "glory in his shame," the fountains of other works of much greater merit are still as much concealed

concealed as those of the Nile; and other authors, translators, or editors of much higher genius and pretensions have quietly stolen out of the world (or like poor misguided Chatterton indignantly * rushed out of it), leaving posterity to settle the matter among themselves, and assign them their proper place at their leisure.

This however has not always been done in a manner perfectly convincing. Attempts have lately been made to shew that even the forgeries of Lauder were not wholly without foundation. There are still persons who are not entirely convinced that the youth of Chatterton was able to produce those noble poems, which he chose to ascribe to the maturer age of Rowley; and there are many more, who find it difficult to believe that Macpherson was the sole author of the poems published under the name of Ossian. †

Concerning these last, the investigation seems not to have been very fairly and impartially conducted. On the one hand, there was great national, and perhaps personal, pride, which would not deign to give such information as the public had a right to expect; on the other, a captious unwillingness to give way to pretensions to such remote antiquity, which must of course be very little capable of being supported by external proof.

It seems to be allowed by all, that the Erse, as it is commonly called, has not been a written language till within, comparatively, a very few years; and it

* *Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*

Virg. L. XII. 952.

† I have not read the report of the Committee of the Highland Society upon this subject, nor have learnt what has been the result of their inquiries.

is contended, that the changes which take place in language, and the well-known inaccuracy of oral tradition, must have prevented such long and regular poems as *Temora* and *Fingal*, from being thus handed down during so many centuries. But to this it may be replied that, in a country so remote as the Highlands of Scotland, and so little visited by strangers as they were during the dark ages, their language, like their local superstitions, probably remained nearly the same. And with respect to tradition, in countries where there are no written records, it is more likely to be preserved in tolerable purity and correctness than where there are. It may also be urged, that till the time when they were collected by Pisistratus, even the works of Homer were recited only in detached parts; and the acts of Diomedes, the parting of Hector and Andromache, the death of Patroclus, &c. &c. were known by the people in general, only as so many detached ballads, or *rhapsodies*, and not as parts of the noblest whole ever produced by human genius. The art of book-making does not then seem to have been known; and there is no reason to suppose that after the parts had been arranged in their proper order, any doubts arose in Athens as to the genuineness of the work. Yet even then the history of the author was so obscure, that it could not be determined whether he was born in Asia or Europe, in one of the Grecian islands or on the Continent; and it is thought doubtful at this day, by very eminent scholars, as it was also in different periods of antiquity, whether the whole subject of his narrative be or be not fabulous, and whether, if founded on truth, the event was as he has represented it.

This seems therefore to be an argument on which
Dr.

Dr. Johnson, and other writers on that side of the question, have dwelt too strongly. The prejudices of that distinguished scholar certainly operated upon this, as well as many other occasions, and his tour in Scotland did not tend to lessen them. He had no taste for the rude, wild, and naked scenery of the Western Isles, and the absence of written documents seemed to him convincing proof against the alleged antiquity of the lays of Ossian; and he refused to receive the testimony of those inhabitants who were most competent to give it, because he chose illiberally to fancy that they would prefer the credit of their country to truth. Yet I have been told, by a lady, now deceased, of high literary reputation, that the late Sir James Macdonald, elder brother of the Chief Baron, assured her, that he could repeat, when a lad, many of the poems translated by Macpherson in their original Erse. A similar assurance I received also myself from a surgeon in the navy, a native of the isle of Mull, who told me not only that he could repeat many of those poems, but that Macpherson had not selected, or perhaps met with, some of the finest of them; in particular one which is a dialogue between Ossian and a missionary, who was preaching the Christian religion in the Highlands, which he said was the noblest poem he had ever known.*

When I was in Scotland, about fourteen years since, I was in the boat of a highland fisherman, upon Loch

* Possibly this may be the poem mentioned by Miss Owen in her novel of "The Wild Irish Girl;" and the missionary prove to be St. Patrick. It must be owned that there is great weight in that lady's arguments to prove that Ossian was a native of Ireland, and that Morven is to be found in that country.

Lomond,

Lomond, who appeared so intelligent that I was induced to ask him some questions upon this subject.

He told me that he could sing a great many of the songs of Ossian, but added, that they were old fashioned things, and he would sing me a modern Erse song upon the present Duke of Montrose's patriotism in being the means of restoring to them the ancient highland dress.

He said that he had never heard that the poems of Ossian had been translated into English, and seemed much surprised that I should know any thing about them.

With respect to the internal evidence which these celebrated poems afford, neither party seem to have considered it with sufficient accuracy. Young persons are struck with the wild and romantic splendour of the imagery, with the bravery of the heroes, and the beauty of the women. Those of a more advanced age are tired with the perpetual recurrence of the same images: Bran bounding over the heath, the gray rock, the thin and shadowy forms of departed valour appearing in a cloud, and even the white arms and bosoms of female loveliness, are so little varied and so generally prominent, that neither the young nor the old are tempted to penetrate deeper than the language, to discover the real merits of the composition. If they did, a discrimination of character, a strength of colouring, even a variety of incident might be observed, which escape the notice of inattentive readers. In proof of this, let the affecting intercourse of Ossian and Malvina, of which there is no parallel in any ancient writer, be observed; let the nervous and original character of Oscar, and the striking circumstances of his death

death, be considered. * Add to these the contrast between the generous Cairbar and his ferocious brother, and that between the two Irish warriors Foldath and Malthos, both in the field and council; the beautiful episode of Sulmalla; the awful introduction of the venerable and unconquered Fingal to the war (though that seems less original than most other parts of the poems), and the distinction between the characters of his sons, as well as of the manner of their deaths.

If these poems be impartially considered therefore, with no reference to the beauty or singularity of the language, surely it will hardly be supposed that the whole of them can be due to Macpherson's invention; or indeed, that he, or any well-educated man, could so totally unlearn all his classical acquirements, as to produce a work betraying so little, if any, imitation of those great *exemplaria Græca*, with which the mind of every scholar must be filled. Probably in this, as in most things, the truth may lie in the middle. He found these songs *volitantes per ora virum*, defective and imperfect. He supplied those parts which were wanting, added, omitted, and filled up as he thought necessary, and has thus given a work to the world, of the merit of which no greater proof can be required, than that it has been translated into every modern language, and is admired and beautiful in them all.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

†††.

* What reader of taste and feeling but must shudder when red-haired Olla raises the song of death on the distant heath!

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, at Tiverton, Devon, Mr. Martin Dunsford, many years a respectable merchant there, and author of the Historical Memoirs of Tiverton.

April 16. In Mansfield Street, æt. 73, Edward King, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S. a celebrated antiquary.

April 17. Mr. Mark Supple, of considerable literary talents, editor of various periodical publications.

To the Reader.

The pressure of Bibliographical communications, with Indexes, &c. has prevented the usual quantity of modern literature in the present Number, which shall be made amends for in the next.

April 24, 1807.

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